TALLIEN
JOSEPHINE
HORTENSE
CAROLINE
D'ANGOULEME
Illustrious
WOMEN
OF
FRANCE
DE BERRI
MARIE AMELIE
D'ORLEANS
EUGENIE
MATHILDE

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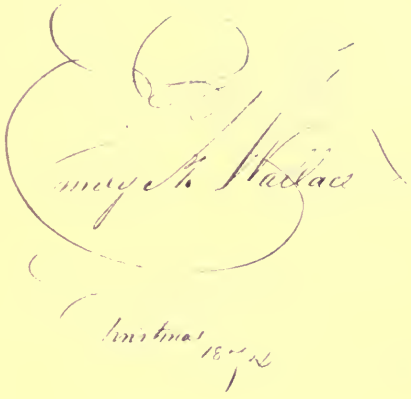


MADAME TALLIEN (PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY).

ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN

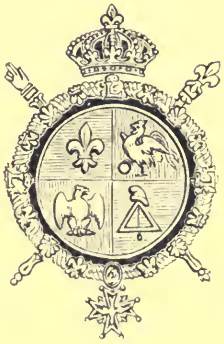
OF

FRANCE

BY

MRS. CHALLICE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF FRENCH PALACES," &c., &c.

1790  1873

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1873.

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PREFACE.

"What has been is:
What is, has been."

IN history it is often remarkable how circles and cycles of time reproduce old events under new forms; in genealogy it is still more indisputable that various types of the human race repeat themselves; say, in four generations, sometimes more and sometimes less, after having lain dormant during the intermediate time.

The late well-known Dr. Knox, of physiological celebrity, gives various instances of this last-named fact in his popular work on the Races of Man; and almost every family, possessing a portrait-gallery of its own ancestry, can attest the truth, that there is nothing new under the sun; that, for example, the picture of some brilliant brunette, smiling down upon you, re-

sembles not her own flaxen-haired mother, but either her great-grandmother, or some still more distant ancestress, who, thanks to immortal art, irradiates the place long since assigned to her by some Vandyck, or Peter Lely[1] of her day, from which place she looks down as though amused at the modern beholder's astonishment that such grace and beauty as hers can never die.

Likewise, do moral and physical diseases reproduce themselves; so that when humanity at large is warned by the Decalogue that the sins of the father shall be visited upon future generations, it is not, as some have presumed, an unjust decree against the yet unborn, but a merciful warning of appeal to parental love—one of the least generally selfish instincts of humanity; —for, since the days of Adam and Eve, the origin of death and this life's hereditary suffering—is it not sin?

Students of peerages, or any authentic family history comprising four, or more than forty generations, cannot fail to be struck by this

system of resuscitation, which Nature reveals in the highest, as in the lowest, of earth's creatures.

In personages of royal or historic race, it is easy to trace the origin of a virtue or a vice, of qualities noble or ignoble, of beauty or deformity, simply because the chronicles of such race have been carefully preserved. Amongst families of lower rank, scattered by misfortune, or any other circumstance, the clue to one's own identity is often lost, so that it may not only be "a wise child who knows his own father," but, though of undoubted faith as to his own immediate parentage, there is such a want of genealogical trees, of maps, to guide him along the stream of his own life, back through the mists of time, to the real source or sources of such life, that the only lesson to be learnt from the vain attempt to explore its origin is that of mercy to his own brethren at home, who, though born of the same parents as himself, resemble neither him nor either of them, morally or physically, some other type having been caught up by the way through the

unknown past. In such a case imagination may supply a large margin for facts; but it is an undoubted privilege for all human beings, desirous of knowing themselves, to count their characteristics by centuries.

Henri V., by héreditary right king of France, can do this. Known only to the present (1873) world at large as the Comte de Chambord, he is the one surviving representative of nearly a thousand years of French royalty—dating by the threefold annals of French legitimists—and it is remarkable how in some things he resembles not only his great-uncle Louis XVI., who, as the "son of Saint Louis," was exhorted on the scaffold by the Abbé Edgeworth to "ascend to heaven," but also how his character recalls that of his pious ancestress, Marie Lecskinska, of whom it was said by her contemporary, Madame de Pompadour, "the Queen is indeed enviable, for she lays down the burthen of all her troubles at the foot of the cross." Still more does he resemble his great grand-parents, who, in the midst of the corrupt court of Louis XV., were

noted for their devotion to the decrees of the church. Son of the popular Duke and brilliant Duchess de Berri, the Comte de Chambord is like unto neither of them. This may be attributable to the fact of his earlier life having been spent under the guidance of his aunt, the saintly Duchess of Angoulême; but neither did she resemble her naturally vivacious mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, except in courage, which quality was so signally, though unavailingly, displayed at Bordeaux by the Duchess of Angoulême when striving (by her own presence and that of the Drapeau *Blanc*) to incite the nominally royal troops there to arrest the progress through France of Napoléon, after his escape from Elba, that the great Conqueror, just named, declared this princess to be "the only man of her family."

Indeed, it is observable that ever since the days of Clothilde, first Christian queen-consort of France, in answer to whose prayers the *Fleur de lys* is traditionally declared to have been accorded to that country by a heavenly mes-

senger, French princes have generally developed qualities inherited from the female rather than the male line. It is even so in this our own day amongst princes of the house of Orléans, who (since the revolution of 1848 displayed the undaunted courage of the widowed and ordinarily meek Hélène, Duchess of Orléans, ere exiling her and them from France), have variously manifested the noble qualities of Queen Marie Amélie (mother of the elder, grandmother of the younger of them), she again having (like her kinswoman, the Duchess of Angoulême) inherited the heroic characteristics of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, surnamed "King of Hungary." From the same source, likewise, did the Duchess de Berri derive her heroism, various proofs of which are given in the following pages.

In the Imperial family of France, it is not less remarkable that the type of statuesque beauty distinguishing many of its members, famed both for valour and intellect, is inherited from Lætitia

Bonaparte, the "Madame Mère" of Napoléon I., his brothers and sisters.

Any guest at the Palais Royal, until recent events drove forth Imperialism from France, can remember how, in the person of Prince Napoléon, the host of that historic and hospitable abode, the memory of "Madame Mère' is revived; and here it may be said that in Italy and the South of Europe, whence came the Napoleonic race, nature seems to delight in reproducing the same type more frequently than in northern climes, and amongst people of a more mixed race.

In the person and character of Caroline Bonaparte, sister of the first Emperor of the French, the attributes generally assigned to noble Roman matrons, ere Rome's decline and fall, are discoverable. On the other hand, the fair Queen Hortense, mother of Napoléon III. in no way personally resembles her creole mother, the Empress Joséphine; and yet it was in the name and by an eloquent tribute to the memory of that Empress, so dear to the heart of

France, so loving and beloved, yet unfortunate, that Napoleon III. first announced his approaching marriage to the now widowed Empress Eugénie.

Emperors and kings propose, but God disposes. Napoleon I. might well have spared himself the agony of divorce from Joséphine, on account of her presenting him with no son to perpetuate his dynasty, when it was destined that in the person of her grandson (son of Hortense, her daughter by a former marriage) the Empire would be revived. Indeed, the best claim of Napoleon III. to the sympathies of France lay in his descent, not from the first Emperor, but from "the good Empress," as Joséphine is still called in the land where the courtesy and urbanity of manner displayed by her grandson, were known to be inherited from her.*

* Of this courtesy the present writer has grateful cause to speak, for it was originally extended to her by the Emperor Napoléon III. when, some few years since, her first work on French Affairs ("Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.") was published. And here it may be remarked that as the work just named was mainly

Concerning Madame Tallien, the republican heroine now presented to English readers, it need only here be said that she was typical of her time.

At no other period save that of rapid dynastic changes, resulting from the chaos of a blood-red revolution, could the strange drama of such a life as hers have been enacted.

But in the case of each and all the illustrious women of France who occupy this present volume, it will be seen how—despite the old Salic law, which precludes female succession in its own right to the throne of France—woman has ever been dominant in that country, let the banner waving over its palaces and its armies have been what it may.

Whence this supreme influence of Woman

favourable to France under Monarchy, the Imperial recognition of it was the more signally generous.

That the Empress Eugénie, when yet at the Tuileries, participated in her august Consort's encouragement of English literature on French subjects, the present writer has also, with many thanks, reason to affirm; for it was from her Majesty's genial acceptance of an *opuscule* entitled "Trianon and Malmaison," that "Memories of French Palaces" eventuated.

over France? Certainly it was not derived from any Act of Parliament, but from the invincible force of love—the mighty love out of which springs heroism; the love, whether of wives, or mothers, or daughters; the noble and self-sacrificing, love of woman

A. E. C.

Upper Wimpole Street,
May, 1873.

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MADAME TALLIEN,

THE VENUS OF THE CAPITOL

AND

EGERIA OF THE MOUNTAIN, ETC.

ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN OF FRANCE.

MADAME TALLIEN.

IT was in the Parisian studio of Madame le Brun, not long before the outburst of "the great" French Revolution, that a portrait was one day exhibited of a young lady, who, though not long since arrived in Paris from Spain, was already married to a French nobleman of the *ancien régime*.

The maiden name of this lady was Térézia Cabarrus; she was the daughter of a rich Spanish banker, whose extensive and varied speculations—always more or less successful—had caused him to be regarded both in France and Spain as the successor of the notorious John Law, of Mississippi paper-money fame. She was the wife of

the elegant, though somewhat aged, Marquis de Fontenay, the cut of whose lace ruffles, the shape of whose newest of a hundred or more fantastic snuff-boxes, the colour of whose favourite horses, the reputation of whose latest *bon mot*, and the splendour of whose recent fêtes given at his château near Versailles in honour of his marriage, were each and all of them favourite themes of conversation amongst the then "gilded youth" of Paris.

But far beyond the enthusiasm aroused by any of these things appertaining to the Marquis de Fontenay was that inspired in the hearts of his most aristocratic countrymen by the beauty, the grace, the intelligence of the young wife he had recently espoused and presented to the then still fastidious society of his class in France.

In her the voluptuous grace of a Spanish woman was united with the brilliant vivacity of a French woman; she had been educated with her brothers in Spain, and this with such effect that she was clever enough to conceal the amount of her learning. She had been entrusted by her still young father to the care and *chaperonage* of a distinguished French lady, and from her house and hands she had passed into those of the Marquis de Fontenay, whose eyes were charmed with the sight of her beauty, and whose wit

was fascinated by the *esprit* which, in her every word and action, unconsciously revealed itself.

The chief charm of the young Marquise was that of extraordinary *mobilité* of character; she was everything by turns, but nothing long; her outward form and features were expressive of the rapid evolutions of an ardent soul; she danced like a sylph—Spanish dances, castanets in hand; she walked like a queen, conscious of the majesty of womanhood; she rode like Diana, but looking forth from under her plumed hat with a pair of provoking eyes scarcely consistent with some other attributes of that goddess *en Amazone*; she played on various instruments in a way to madden all the *Gluckistes* and *Piccinistes* of her time, for Nature rather than either of those rival great masters had been her teacher; and she loved—well, how did she love? The few following pages may in some sort answer this question; albeit, volume would not suffice to do so fully.

She, Térézia, Marquise de Fontenay *née* Cabarrus, believed that she loved her husband just at that time when, as herebefore said, she was having her portrait painted by Madame le Brun, that gifted perpetuator for posterity of queens of the right and queens of the left hand.

But Madame le Brun, a charming figure herself in

the midst of her own studio—a loving woman, who had been disappointed by her marriage with a cold-hearted spendthrift who, without appreciating her genius, had appropriated to himself the pecuniary results of it, was puzzled; for every time she glanced at the Marquise de Fontenay, sitting there before her, the countenance and character of that fair model seemed to change, from grave to gay, from smiles to tears, from plaintiveness to merry mockery. What was Madame le Brun to do? Many brave and still more brilliant Frenchmen were admitted to her atelier that day, and it was by her wish that they all, more or less, conversed with Madame de Fontenay, so as to keep her countenance—statuesque in repose, like her flexible form when at rest—in full play; and it was just this that dazzled the portrait-painter, for every time that she looked up from her canvas to the individual she was endeavouring to portray upon it, that individual had, Proteus like, changed. Yes; the artist had requested her most distinguished "conversationalist" countrymen to "draw out" the Spanish-born Madame de Fontenay, and this request had been so rapturously complied with by them, that neither they, nor she, nor the Marquise herself had calculated on its consequences. Hence, all sorts of different opinions concerning the portrait itself began to find

utterance in the atelier of the gifted but much perplexed Madame le Brun. One amateur critic, looking over her right shoulder, first at the picture and then at the original, declared concerning the former that the eyes were too large; another, that they were too small; a third, over poor Madame le Brun's left shoulder, protested that the mouth on canvas was too smiling; a fourth, eagerly peering forward to catch a glimpse of the picture, asserted that it was too sad. These, growing angry in their critical disputes, but moving off, and eventually taking snuff together in their fingers sparkling with rings but none the less capable of wielding the sword (indeed, too capable, considering the then frequency of duels), a fifth and a sixth took their places by the easel, and quickly discovered a form of difference in the rendering of Madame de Fontenay's exquisite little nose, which combined the dignity of the aquiline with the saucy and retroussé characteristic of that feature. The colour of Madame de Fontenay's eyes, whether black, blue, or grey (according, perhaps, as she turned to or from the light, or as a sad or merry thought alternately animated or shaded them); the exact hue of the dark hair, concealing yet revealing her noble brow and classic head; the successive animation and languor of her various gestures, each one, for the

moment, more graceful than the other ; even the proportions of her figure, so full yet slender, so majestic yet youthful, so tall yet so *mignonne*, that even its very height seemed either to increase or decrease according to the emotions of the mind which unconsciously dictated every attitude :—each point in that portrait of Madame de Fontenay was one of argument to those who beheld it, and no unanimity of opinion was possible amongst those who gazed on it that day in the atelier of Madame le Brun ; none, save as to the beauty, the something more than beauty—the nameless charm, the fascination of its original, who was still seated in full view of these amateur and amatory critics.

Amongst them was a certain Count de Rivarol, a would-be author, for at that time, and indeed since the time of "le Roy Voltaire," men of fashion in France were ambitious of becoming men of letters. M. de Rivarol had written a political pamphlet, which was still in the printer's hands ; but, however eager he had been for its publication—eager as noble but not yet distinguished authors are wont to be,—he had that day forgotten it in his charmed contemplation of Madame de Fontenay, of her infinite variety, and of the canvas which refused to give but one and not a thousand Mesdames de Fontenay.

But an intelligent young printer named Tallien,

not having yet seen this lady so far above him in rank, had not forgotten his duty to the pamphlet of which the writer was, for the moment, oblivious; and failing to find him at home when he called upon him with the "proof," or first copy of it, but being told by one of his "liveried lackeys," and especially by his favorite housekeeper, where he was, hastened after him to the studio of Madame le Brun. The Count, thus suddenly reminded of his literary bantling (which, in general, is more difficult for an amateur author to forget than for a "sucking child"—the first one—to be forgotten by its mother), requested Madame le Brun's permission to invite the young printer into her atelier. Consent was granted, and in a moment afterwards Tallien stood in the midst of that distinguished company, and, for the first time, in presence of the Marquise de Fontenay.

M. de Rivarol, or Madame le Brun, or perhaps both, already knew something of the young printer's capacity as an art-critic—thanks to the good old French custom of each critic signing his published criticism with his name, and Tallien was therefore requested to give his opinion of the Marquise de Fontenay's portrait, just at the moment when such opinion was wanted. He looked at the portrait and then at the living subject of it, seated there in full

view of him; she looked at him, and saw a remarkably handsome and apparently intelligent man, with all the fire of youth, and genius, and courage beaming in his fine countenance—a young man below her in station, as proved by the mission on which he came, but equal, to say the least, in elegance of manner to any one of the many noble and distinguished men who stood around him, eagerly awaiting his opinion of her own portrait. At last Tallien spoke.

"Madame," said he, addressing himself to Madame le Brun, but still furtively glancing at the Marquise de Fontenay, "Madame, I just now heard the utterance of an opinion amongst some of the illustrious critics near me" (bowing to them) "that you had made the eyes of this portrait too small and the mouth too large; but it seems to me that if you lower the upper eyelid just a little, and if you open, almost imperceptibly, the corner of the lip, you will define—as nearly, perhaps, as art can define inimitable nature—something of the charm and the character of this countenance, the outline of which is so firm, but in which *expression* plays the chief part. The sun is best seen through the branches of a tree; and therefore it also seems to me that those eyes will be none the less brilliant because seen through their long eyelashes. This mouth will be none the less handsome, and all

the more eloquent of wit and intellect, if the corner of it be turned and united to the cheek. Concerning minor details," he hastily continued, "you could not have done better than shade this radiant countenance with the hat you have placed upon the head above it, for by this article of costume you produce an effect similar to those never to be forgotten in the portraits by Velasquez."

At the name of this great artist, her countryman, Madame de Fontenay spoke for the first time to Tallien. "You know Velasquez?" asked she. Tallien bowed in reply, and then retreated to the background, where the Comte de Rivarol was reading his proofs.

Whilst Tallien stands there with seeming humility, awaiting the Count's literary directions, but secretly gazing from afar on the Marquise de Fontenay, on whom not one word of his criticism regarding her portrait had been lost, it may here be asked who were his parents—what his origin?

The story of his early life, though a doubtful one, is soon told. He was, so some said, the son of a nobleman's porter; but by others it was declared that he was the son of this nobleman himself, by the porter's wife.

In any case, a good provision for his education was made. The porter grew tired of the presence in his

home of a studious, or, as he considered, a lazy youth, and the youth himself felt that, for some reason best or worst known, perhaps, by his mother, he by no means—despite his beauty and intelligence—was a subject of concord under his parental roof. Wherefore he was glad at last to find that means were somehow provided for the continuance of his education in Paris, and thither he came from his provincial home, it having been mysteriously indicated to him that, at a given time, he must pursue one of the learned professions—embrace one of "the three black-robed graces," in fact—for a livelihood.

At first the gaieties of the capital distracted him from his studies, but presently recovering from the vertigo into which these had plunged him, he eventually, as here already told, became a printer's assistant, then a compositor for the press, and, about this same time, an art critic.

He was singularly handsome, easy and graceful in manner, and of ambitious intellect. He watched the signs of his times with keen intelligence, and soon became remarkable for the boldness of his political opinions, although by no means affecting the exaggeration of either speech, or manner, or costume which then gradually displayed itself amongst young men of his class—that citizen class to which he did

not seem in any way to belong, save by the revolutionary doctrines which were rife in it.

From the moment he beheld Térézia Cabarrus, Marquise de Fontenay, far removed from him in station though she was, and seemingly separated from him by insuperable obstacles, his life was at her service, for an unacknowledged love for her had taken possession of him—a love of which she could have no suspicion at first, even though she soon again met him at the house of the politically celebrated brothers Lameth. The signs of the coming Revolution revealed themselves; the first blood was shed,—that best blood which was soon to deluge France; and in the year 1792 Tallien, already a conspicuous advocate of revolutionary measures, his zeal for which had kindled almost at the same time as his secret passion for the wife of an aristocrat, was appointed Secretary-General of the Commune. He was sent out on several political missions, and by one of these was transplanted from Paris to Bordeaux in 1793. The Marquis de Fontenay, like most other French nobles determined to escape from the guillotine, had already fled from France, and found a refuge in Spain, the native land of his wife. Thither, though not by this time too happy in her marriage, she was travelling in order to rejoin him, when at Bor

deaux she was arrested as an *aristocrate*, and cast into prison.

The offence alleged against her was that she had paid money to the captain of an English ship in order to expedite the departure of several French emigrants, the list and names of whom were concealed in her bosom. A mob surrounded her, the brutal leader of this mob had endeavoured to thrust his coarse hand within her dress in order to secure this list; proudly Madame de Fontenay defended herself, and, fearing for the safety of those whom she had generously assisted, tore the paper with her teeth, and scattered it to the winds.

Tallien, acting then at Bordeaux as pro-consul, was called forth into the principal square of that city there to calm the riot; and, gazing with astonishment at the accused, he again beheld Madame de Fontenay. "Stay," he shouted to the crowd, in the revolutionary language of the time, "stay, I know this woman. If guilty, she belongs to justice; you are too magnanimous to strike an unarmed enemy, and especially when this enemy is a woman." The fury of the *sans-culottes* and *bonnet rouge* mob was stayed; though not even Tallien himself could prevent her being conveyed to prison. But, on the other hand, nothing could prevent his visiting her in that

prison, for even his official duties facilitated his so doing; and, therefore, it came to pass that one day when she was wondering as to the fate awaiting her; when rats, crawling forth from dark corners, threatened to gnaw her feet (those feet which might in their beauty have served as models for a modern Phidias); when, crouched on the damp ground, she was thinking not only of the possible guillotine awaiting her, but of her past life, which had bitterly, despite its fugitive splendour, deceived her,—for her husband had gradually become known to her as a libertine and a gambler,—the door of her dungeon suddenly creaked on its hinges, and Tallien, in all the plenitude and strength of his manly beauty and political power, but followed by a gaoler, stood before her. Who can say with what thrill at his heart he again identified her! But it was not there that her final examination as a supposed offender against the French Republic could take place. Was this apparition of Tallien only a dream on the part of Térézia de Fontenay, *née* Cabarrus?

No; this "terrible Tallien, this Tallien pro-consul, who was then reigning imperiously at Bordeaux," was he who, in presence of his "fellow citizens," must examine her as to the guilt or innocence of the political offence attributed to her.

Pale, with her large dark eyes distended by suffering, and her black hair flowing like a mantle on her shoulders, she stood in his presence.

"Citizen," asked Tallien of her, in the jargon of the time, "why are you at Bordeaux?"

"Because," answered she, "everybody is imprisoned in Paris,—everybody, even revolutionists; and I," she added, raising her proud and beautiful face, "yes, I, too, am a revolutionist." Afterwards she added, "It is strange, but here, as in Paris, true Republicans are chained and captive."

"Citizen," asked he, "do you know of what you are accused?"

"Of everything," she answered, sarcastically; "most likely of everything because I am guilty of nothing."

"It is affirmed," he replied, gravely, "that you were about to emigrate from France with the Marquis —that is the ci-devant Marquis de Fontenay."

"If to rejoin my father in Spain, accompanied by my husband, be to emigrate," she replied, "I certainly was about to do so."

"You will have to appear before our tribunal," he observed.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, first raising her hand, and then letting it fall lightly on Tallien's

right arm. "Appear before a tribunal, when this hand of mine has done nothing politically, except to prepare and cut lint for the wounded of the 10th of August."

Tallien trembled at her touch.

"Do you recognise me?" she asked of Tallien, and so as not to be heard by the gaoler or "turnkey" present. "Do you recognise me," pointing to her prison-dress, "in this disguise?"

Tallien bowed; it was not there that he could tell her of the passionate love with which she had inspired him since that first moment when he beheld her in the studio of Madame le Brun. He ordered the turnkey to summon his secretary, who had accompanied him to the prison, but who had not entered the cell of Térézia with him.

"I am not a tyrant," said Tallien to her, when thus at last alone with her; "but were Robespierre to know that I had betrayed my mission for the sake of a beautiful woman, his vengeance would know no bounds."

The woman standing before Tallien was something more than beautiful, for she was faithful and courageous in answering.

"I desire my liberty; but even more than that I implore at your hands; for being uncertain at this

instant whether my husband escaped with his freedom to Spain, I desire his liberty: I should regard it as a greater boon than my own."

Tallien regarded her with admiration; then, in a voice soft with emotion, he said, "I was told that you had divorced him."

"Perhaps such was my intention," she answered, "but at this moment of misfortune I have felt so much his wife. If he be guilty politically, then I will share his fate by pleading guilty also. And yet, to prove my patriotism, I here declare that if you give me a robe of serge I will work in hospitals as a sister of charity and nurse to the Republican sick and wounded."

Whilst thus speaking, she had sunk on her knees before Tallien.

He raised her, and then for the first time pressed her to his heart.

"My own head is at stake in playing this game," said he, as soon as he could speak, "but liberty is yours,—nay, all that you ask."

The turnkey who had been sent for Tallien's secretary, but does not seem to have found him, returned at this moment, and that same day he wrote to Robespierre, "The Republic is betrayed: aristocrats are in favour with Citizen Tallien."

Térézia Cabarrus, liberated on the day following, despite the tribunal where her cause was already gained, ere she appeared before it, quickly became, as Tallien expressed it, "the Egeria of the party then called the Montagne, as Madame Roland * had of the

* The name of Madame Roland is so well known to general readers that it is scarcely necessary here to remind them that she, the daughter of a clever but dissipated engraver, early displayed extraordinary talents. Her chief taste was for classical literature, and, doubtless, whilst making herself intimately acquainted with it, she imbibed an admiration for the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. Her motherless life was solitary; in education she was so superior to her station in society that it seems to have formed another element of her dawning antagonism to existing facts, especially when, on a youthful visit in the neighbourhood of Versailles, she found herself far removed in class and custom and costume from the Court life, of which she caught a glimpse, and which formed a strange contrast to the ruined home of her spendthrift father. When she was between twenty and thirty years of age she married Roland de la Platière, commonly called M. Roland, a staid, by no means young, man for whom she had a great respect. He was inspector of manufactories at Lyons; had travelled, studied much, and written a little, but in a way to manifest his power of appreciation. By this marriage survived one child, a daughter, but her ultimate fate is doubtful. At the time of the Revolution Madame Roland became vividly interested, the more so—it is said by some—because, though untainted in reputation, she had conceived, or rather reciprocated, a passion (probably, a first love) for one of the Girondins, to which political party her husband belonged, and of which she soon became the centre. In 1792 she had to give evidence before the bar of the National Convention, where her extraordinary eloquence, her expressive countenance, illumined by splendid dark eyes and shaded by black hair, attracted much admiration. Unaccustomed to society as she had been before the Revolution, her house in Paris (after her husband had, for a brief space, occupied the post of Cabinet Minister to Louis XVI.) became the rendezvous of the chiefs of his party. In her entertainments the

Gironde." There was no longer any question of the Marquis de Fontenay's liberty, as long as he did not return to France, and henceforth all the mercy still to be found in that distracted country seemed to concentrate itself at Bordeaux.

Tallien was constantly in the society of Térézia, and in proportion as her influence increased over him, the guillotine became inactive and prison doors were opened.

The Marquise de Fontenay, availing herself of the then new law of France, was divorced from her husband, whose liberty she thus doubly secured ; but desirous of conferring all things possible on Tallien—her second husband and first love—she wrote to the Marquis for restitution of her diamonds which he had carried off to Spain with him.

tastes displayed by her were more Athenian than Spartan,—the result, possibly, of stern classical study and poetic love combined. When the downfall of the Girondins took place (May, 1793) she was, as they were, imprisoned, and it was then that she wrote great part of her "Mémoires." When conveyed to the scaffold she displayed dauntless fortitude, and turning from her executioners towards a statue of Liberty near, exclaimed, ironically, "Oh, Liberty ! what crimes are committed in thy name !" Her husband was at Rouen when the news of her death reached him, and, sitting down beneath a tree as though to reflect what to him the world would be without her, he stabbed himself to the heart. After death the attitude and appearance of this "philosopher" were so calm that various passers-by believed him to be merely asleep, until attention was roused by a paper, which he had attached to his coat, telling who he was, and why he had committed suicide.

"Madame," was the old reprobate courtier's answer, —"madame, as my wife you have forfeited all right to them; but I will restore them to you when you are my mistress."

If in her heart there had lingered any regret for the step she had taken, this insulting answer cured her of it; and henceforth she and Tallien appeared in public at Bordeaux.

But Robespierre was watchful; he waited his time, and Tallien was recalled to Paris. Here a terrible experience awaited Térézia, who, at Bordeaux, had endeavoured to stop the Reign of Terror whilst yet it was raging in the heart, the capital, of France.

In love with the Republic from a classical point of view, and regarded as a modern Aspasia (not only because of her devotion to Tallien, the Pericles of the Republic, but on account of her fervid eloquence in pleading justice and mercy, her exquisite taste and urbanity of manner manifested in the various receptions she held, her Grecian costume, which revealed rather than concealed the perfection of her form), she shuddered at the thought of blood still flowing from the guillotine in Paris, at the contact of brutal *sans-culottes*, at the sight and sound of unsexed women, of infuriated *poissardes*, awaiting her there.

With and for Tallien, however, she was willing to

bear and share any fate ; but this was not to be, for before she could appear by his side in Paris, and whilst yet the Convention was thrilling with her brave and beautiful words, spoken through him, in favour of charity, she was arrested as the "Citizen Cabarrus Fontenay" and conveyed to the prison of La Force, where she was thrown into a dungeon. It was at Versailles she was arrested : Tallien was detained by duty in Paris. The next day a friend met him in the Champs Elysées there, so wretched and dejected, so full of terror as to the fate of the woman adored by him, that his friend said, "Courage, Tallien, it is not possible that the Citizen Cabarrus will have to appear before the Revolutionary tribunal to-day. Who can tell what the morrow may bring forth?"

Nothing could be more horrible than the prison in which Térézia now found herself, to judge from the accounts of the few, who, once incarcerated there, survived to tell the tale of their sufferings. Damp and dripping walls and floor of brick or mud ; gaolers more devils than men ; bloodhounds, sometimes more merciful than these wretches, to aid them ; iron-barred windows, likely to let in wind, hail, and rain through broken panes ; scanty food unfit for human use ; and (that which struck the ci-devant Marquise de Fontenay with most horror) a torn and hard

mattress, over which spiders were wont to crawl, whilst hungry rats, of which Térézia had already had terrible experience, could be heard scratching for a hole in the wall by which they might escape into the prisoner's cell.

At Bordeaux she had been worshipped as "the Goddess of Pardon:" was there now no mercy for her? Above all, had Tallien, to whom—although gradually more and more in open assembly opposed to Robespierre—great political power was still ascribed, had he, formerly a solicitor's clerk, then corrector and contributor of the *Moniteur* newspaper, then secretary for the Commune, then fierce Republican, even to opposing a grant of legal counsel to Louis XVI., then pro-consul at Bordeaux, and now, with a voice still strong and eloquent to speak at the Jacobin Club and elsewhere in presence of Robespierre,—had Tallien, who, because of his adoration for herself, had disarmed the military tribunals, and had caused the guillotine to languish for want of blood at Bordeaux,—had *he* forgotten or forsaken her?

Sickened, perhaps, more by the thought of this possibility than by the physical misery she was forced to undergo, her health so evidently languished that her tyrants, not wishing that death should deprive them of so beautiful and illustrious a victim,

granted permission for her at evening time to take occasional air and exercise in one of the high-walled courts of her prison.

The first evening that she availed herself of this favour a stone suddenly fell, from some unknown upper region, at her feet. Unobserved, she picked up the stone, and found that a small shred of paper was bound around it. Eagerly she detached and opened the paper, upon the inner part of which were written some words, which the fast-fading twilight prevented her deciphering. She secured it in her bosom, and was reconducted to her cell. In fever and anxiety she spent that night, for it was impossible to do aught but feel the touch of this mysterious paper in the darkness by which she was encompassed. At last, when the first rays of morning came struggling through her narrow window, she rose and strained her eyes to read the words which, to her, might be those either of life or death. They were more, for they were words of love—the love of Tallien. "I watch over you," said these words,—"I watch and wait. Go into the courtyard as often as you can at nine o'clock in the evening; I shall be near you."

Near her! What an electric flame of life—what a flood of joy in her heart and brain at these words! Near her! but how? It was not until afterwards

that she knew how Tallien had rented a topmost garret in the neighbourhood stifling around her prison, which garret was a little above, but hardly so, the lofty walls of the yard where she had gained permission to take exercise.

It is impossible to say how Robespierre gained information of this fact, but suddenly Térézia was transferred in one of the common "tumbrils" of the time—a cart generally used for conveying victims to the guillotine—from the prison of La Force to that of the Carmelites, where Joséphine de Beauharnais, Madame d'Aiguillon, and other distinguished women, in daily expectation of their death, were incarcerated. But the re-assurance of Tallien's love had given fresh strength to her soul, and she no longer thought of the possibility of self-destruction as she had done since her first arrest, from which time forth she had kept concealed about her—*how*, it is impossible here to say—a small dagger—a mere toy, so it seemed—which she had originally brought from her native Cadiz, but which, whether used by her as paper-knife or in private theatricals, had been often seen in her hands by Tallien. Her kind heart (for, with all the versatility of her talents and beauty, the benevolent generosity of her character was unchangeable) was agonized not only by her own woes, but by the sight

of sorrow in others. She was a witness to the suffering of Joséphine de Beauharnais, caused by the execution of her husband, the father of her children. Neither of these beautiful and loving women, fellow-prisoners, could then foretell that "the citizen-widow Beauharnais," as she was called, would one day ascend from her dungeon to the throne of imperial France; but in prison they learned to appreciate each other.

The heat in Paris at that time was oppressive, the heavy air seemed laden with the fumes of blood which had deluged the earth, when suddenly one morning Tallien entered his study, and there, amongst private and political papers awaiting him, to the exclusion of general visitors, he found the glittering, toy-looking, but mortally dangerous dagger which he had often seen in the hands of his adored Térézia. He made inquiries; nobody of his household could, or would possibly, tell how it had come there. He looked at and felt it. The touch of it gave him strength, as though by some electric current. What did it mean? That day he met Robespierre at the Commune. Animosity, on political grounds, had long been growing up between them, and this at last displayed itself even in public debate. Robespierre accused Tallien, in a tone bitter

and ironical, of having lost his strength, like Samson, since he had fallen into the soft hands of a woman. Stung by the insult more to Térézia than himself, Tallien suddenly comprehended the full meaning of the dagger ;—its strength flashed into his mind. He accused Robespierre of making women and children his victims. The sound of the tumbrils, still ever and anon passing on and on in the street without, on their way to the insatiable guillotine, formed a tragic chorus to the few and seemingly incomprehensible words he uttered ; indignation for the wrongs even at that moment endured by the woman he adored, and a horribly sickening fear at the possibility of her too being crushed out of life by the cold-hearted tyrant who was called his colleague, — all these thoughts nearly maddened Tallien to crime. Did the dagger of Térézia, dear to him because something belonging to her, lie heavily on his breast ? Why not plunge it in that of the tyrant ? But, as though by some instinct, Robespierre turned to leave, in company with his admirer and follower, David the painter, who, when studying the contortions of victims during the previous "massacres of September," had been wont to say, whilst mixing his palette for such life—or death—studies, "Rub in more of the red—much more of the red."

Tallien watched Robespierre, and gazed at that tyrant's careful and bloodless countenance as he moved away. The time was close at hand, but the hour had not yet struck. Who did Tallien take into his confidence? It would seem that nobody now can exactly answer this question, for the deed he meditated was, if confided to anybody, necessarily regarded as a profound secret by any agent he required in it. At that hot season of Thermidor, when the tears of widows and orphans were flowing, when France was decimated of her best and bravest men, her most lovely women, Tallien (humanized by love, and agonized by anxiety as to the fate which at any moment might overtake the beloved of his soul—the one who had silently but eloquently suggested to him the means of deliverance for France and herself) by his own agony of mind expiated the guilt, attributed to him by some, of having urged on the martyrdom of Louis XVI. and the massacres which quickly followed. Robespierre the "Incorruptible," the bloodless-looking tyrant who was steeped in blood, must die. Marat had died by the hand of a woman, and already that woman, Charlotte Corday, was spoken of with reverence by the people who dared to utter her name. Should his hand flinch when armed by a woman whom he believed to be

noble-hearted as was Judith, when, for the salvation of her country, she slew Holofernes ?

The end is well known. By the 9th Thermidor, a confederacy was formed against Robespierre, although whence, with whom, or how commenced, and to what immediate result tending, it would have at first been impossible to say. Tallien, perhaps, alone knew that its real origin was his own love for a woman, who had not only inspired but armed him. A stormy discussion in open assembly took place between him and Robespierre. The *Moniteur* newspaper of that time gives an animated account of this, and the (presumed) causes which immediately provoked it. To this newspaper it will here be remembered that Tallien was formerly a contributor. Out of doors, also, there was an epidemic feeling of mingled hope and fear. Paris, long dismayed by the doings of the "Committee of Public Safety," established by Robespierre, felt, rather than knew, that a crisis of some sort was at hand. At length, on the 9th day of July, 1794, the crisis took place ; but here let M. Thiers speak : "The end of that frightful system had arrived. People had such an idea of the resolution of the conspirators, and so astonished to find them sitting almost motionless when they approached the Hotel de Ville, that they were almost afraid of approaching. Had Robespierre been

a man of decision, had he ventured to show himself and march against the Convention, he would have placed it in a dangerous position ; but he was a man of words, and he perceived, as did all his partisans, that public opinion had forsaken him."

He went forth from the Assembly, where he had been met with powerful opposition : he knew that his time of power had passed ; and suddenly he attempted to blow out his brains. The ball of the pistol he had placed to his head entered his lip. The National Guard rushed into the room where " the leaders of the revolt " were seated. Robespierre was there—a most horrible spectacle. He was conveyed to the hall of the Committee of Public Safety, in the name of which so many crimes had by him been committed. The next day a vast crowd assembled round the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution. It was the 10th Thermidor, and Robespierre was to be executed. The soldiers pointed at him with their swords, so as to distinguish him in full view of the mob from other victims of his own tyranny. A bandage was round his jaw. A cry escaped him when this was torn away, and immediately afterwards the executioner had done his work. Even into the midst of still densely crowded prisons, as throughout all France, the news of Robespierre's death conveyed a thrill of hope for

the future. It was upon the morning of that eventful day—as in this volume elsewhere told—that the widowed Joséphine de Beauharnais, standing at the window of her prison-cell, beheld a woman outside, who attracted her attention by frantic attitudes of joy. At first Madame de Beauharnais (future Empress of the French) thought the woman mad ; but not so when she watched her take up a stone (*pierre*) and roll it in her dress (*robe*), and then, with a gesture of joyful deliverance, fling the stone away from her, even by tearing her dress asunder. But it soon became known that to Madame Tallien, henceforth called "Notre Dame de Thermidor," the honours of that day of deliverance were due, and the real "reign of Tallien," as her husband, began the same evening that her marriage with him was openly proclaimed. It is Arsène Houssaye, the enlightened biographer, who well remembers the conversation, so charming to him, of Madame Tallien's daughter (the Marquise du Hallay), that the following description of the first home in Paris of "Notre Dame de Thermidor," after her release from prison, is partly due. In a sheltered nook of Elysium, not far from the Tuileries, stood a building which, because of its thatched roof and other attributes (reminding the beholder of the palace of the "Little Trianon"), had doubtless once been a favourite

resort of Queen Marie Antoinette. It was near the *Allée des Veuves* and the then *Cours de la Reine.* Embosomed in flowering shrubs, and surrounded by lofty trees, it was the home of homes for conjugal love, and for re-union after misfortune. But, in Madame Tallien's time, it likewise soon became the most favourite gathering-point for politicians, musicians, poets, and artists; indeed, for all men and women still left by the revolution to distinguish France by their talents or their beauty. It was here that Sophie Gay (the gifted mother of the "tenth Muse" of France, Madame Émile de Girardin) became acquainted with Madame Tallien; and it seems to have been here that Talleyrand uttered some of his best *mots.* It is impossible to enumerate Madame Tallien's guests, including Bonaparte, on the eve of the first empire, and his future wife and empress, Madame de Beauharnais; nor is it possible to describe her happiness in this "cottage," as it was called, for the period of her residence in it was probably the most happy of her eventful life. Does it not seem profane to attempt to clothe either joy, or love, or sorrow in words? Be that as it may, Tallien, the "Lion Amoureux," as M. Arsène Houssaye calls him, was at this time so happy in his home that the first signs of coming events casting their shadows before him and his lovely, gifted

wife lay in his too great adoration of her. Indeed, it now almost seemed that in Robespierre's taunt there had lurked a prophecy when he, the tyrant, declared that Tallien, reposing at the feet of a modern Delilah, was shorn of his strength.

Térézia was ambitious for him: the circumstances of the times which had called him forth from the class to which he belonged by birth were exciting to her active and ardent mind. She took an earnest interest in politics, in literature, in art. She became the queen of a republican society; and there were many who owed their fortunes to her. Amongst them, one Ouvrard. He possessed a magnificent abode in the Rue de Babylone; and, at a later date, he presented this fairy palace, with its golden key, to Madame Tallien, who delighted in the wonderful gardens by which it was surrounded. The "Cottage" in the Elysian Fields was deserted; and not long afterwards it would seem that Madame Tallien was deserted by her husband. But there were reasons for this, not at all derogatory to the character of Madame Tallien; for Tallien, who had lately assumed, or resumed, more the *rôle* of a *littérateur* than a political man, had travelled to Egypt, there to illustrate some scenes of Napoleonic glory with his pen.

Madame Tallien could not at that time well leave Paris, where prevalent forgetfulness of the absent would have been a social death for her and her husband. Gradually she had found that their mutual position was becoming a difficult one, for Bonaparte —though at a later date himself divorced—feared that the presence of a *divorcée* at the court he was hoping to form around his wife would be prejudicial to the society he was secretly anxious to re-establish, divorce never having been tolerated in France before the Revolution. The generous Joséphine at first passionately resisted this attempted separation between herself and her friend, Madame Tallien, *ci-devant* Marquise de Fontenay; but she was compelled to submit, and perhaps at last the less unwillingly because by some it was said that Bonaparte in his heart exceedingly admired Madame Tallien, "the Venus of the Capitol." Together these two women—sharers of the same hard fare in prison, and sisters there in agonised hope and fear—had since danced at the directorial Palace of the Luxembourg, and elsewhere, the same dances then new to Paris, but in which they both excelled, the one by Spanish and the other by creole garce.

Both of them were generous in heart and deed; nay, it had even been Madame Tallien's privilege to

assist Madame de Beauharnais and her children in their time of adversity. They had helped to inaugurate the same fashions by setting an example in their own handsome persons to cast aside the cumbrous costume of the *ancien régime* in favour of the classic and flowing robes of Greece and Rome under glorious republics. The past lives of both of them had been tinged by sorrow; their first marriages had not been happy; in the heart of each of them was a strong yearning instinct of maternity. By their second marriages they had each, as it seemed at first, descended in the social scale, yet mounted to a superior elevation than they had originally attained by their titles, those "accidents of accidents." So close a friendship between two such fascinating women was a social phenomenon which might have done honour to the "First Empire;" but Napoleon was but human when he committed a first domestic mistake, and sundered the links of it. Joséphine's rise, therefore, may almost be said to have been Térézia's fall, for when, at the dawn of a new century, all the world from far and near prostrated itself before the morning star of Napoleonic glory, what must "Notre Dame de Thermidor," have felt to find herself gradually excluded from the Tuileries?

Tallien had been made Consul at Alicant, but this appointment seems to have given little or no satisfaction either to her or himself.

Spain had nothing but painful memories for her of that young time of life when the world lay before her like some fair paradise, some abode for the loves of angels, and unshadowed by evil.

She could not go back to her own native land ; the force of contrast betwixt the past and present was too strong upon her. So was it likewise, albeit in a different sense, in France. She wandered about in the gardens of her splendid home in the Rue de Babylone, and often, doubtless, sat down there and wept,—wept, even like the Biblical women of old, "by the waters of Babylon." For in those gardens of hers, where Art and Nature vied with each other in producing marvels, there were sparkling fountains and what, in antique and oriental phrase, were called "hanging"—let it rather be said "floating" gardens.

The place was beautiful, and so was its owner ; but, despite the distinguished crowd of guests who were wont to gather around her, she was desolate, because a second time divorced, in heart, though not yet, perhaps, by legal fact—and this time from the one man really loved by her.

By what caprice of ill-fortune had this happened ?

None can exactly say. Such love as that of Tallien for her is apt to be over-sensitively jealous. Such pride of heart as hers, especially if unjustly suspected or suspicious, is apt to quicken with indignation.

It would seem that Tallien ought not to have left her: but he was a politically disappointed man; he knew that she was ambitious for him, and it may be that to regain his position in her high esteem he had left her in order to seek a new and loftier destiny than any he had yet been able to offer her.

All this, and much more concerning them both (for *it*, whatever that *it* was, could only be known to each other, and even then must have been a point of mutual controversy), need not be here discussed. She was desolate and depressed, and, possibly, with all her extreme generosity and sweetness of disposition, indignant at the cause of her desolation, her depression, and her consequent temptation.

For suddenly in her presence appeared, and for the first time, the brilliant Joseph, Count de Caraman, and Prince de Chimay. He was indeed almost laden with titles, for he was a "grand d'Espagne" of the first class, &c., &c., not less than fourteenth Prince de Chimay. He was rich, for he had lately succeeded to a large inheritance, and was also first peer of Hainault.

More than all this, which gave him influence in Spain and France and Holland—including Belgium—he was, for his own sake, worthy to be loved, and he quickly gave his love to Térézia Tallien, late Marquise de Fontenay.

In her desolation she responded to it. She was a skilled musician, so was he; and this to such an extent, that during his emigration from France and Spain, at the time of the "great Revolution," and before his recent accession to fortune, he had supported himself at Hainault and elsewhere by his musical talents. Spain—to a great extent the native land both of Madame Tallien and himself—offered innumerable points of sympathy. Did Térézia love this brilliant and accomplished Prince, who came to her in the midst of her "Babylonian" though gloomy splendour, as she had loved Tallien after he had come and released her from prison at Bordeaux? The best answer to this is at once, "Yes and No;" as to all such questions, after the circumstances of an eventful life are changed, and the character of the chief actor in it has been developed by sheer force of griefs which do not kill—they are not merciful enough for that—but resuscitate.

Amongst legal men it is, according to common report, believed that one crime begets another.

According to the then new and anti-ecclesiastical law of revolutionized France, it cannot here be said that divorce was a crime; but, in the case of Madame Tallien, one divorce brought forth another, difficult though it be to decide whether the proposal for it on the second occasion originated with herself or Tallien. In any case Tallien ought not to have separated himself from her, had he not desired such a result; and, at all events, the divorce having been pronounced, Térézia, *née* Cabarrus, formerly Marquise de Fontenay, and late wife of Jean Lambert Tallien, citizen, soon became Princesse de Chimay.

Térézia was soothed by the love and intelligent society of her new husband, with whom she went to reside at Brussels, and sometimes at his splendid estate of Chimay. Yet misfortune, like some jealous woman, was not yet tired of persecuting her, for two things troubled her,—first, the knowledge, in course of time, that Tallien had returned to Paris poor, and suffering from the neglect of political ingratitude, and almost, if not quite, blind; secondly, because she was excluded from the court of her newly-adopted country, where it was considered that, if not thought worthy to be received at the court of a Bonaparte, she could scarcely be admitted to that which, by long

precedence, had a still sterner right to be inflexible in its prejudices.

Her husband, the Prince de Chimay, was compelled to absent himself often from her on account of the duties which his rank assigned to him at this same court. The Prince of Orange avowedly regretted a decree by which the Princesse de Chimay was kept away from it—she who ought to have been its chief ornament!

Doubtless jealous women who had heard much of "Notre Dame de Thermidor" and "the Venus of the Capitol," had much secretly to do with this exclusion of a formidable rival who was still beautiful in person and notorious for her varied talents, her eloquence, her wit, and fascination.

A new generation, including some of her own children (it is difficult here to give the exact dates of their births), had sprung up about her. Events with which the world had rung in her own early youth—events in which she had played an extraordinary part, but which were already fading away from European memory—were no longer considered of such importance as they are even now when circles of time have again brought them out to view, and even, in some cases, reproduced, and are likely to reproduce, them.

But she was more woman in heart than heroine,

and as woman she keenly felt for the destitution into which had fallen Tallien, the first really beloved of her heart, whose adoring and adored wife she had been. She could feel no happiness in her own splendour, when thinking of his destitution. Why had he left her? Why were they not now sharing poverty, if need be, together? The kindness of her heart was unalterable. Versatile in her style of beauty, versatile in her accomplishments, quick to laugh or prone to weep, swift in all emotions, but generously eager to forgive, she who, at Bordeaux, had been worshipped as the "Goddess of Pardon," and who was capable of loving as few women can love—with powerful brain but tender heart, and both apt to kindle with all the impetuosity of her native southern clime,—it was horrible for her to think of Tallien suffering and deserted. But she was a woman of action not less than of sentiment. There is no doubt that she, by some delicate means which such a woman could alone imagine, sent him aid; and it is certain that she implored him to occupy a domicile in Paris still belonging to her.

Let a curtain here be drawn over a sight which she could not have borne to see—the sight of Tallien selling for bread the books which he had collected, the files of newspapers to which he had contributed—of Tallien, blind and poor, but still so proud that

he refused help from the newly-restored king, Louis XVIII., as having no claim to it in his character of ex-republican.

The king sent his confidential minister, M. Decazes, to Tallien, who was then living in the remains of "The Cottage," where the happiest part of his life had been spent with the former Marquise de Fontenay. Over the door Tallien, as though in mockery of his fallen condition, had caused *Cabaret Tallien* to be inscribed; it was in the avenue, since most known as the Avenue Montaigne, named after that philosopher, the result of whose vast researches was best expressed, perhaps, in his own words—"*Que sais-je?*"

There was a painful and tacit satire on the ambition of human life in the ruined abode to which clung Tallien in the last days of his life, during which, though not yet nearly numbering the "threescore years and ten" allotted ordinarily to man, he had beheld his country pass from antique monarchy to blood-red revolution; from a republic to an empire; from an empire back again to royalty restored.

"What do I know?" he might well, like Montaigne, have asked. "Which is best?" He was weary of life; its inspiration had passed away from him with his love. To him the object of that love could

never more return on earth. Her splendid and historic palace of Chimay was still the gathering point for poets, artists, musicians; the muses, in the form of their most gifted sons—or, if muses be not mothers, their most cherished favourites—clustered round her. She was still beautiful; for, whatever may be the real nature of the mystery of life, there still burned within her that Promethean fire which, whether stolen from the gods, or conferred as a choice gift by them to some few favoured mortals, resisted the withering clutch of Time. So Time rested on his scythe, and turned his hour-glass, as though the motto of her life was always *à recommencer.*

Her husband, that brilliant Prince Caraman de Chimay, who had come to her like some fairy prince, when she was sitting weeping alone in her "Gardens of Babylon," shared her artistic tastes and loved her; but it was not upon his breast that she had fallen when she was a prisoner in her youth at Bordeaux; it was not he who had twice risked his own life for her sake ere she appeared before the excited world of Paris as "Our Lady of Thermidor." It was not this man who had first helped to reveal to her the secret of her own beauty when he criticized her portrait *chez* Madame le Brun; it was not this prince who had first taught her the vast difference 'twixt

friendship and love, when, by the overwhelming strength of the new life of love with which she was imbued, she was convinced that for her first husband, the Marquis de Fontenay, she had never felt but the tender and grateful regard due to a father.

No; Tallien was now poor, and blind, and forgotten by many as he sat in his miserable "Cabaret Tallien," —amid the ruins, in fact, of her first abode of love with him. But nothing could deprive him of his memory. "What has been, is; what is, has been." And yet some memories—are they not torture?

Tallien was probably experiencing this torture when M. Décazes, confidential minister of Louis XVIII., came to him as an emissary from his Majesty, and offered him a liberal pension, assuring him at the same time that the king bore no political resentment, that he admired genius wherever he found it, and that in the matter now present he had "forgotten everything," except the fact of Tallien's mental endowments.

But Tallien, the "Lion Amoureux" of former days, was proud in his adversity, and answered with something like a satire on the Bourbons (of whom it was generally said that they could neither forget nor forgive)—

"But *I* have forgotten nothing; and I cannot, as a republican, receive a pension from the king."

M. Décazes then ventured to entreat this lion, whom he had "bearded in his den," to accept at least a more suitable abode than the ruined one inhabited by him. But this was touching on a most sensitive chord; for had not this been the abode of its now desolate owner's love?

"No," replied Tallien, with dignity; "no. Were the king to offer me the Tuileries, or any other of his palaces, in which to dwell, I would refuse. My religion is that of broken idols; and yet I thank Heaven for the part I have played. For me now no home remains but the tomb. My place is there——" A moment afterwards he proudly added, "And in history."

The king's emissary could say no more; and Tallien was left to die, or, rather, to be immortalized. For a brief space he, too, had been king of France; king, as says M. Arsène Houssaye (to whom the thanks of the present writer are due), at the Convention, at the *Comité de Salut Public*, at the Jacobin Club, in the street, in the cafés,—everywhere king, even in the presence of his wife and over her.

At Bordeaux, under the blood-red republic, and during the Reign of Terror, she, emerging from a dungeon, had made him king over his fellow-men, by allowing him to be so over her own heart. But all

that had passed away with her. The memory of it alone remained, and this memory it was which, doubtless, killed Tallien; for it was the memory of the one woman from whom, since that first moment when, as art-critic, he beheld not only her portrait, but herself, all his life, his love, his inspiration had flowed.

Let it not be said that Tallien died—"here lies Tallien;" rather, in the antique Roman phrase to which, as classic student, he was much and eloquently addicted, let it be known that Tallien "hath lived."

The Princess, who, despite her first lord and last illustrious legalized lover, must ever and best be known as Madame Tallien, had the misfortune to survive until the dawn of the year 1835. Time, that ordinarily ruthless sage, refused, even to the last, to touch her with his scythe, and she was supposed to be, by those who perhaps had never even heard of "Our Lady of Thermidor," the eldest but handsomest sister of her own three daughters.

So, at least, implies the here oft-quoted M. Arsène de Houssaye, who, as before said, was a great admirer of one of the latter—Madame la Marquise du Hallay.

But at last came a day for the release of the gifted Princess, best known as the republican Madame

Tallien. The early spring,—or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, the late winter,—sunlight was shining on a January day. She was then at the palatial château of Chimay. Her son, known to the world as Doctor Cabarrus, was with her, and likewise some other of her children. Did the sunlight remind her of her native Spain, or of her once own nascent glory in her adopted country, France? Probably, for, albeit recently suffering and needing care, she suddenly entreated to be conveyed out into the open air, on a lawn—anywhere, so that the sun might shine on her. Her wish was obeyed. She looked round on the splendid territory of which she was mistress; but far beyond all gardens, or park, or forest land she gazed; for, raising herself from an attitude of repose on her invalid couch, she looked with eyes which revealed her inmost soul towards Spain and Paris. The yearning of her heart in its last pulsations was for the past. Not less, let it be hoped, for a future in which no earthly short-sightedness, no passing cloud which veils the earth, can obscure the light of love. By the rapid panorama of memory reviewing her eventful life, she wondered in her last moments whether indeed it were but one long dream. "Turn me to the sun," she said, and then died—or rather, perhaps, began to live.

THE EMPRESS JOSÉPHINE,

QUEEN HORTENSE,

AND

CAROLINE BONAPARTE

(GRANDMOTHER, MOTHER, AND AUNT OF NAPOLEON III.).

THE EMPRESS JOSÉPHINE.

THE EMPRESS JOSÉPHINE, QUEEN HORTENSE, AND CAROLINE BONAPARTE.

AGLIOSTRO shuffled the cards and spread them out on a dark table—large cards, and of vast cabalistic pretensions, like himself. He, "the Seer," shuffled the cards again, and looked up from where he sat, in the midst of a large and lofty room, splendidly furnished, artificially lighted, and with a conservatory full of exotic plants in the background. Before him stood a beautiful creole woman; her hair was black, her form was flexible, and her eyes,—of deep violet hue,—were fixed with intense anxiety upon his own swarthy face and dark orbs, which, nevertheless, did not seem to look straight into her own. He kept her in suspense

for a moment, whilst seeming to consider something in reference to her, but beyond her; and, with the minuteness of observation peculiar to moments of terrible anxiety, she observed that his dress, of black velvet, was cut according to the fashion of the *noblesse* of France before the Revolution, and that his hands were beautiful.

Again he consulted the cards before him, and then, in rich and melodious tones, he slowly said to her—

"Thou shalt be more than Queen, but yet thou wilt die on a dunghill."

The lady started back appalled; for the first part of the prediction had already been made to her in a distant land, in a manner impossible for Cagliostro by ordinary means to know, but the latter portion of the prophecy was so far off from any chances of her life, even at that time, that she might well be inclined to laugh at it.

For it was to Joséphine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, that Cagliostro uttered those words, soon after, or about the time, of her return to Paris from her native Martinique, in 1790.

She was the daughter of a French gentleman, formerly Lieutenant of Marine Artillery, named Joseph Tascher de la Pagerie, who had settled at Martinique, and there married (in 1761) a lady named

Rose Claire de Vergers de Sannois, also of French extraction. Until ten years of age, Joséphine, the first born child of this marriage, lived with her parents upon their Martinique estate, and then she was sent for her education to the Convent of Fort Royal, where most young creole ladies of her social position were presumed to receive a suitable instruction.

In what this instruction consisted may be inferred from a letter of her father to M. le Marquis de Beauharnais at the time when, she being not yet seventeen years of age, an overture of marriage was made by that French nobleman, then resident at Paris, to M. de la Pagerie at Martinique,—a marriage (originally mooted by mutual friends of the two families) between the young Joséphine and Alexandre (the brave Vicomte) de Beauharnais, who was himself but a youth, and who had never seen the bride thus selected for him.

"She has a fine skin," wrote M. de la Pagerie, "beautiful eyes, handsome arms, and a remarkable talent for music. I have taken care to have this talent cultivated by providing her with a guitar master during the time she was in the convent; she has profited by his lessons, and has a very pretty voice."

Some delays occurred with regard to this projected

marriage between two young persons who were quite unknown to each other, but at last, in the course of the year 1779, M. de la Pagerie conducted his daughter, Joséphine, to France, and she soon afterwards became the wife of Alexandre de Beauharnais.

But before her departure from Martinique, an old negress, who was regarded as a witch or "wise woman" amongst her tribe, had met Joséphine, and, having carefully scrutinized the lines within her small hand, "told her fortune" thus:

"Thou wilt soon be married, but not happily married. A widow thou wilt become, and—afterwards—more than Queen."

When, therefore, Cagliostro repeated part of this prediction in Paris, years afterwards—as here already told—the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais was naturally startled at the coincidence; and all the more so because her marriage had not, in the meantime, proved a happy one. So far indeed was it from such during its earlier years that, although the mother of a son and daughter, she had sought a separation from her husband, and found a refuge in the home of her childhood at Martinique. Thence, however, she returned to Paris, at the earnest entreaties of her husband and his family, during the year 1790; and she was the more induced to do so because her two children,

Eugène and Hortense, were already at an age to need their father's and her own united care.

Eugène had been placed at school in France by his father, but Hortense had accompanied her to Martinique.

Joséphine desired that this brother and sister should know and love each other; and their father repented of the errors of his youth which had parted him from his wife, for but youthful errors they doubtless had been. For example: At the time when Joséphine became his bride, "society" in Paris was at its highest (or lowest?) pitch of artificial extravagance; the Vicomte de Beauharnais was one of the *Jeunesse dorée* of that period; welcome was he at the brilliant Court of Marie Antoinette, at Versailles; welcome in the midst of the witty circle at the Palais Royal; welcome in the celebrated salons of Madame de Montesson, where modes and morals, unknown to the world at large, were decreed; welcome in the camp, where Lafayette, the Marquis de Ségur, and other juvenile nobles of the day, were promulgating novel ideas of Liberty. The Vicomte de Beauharnais found himself married according to the family conventions then in vogue amongst the *Ancien régime* of France; but what could his Creole-wife do in the midst of the fastidious company to which this marriage intro-

duced her? What was her colonial and convent-taught playing on the guitar to the playing on the harp of Madame de Genlis? In Paris the guitar was already out of fashion, and her sweet, though untutored, voice could have but little chance of being heard to advantage in assemblies where operatic discussions as to the respective merits of "Gluckistes" or "Piccinistes" were rife. In her sunny Martinique, under blue skies, with waving palm-trees in the background, and with enthusiastic beholders, black and white, tenants and slaves of her parents' estate, in the foreground, she had danced with ease and grace; but what was such dancing as this to the contortions then emulated by Parisians who delighted in the "great Vestris" as their master, and to whom the several merits of the corps de ballet introduced by him on the stage were of tip-toe importance? How could she judge of the satire of Beaumarchais ("Figaro"), or comprehend the political rivalries betwixt Versailles and the Palais Royal?

In person she was already lovely, but not so as afterwards in the tropical splendour of her full womanhood. By disposition she was loving, but by her yet undisciplined nature she was jealous. The popular Vicomte de Beauharnais grew discontented with his wife; he tried, or pretended to try, to "finish her

education," but she craved for love rather than for a preceptor, who soon evinced impatience at his self-imposed task, and was incapable by his own worldly pursuits of appreciating the as yet only half-developed treasures of the mind desirous of responding to his own. His wife presented him with a son, but, as yet, he was himself too young to comprehend the duties of a father. He told his own father that he was "eager for glory" (an epidemic eagerness amongst youthful French nobles since the date of the American War of Independence) and in the year 1782 he embarked, by a strange coincidence, for Martinique, under the orders of the brave M. de Rouillé. Here he found himself a welcome guest in the midst of his wife's family, but her relatives were soon scandalized by reports—whether true or untrue—which floated about them as to his infidelity to her.

The echo of these scandals reached her in France just when, some few months after his departure, she had given birth to a daughter (April 10th, 1783), and then it was that she sued for a separation from him. This was obtained; she caused her new-born child to be baptized by the names of Hortense Eugénie, and, when her husband was on the eve of returning to France, she set sail for Martinique.

But "time brings wisdom," quoth the old French

proverb, and by the year 1789, the Vicomte de Beauharnais so much regretted his alienation from his wife, that he implored her to return to him. Joséphine did so, bringing with her his little daughter, who was yet a stranger to him.

Upon the eve of Joséphine's departure from Martinique a shocking but sudden revolution amongst the slaves of the colony against their white masters broke out there. The home of her earliest years was burnt down to the ground, and it was only by extreme courage and the force of maternal love, which instigated her to protect her child Hortense, that she reached the port. Exhausted, scarcely clothed, but with her daughter still clasped to her breast, Madame de Beauharnais was found more dead than alive by some people about to embark on board a French merchant-ship lying near. She was conveyed to one of its cabins, and not until she had fairly set sail for France did she realize the temporary destitution of her position.

Upon this point she will herself presently speak more fully in these pages.

She reached France; her husband received her with delight: the years since she had been parted from him had ripened the charms of her person and matured those of her mind. She was rejoiced at

finding herself re-united to him, and with tender thankfulness embraced her son, Eugène. The Vicomte de Beauharnais clasped his hitherto unknown daughter, Hortense, to his heart; and henceforth there seemed nothing but happiness in store for the home of Joséphine.

But, alas! the Revolution only too soon compelled her husband's departure from her. He had acted as President of the National Assembly, but his sword was at the service of his country.

He displayed much courage, and was made General of the Army of the Rhine, but being suspected by the then ascendant Revolutionary party as an *aristocrat,* he was arrested and conveyed to the Luxembourg, which palace was, for the time, converted into a prison.

The news of his captivity quickly reached his wife, and she sought by every means, and at the risk of every danger to herself, to gain access to him.

At that time, the gardens of the Luxembourg presented terrible scenes of daily distress; for wives, daughters, lovers, friends, and mothers were wont to assemble there; hoping, almost against all hope, to catch a glimpse of the beloved one incarcerated within the walls. Sometimes this glimpse would be afforded by the tumbril which conveyed the prisoners to the

guillotine, for amongst them would be beheld the being most dear—whether husband, lover, brother, son, or friend—of some one of the weary watchers without, and in this case the watcher would perhaps swoon away upon the ground, or be found crushed there in the agony of despair.

Ladies of the highest rank, disguised as beggars, would stand there—unconscious of hail, rain, storm, or wind—waiting, waiting mostly in vain, for some signal of sympathy from the prison windows; and Joséphine was one of them. She staked her own existence on the chance of gaining a look from, a word with, the father of her children; and in her desire to impart consolation to the husband, from whose recent re-union with her had sprung a mutual love, she was unconscious of all fear for herself. But, alas! no opportunity was accorded to her of ministering to him in the time of need, for she, also, was arrested—merely because of the fact that she was recognized as his devoted wife—and cast into the prison of Ste. Pélagie.

There she found many *aristocrates* like herself, but she was in a constant agony of doubt, not only as to the fate of her husband, but concerning that of her children. Of the latter it may at once here be said that by the arrest of their parents, and the consequent

confiscation of their property, they were literally without either a home to shelter them or food to eat, but they soon owed both to the courageous charity of Madame Holstein, a beneficent friend of their mother.

This excellent lady, however, could not avert from them their individual share of suffering under the Reign of Terror. Eugène de Beauharnais was apprenticed to a carpenter, and his sister, Hortense, had to take her part in Republican processions, or in honour of "the Goddess of Reason."

Of the fate of their parents these children could know nothing; and it was more of her husband—the man whom she had learnt to love only too late—that their mother thought than of them or of herself.

She was conveyed from the prison of Ste. Pélagie to that of the former convent of the Carmelites. It was there that only too certain tidings of the Vicomte de Beauharnais reached her, though, by some strange and prophetic instinct—or rather, by the simple force of love, for there is no love without fear for the object of it—she had felt from the first moment of his being called away from her side on military duty that they would meet no more on earth. And yet, when the intelligence came that her husband was dead upon the scaffold, such anguish overwhelmed

her that she fell down as though life had departed from her also. Blood streamed from her lips, and, when eventually recovered from imminent danger, she seemed to hope rather than to fear that it would soon be her fate to submit to the guillotine, although she still felt anxiety as to what, in such a case, would become of her orphan children.

One morning, Joséphine sat at the barred and narrow window of her prison cell, not knowing whether ever again she might behold another sunrise. She was still weak from recent illness, and so benumbed by depression that, although able to look upon an open space below her cell and outside the prison, it was difficult to attract her attention to any external object. Presently, however, she was roused to observation by the sight of a woman performing, as it seemed, some wild antics within her view; and, so persistent was this unknown and coarsely-clad individual in her movements, that, at last, the captive Joséphine regarded her with curiosity.

The woman looked up to the prison window; then she took a stone (*picrre*) from the ground, and, after having held it up to view, rolled it in her gown (*robe*); then displayed them both together, so as to give the idea of the name of *Robespierre*; after which she made a rapid motion with her hand across her

throat, and gave other signs to make it understood that the tyrant himself was dead.

It was true. Robespierre had ceased to exist; the Reign of Terror was therefore over. Prisoners under sentence of death were released; and, first amongst them, Joséphine, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

She hastened to find, and then to rejoin, her fatherless children. Penetrated with gratitude towards their benefactress, she resolved at once to undertake the care of them herself, and to work with them for a livelihood. She did so, and the extreme indigence of Madame de Beauharnais during a prolonged time is the best answer that can be made to aspersions which anti-Imperialist biographers have dared to cast upon her virtue as the widow of the father of the two children who shared her penury and her scanty gains.

But Madame Tallien, formerly known to Joséphine as Madame de Fontenay, became, under the sobriquet of *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, the goddess of the French Republic in the time of Barras. The Luxembourg was re-converted from a prison into a palace, and there Madame Tallien, Madame de Staël, and Madame Récamier attempted to reconstitute French society. Madame Tallien, the beautiful and notorious wife of the celebrated republican chief, gave a splendour to the festivals inaugurated at the Luxembourg

by the taste with which she presided over them, for she strove to revive in Paris all that was glorious and poetic in antique Athens or Rome; she desired to be herself regarded as a modern Aspasia; but although her feet were clad in golden sandals, and the style of her head with its partially unbound raven tresses would have made a worthy study for a Greek sculptor, the magnificence of her costume and customs generally more resembled that of Imperial Rome.

She had many faults, but she was heroic and kind of heart. She sought her former fellow-captive, Joséphine de Beauharnais. She insisted on her taking part in the entertainments at the Luxembourg; and thither the widowed Vicomtesse, who only possessed a few lines of farewell written on the eve of his execution, and a lock of his hair, as tokens of her husband's last thoughts of her, went—not without sad memories of the time when he was a prisoner within the very walls where she was now invited as a guest. It was her duty to accept such invitation, for the future interests of her children would probably depend upon her doing so.

Madame Tallien was delighted to receive her, for low as were now the fortunes of the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, the republican goddess did not forget how, under the régime of French royalty, she had

regarded her acquaintance as an honour. She interceded with the potent Barras for restitution of the Beauharnais property; and this being in some sort effected according to various elastic clauses of newly-made laws, Joséphine was delivered from the bonds of poverty, and rejoiced at being thus at length enabled socially to reinstate her children, Eugène and Hortense. This she was the better enabled to accomplish because her claims upon certain property in Martinique were at that time adjusted; and one of her first duties fulfilled was to provide for the education of her daughter Hortense—an education too long retarded by the Revolution, which had deprived Mademoiselle de Beauharnais of her father, and which at one time, during her mother's imprisonment, had caused her fair young hands to assist as a *blanchisseuse*.

Hortense was confided to the care of Madame Campan, formerly lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Marie Antoinette, who, since the martyrdom of her Royal mistress, had established a school at St. Germain for the education of the daughters of the noblesse of France. The titles of that grand old nobility were still in abeyance, but the chief wish of those who severally had an hereditary right to them was to behold their children grow up, not according

to revolutionary misrule, but subject to the conventional social traditions which in France had formerly produced great heroes and great ladies.

During the brief but happy reunion with her husband, Madame de Beauharnais had resided with him, when in Paris, at his splendid residence in the Rue de l'Université, and it was there that the Vicomte learnt to appreciate the finished elegance of that wife who, in former years, had somewhat shocked his fastidious tastes by her naïve simplicity. Society had, therefore, become habitual to Joséphine before the period of her widowhood ; it was no longer necessary, now that she was again rich, to labour with her hands for the bread of her children, and she bought the Maison Talma, Rue de Chantereine in Paris, where a society formed of all persons elegant, excellent, artistic and distinguished, still to be found in the revolutionized capital of France, quickly formed itself about her.

In February of the year 1796, BONAPARTE had been named General-in-Chief to the armies of Italy ; but despite this appointment he was still but a struggling soldier of fortune, already celebrated for deeds of valour, but with a very uncertain future before him. The sections of Paris were disarmed after the 13th of Vendémiaire 1795, and then it was that he first

became acquainted with the woman who was destined to exercise the most extraordinary influence, not only over his own life, but over the dynasty of the future founded in his name. But, here let him speak for himself: "A youth one day presented himself to me and entreated that the sword of his father (who had been a General of the Republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugène de Beauharnais.

"On seeing the sword he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards the mother came and returned me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *Esprit*." . . . .

So speaks Bonaparte upon this much disputed subject of his first introduction to Joséphine de Beauharnais.* From the time of that introduction he became a frequent guest at the Rue de Chantereine, and no evenings were so agreeable to him as those he spent there. The seductive grace of Joséphine had a special charm for him. In society he was still shy himself; in the camp he was brave, but he had never

* "Napoleon in Exile," by Barry O'Meara, his surgeon at St. Helena. Vol. I., p. 180.

been trained to courtly manners as she had been,—(here let it be said that the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais had been a welcome guest within the circle of Queen Marie Antoinette),—and whilst the natural *abandon* of her manners, the splendour of her raven tresses, reminded him of his own Southern country-women, the refinement of her conversation was something new to him, the traces of sorrow, visible in her expressive, though not strictly handsome face, evoked his chivalrous sympathy, and the exquisite flexibility of her Creole movements appealed to his heart as man.

Bonaparte loved Joséphine de Beauharnais. Previously, he had entertained the idea of a marriage between himself and Mademoiselle Clary, sister-in-law of his brother Joseph; but that idea had ceased to be, and henceforth his one desire was to unite himself to the widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais. She was then at least thirty-three years of age, and he was considerably younger; but she did not look as old as he did, for his prematurely grave, though handsome face was impassive, and hers was full of vivacity. He was a brave man, but it required some courage on his part to ask her to wed him.

At first she hesitated, but he was not easily daunted; and upon the 9th day of March, 1796,

Bonaparte and Joséphine were married, her son and daughter being present upon the occasion, as also Barras, Tallien, and other political celebrities of the time, who signed the civil contract, then the only legal code of matrimony in France.

In dictating this contract Bonaparte had purposely taken at least four years from the age of Joséphine and added more than one to his own—believing perhaps in the French proverb, that "One is always of the age one seems to be." Joséphine was touched by this polite, if not "pious fraud," and quietly walked home with her husband, who, as her solicitor had warned her, possessed nothing but "his cloak and his sword to offer her."

Never did Joséphine seem further removed from the realisation of the double prediction made of her (first by the negress fortune-teller, and since by Cagliostro) that she would be "more than Queen,' than on this, her second wedding-day. The future of Bonaparte was quite uncertain, but his love for her was so ardent, that when he had to part with her, twelve days after their marriage, to take the command in Italy, it was with a regret which not even his hopes of glory—his desire to place his laurels at her feet, could subdue.

He longed for her to join him in Italy, as soon as

he himself was established there ; but by that time his wife had reason to expect that, ere long, he would become, through her, the father of a child, and she feared to risk this hope by travelling. The hope was delusive ; but, whilst it held her separate from him, he wrote constantly to her, and the style of his correspondence may be judged by the following quotation from one of his letters :

"Thou art ill! Thou lovest me! . . . . And I see thee not! This idea prostrates me. I accused thee of remaining in Paris, and thou wert suffering there! Pardon me, my dear love. The passion with which thou hast inspired me robs me of my reason. I shall never regain it, for the malady from which I suffer is incurable."

At the end of the month of June, however, Joséphine rejoined her husband at Milan, and some of the happiest days of both their lives were there passed at the Palazzo Serbellone. But the fortunes of war soon again obliged these wedded lovers to separate for a time. The whole story of their rapturous meetings and sorrowful partings at that period would involve the history of Bonaparte's campaigns during the latter years of the last century.

About the middle of September, 1797, Joséphine followed Bonaparte southward. Upon the 17th of

October, the treaty of Campo Formio having been signed, she flew to Rome, there to congratulate and embrace her son Eugène, who was entrusted with some diplomatic mission in the Holy City; and then she returned to Paris, just a week after her husband had arrived there. She sped towards her abode in the Rue Chantereine, where he awaited her, but she found the name of that street changed, as though by magic, to that of the *Rue de la Victoire*, in honour of her husband's conquests. Her *salon* henceforth became the centre of re-union for all persons most distinguished in arms, or arts, in France.

In the month of May, 1798, Bonaparte started for the campaign of Egypt. Eugène de Beauharnais accompanied him, and Joséphine followed him as far as Toulon, whence she wrote to Hortense:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Bonaparte will not allow me to embark with him, as he is anxious (on account of my health) that I avail myself of 'the waters' ere my departure for Egypt. In two months he will send for me."

Here again is an indication of Bonaparte's hope (ever to be frustrated in the case of his beloved Joséphine, his "guiding star," as he called her), that

he would some day be the father of a son who would follow out his own heroic career.

She went to Plombières, there to "drink the waters," and it was during this period of suspense that she purchased the Château of Malmaison of a M. Leconteux for the sum of 100,000 francs. She returned to Paris, for the arms of her husband, hitherto universally successful, having been reversed upon the Nile,* there was no longer any question of her following him into Egypt. She occupied herself in preparing Malmaison as a delicious retreat for them both; a place where, away from Paris, though within easy reach of that capital, her husband might find rest from the tumult of war. But, meantime, she did not neglect her active duties towards him at the seat of government, for she still continued to hold her receptions in Paris, until just before the time named for his return thither.

And yet, when he arrived, she was absent. According to the statement of her son Eugène, she had gone forth to meet Bonaparte; but, having taken one route, whilst he was pursuing another, she had failed to encounter him, though it was not more than forty-eight hours after his arrival in Paris that she rejoined

* See article on "Queen Marie Amélie and the Duchesse d'Orléans," here succeeding.

him there. For the first time in his life, Bonaparte then manifested symptoms of irritation against her. She succeeded in soothing him and restoring his entire confidence in her, although flatterers of his, who were envious of her power over him, and therefore inimical to her, had tortured the simple fact of her absence at the time of his arrival, and even her efforts to increase her social popularity—efforts made for his sake before that event—into crimes against her.

Soon, however, Bonaparte had reason to be thankful regarding those efforts; for when, after a brief residence at the Luxembourg, he went (February 9th, 1800) to reside as First Consul with his wife at the Tuileries, many of the old nobility of France, long opposed to him, flocked thither to pay their respects to her.

Not much happiness did Joséphine derive from this ovation, for she affectionately remembered the "last Queen of France," who had been kind to her in the days of her first marriage, and, from the fact of that fair Queen's martyrdom, she had lost confidence in the durability of human greatness.

As wife of the "First Consul," Joséphine nevertheless performed her part to perfection, and with the inimitable grace peculiar to her.

When Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, introduced her to the various illustrious strangers present at the first diplomatic reception under the Consulate at the Tuileries, she charmed all hearts by the modesty of her demeanour, the dignified affability of her kindly greeting. Talleyrand, with his "limping gait," his abundant white hair, his livid face, and inscrutably experienced air, afforded upon that day a strange contrast to Joséphine Bonaparte, with her earnest violet eyes, her flexible form clad in a simple white robe; her black hair, restrained in its luxuriant flow by a few cameos; her beautiful hands and arms, the action of which seemed to aid the expression of her vivid sympathy and rapid thoughts.

She went the round of the diplomatic circle, and then a door opened and displayed her husband, Bonaparte, arrayed in his well-known simple uniform of First Consul, with military boots, black neck-tie, tri-coloured scarf twisted round his waist, buttoned coat, white *pantalon*, and cocked hat, which, being under his arm and not on his head, allowed the latter to be exposed to view with its (then) dark lank hair overshadowing a face of almost perfect beauty in feature, but concealing rather than revealing the workings of the mighty soul within.

By the aid, or rather chiefly by the agency of

Joséphine, the étiquette of a Court was soon established at the Tuileries and other palaces of France, inhabited by Bonaparte as Consul. But no child was born to him, and the greater his successes, the more unbounded his ambition, the more anxious he became for an heir to his glory.

Hortense de Beauharnais was by this time withdrawn from the educational care of Madame Campan. Caroline Bonaparte, the third sister of "the Conqueror," had been her schoolfellow. They both appeared at the side of Joséphine at the Tuileries.

In point of matrimonial date, precedence must here be given to Caroline Bonaparte, afterwards Queen of Naples. Born at Ajaccio, in 1782, she was scarcely eleven years of age when she first found herself in France, over which her brother Napoléon was destined to reign. In the year 1800, she emerged from her school-girl life, and appeared before the world as a beautiful woman, for in her face and form were combined the classic and imperial dignity of her mother Lætitia (Madame Mère) with the Hebe-like graces of youth. A few years later Talleyrand declared that in Caroline Bonaparte he beheld the head of a diplomatist on the pretty shoulders of a sensible though sensitive female, for her intellect was not inferior to her beauty, and by love she had been

taught to exercise her fine intelligence concerning affairs of State.

The head of a true woman is always subservient to her heart, and by the latter was the former guided in the case of Caroline Bonaparte as politician ; for she early learned to love, and the object of her love became subsequently her husband—JOACHIM MURAT.

It was just after the Egyptian expedition that Joachim Murat accompanied Napoléon to Paris. His father was but the son of a country innkeeper, who was also a sort of steward to the Talleyrand family. Originally, Joachim was destined for the Church ; but his individuality early displayed itself rather in amorous adventures, skill in horsemanship, and a combative faculty for fighting duels, than in aught that could eventually lead to ecclesiastical preferment.

General Bonaparte was his salvation ; under him Murat bravely fought as a soldier of fortune in various campaigns, and this with such prowess that he soon became a distinguished member of his personal staff. After this he quickly won his way to the rank of General of Brigade, and in that capacity arrived with his heroic patron in Paris.

There he beheld Caroline Bonaparte, and from the

first time of their meeting she acknowledged to herself that in this man she had encountered her destiny. For not only was Joachim Murat extremely handsome—of that classically-antique, yet modern *mobile* type of beauty which well accorded with her own,—but he was brave—he was courteous; and where is the woman who does not adore courage, and is not subdued by a brave man's courtesy, reminding her of chivalrous deeds and days when woman was the guiding star to all that was good and great in man?

Caroline Bonaparte and Joachim Murat were worthy of each other, and at the dawn of the new year 1800 they were married.

When the First Empire was established, Murat was made Marshal of France; in 1806, the grand duchy of Berg and Clêves was given unto him, and afterwards, by the then omnipotent will of his brother-in-law, he was declared King of Naples.

But this is anticipating. Let the reader here go back for a short space, and behold Joséphine installed, in earlier days, at the Tuileries, as First Consul's wife, with Caroline Murat (Bonaparte) and her own daughter, Hortense, near her.

Hortense was lovely, but resembling neither her mother (conspicuous for her dark hair, her sweet eyes, her seductive grace, and the fascination resulting from

the union of genuine kindness of heart with high cultivation of manners) nor Caroline Bonaparte, whose sculpturesque beauty was at that time animated by all the vivid hopes of life, and softened by the most voluptuous dreams of love—albeit a righteous and consecrated love.

Hortense de Beauharnais was then a fair, poetic vision, more at home in her own apartment, playing upon the harp soft music, and singing sweet songs, both of her own composition, than amidst the brilliant and military Court which began to assemble around her mother and step-father.

But, nevertheless, that Court had for her its own especial attraction, for ere she had been long at the Tuileries she loved General Duroc, Bonaparte's first aide-de-camp, and to please him, doubtless, were first developed in her that ineffable charm of manner, that exquisite taste in dress, that perfection of all feminine mental accomplishments, which are inseparably associated with the name of this illustrious woman, *artiste*, queen, poetess, and musician.

She loved Duroc, and that at an age when to doubt his sworn love for her would have been a dishonour to herself. Napoléon was aware of this mutual affection, but it scarcely suited his increasing ambition to authorize the marriage of his step-daughter with

QUEEN HORTENSE.

Duroc, for already he had other views concerning her. He therefore sent the lover of Hortense on a mission to St. Petersburg, there to congratulate the new Czar, Alexander I., on his accession to the throne; but a diligent correspondence was nevertheless secretly maintained between them, Bourrienne, private secretary of Napoléon (and afterwards his chief chronicler), being its medium. Joséphine and Napoléon had then been married many years. Time had done nothing to abate affection on either side, but it had brought no child to them, and Bonaparte, knowing that an imperial diadem was about to rest on his brow, felt already anxious that an heir should be born to the destiny awaiting him—to the dynasty of which, through all generations, he would be regarded as the founder.

He therefore conceived the idea that, by marrying Joséphine's daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais, to his own third brother, Louis Bonaparte, the united blood of the being most beloved by him and of himself would flow into futurity, and he resolved that this union should take place, if possible. With him, indeed, at that time nothing seemed impossible, and Joséphine was the more readily persuaded to yield her consent because she already foresaw the necessity of an heir to the throne of France, which

was about to be reconstructed, and because she had always found in her brother-in-law, Louis, a kind friend (and there were not many for her) in her husband's family.

She did not believe that there was anything really serious in the affection of her own daughter for Duroc; but, whether or not, Napoléon resolved to test it, which he did in the following manner, as related by de Bourrienne :—

Duroc returned to Paris from his embassy to Russia, and Bonaparte said to de Bourrienne concerning that young general, "Tell him that if he wed my step-daughter, he will only have with her a dowry of some five or six hundred thousand francs, that I shall at once give him an appointment which will necessitate his residence at Toulon, whither he must take his wife, and that, henceforth, he and I are personally strangers to each other."

Joséphine had meantime spoken to Hortense of the difficulties impeding her union with Duroc; but Hortense, joyful as she at that moment was as to the return of her lover from St. Petersburg to Paris, believed that nothing in this world could ever again separate them. Had such a glorious belief in man's fidelity only rested on a fidelity worthy of it, how happy might not Hortense and the object of her

choice have been! But Duroc, brave man in battle though he was, had not strength enough to stand the test of the ordeal to which he was subjected, and he resigned all claims to the hand of his lately betrothed, Hortense de Beauharnais. Wherefore, it became Joséphine's terrible duty to inform her daughter that such was the case. And here let it be said, that if (as some historians assert) she was the prime agent in this cruel affair, she must have suffered at that moment more deeply than words can tell, for none can deny that Joséphine was of most tender heart, and a mother who, in the time of adversity, had performed heroic acts of self-sacrifice in behalf of her children.

Hortense listened to the decree; she uttered no complaint, but her heart was none the less broken; the spell of all her sweetest illusions as to love and life was broken for ever, when she heard that Duroc had deserted her.

Henceforth, she cared not what became of her, and pride alone sustained her. It was therefore not too difficult a task to induce her to wed Louis Bonaparte, for anything was better than to play the part of a forsaken maiden, not only in the eyes of Paris, but in full view of the man for whom she would willingly have sacrificed her life; and upon

the 7th day of January, 1802, she married Louis Bonaparte.

They were almost strangers to each other. His disposition was amiable, his habits studious, but he was allowed no time before marriage, either to soothe the wounded heart or to ascertain the various accomplishments and merits of the wife forced, against her will, upon him.

They regarded each other more as enemies than riends, though each, in his, and her especial way, was excellent.

Splendid were the festivities by which their union was inaugurated, but amidst all the gay guests who flocked to the Tuileries in honour of this alliance, the bride and bridegroom were mournful. The Cardinal Caprera had solemnized their union, and this, by many of the old noblesse, then lately returned from exile, was regarded as a happy omen, considering how long all religious ceremonial had been abolished in France.

Many points of intellectual sympathy there were between Louis Bonaparte and his young wife, Hortense; but it was not until they were about to become parents that any sign of reciprocity was evoked between them. A male child was born to them, all sorts of calumnies having been meantime set afloat.

Had that child lived, the future life of Hortense might have been happier than it was; but the child died, and henceforth she sought to amuse herself in art, in literature, in society, in all that can impart brilliance to the outer life of a woman, young, beautiful, accomplished, as she was; but a life apart from all for which she had yearned—the real life of heart and home.

When Napoléon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor, and Joséphine Empress, the latter derived no happiness from the dignity which had accrued to her, neither did her daughter Hortense feel pleasure in being henceforth styled a Princess of France, and addressed as "Imperial Highness."

The double prediction was fulfilled respecting Joséphine—that prophecy which, first uttered by the negress of Martinique, had since been repeated by Cagliostro, that she would be "more than a Queen."

In the month of December, 1804, Napoléon and Joséphine were crowned at Notre Dame. The presence of the Pope in Paris at that time was welcome to the Empress for other reasons than those appertaining to any thought of worldly ambition or earthly pomp; for—although still extremely lovely in person, and much loved by the imperial husband whom she had wedded when he had only, as a soldier

of fortune, his "cloak and his sword" to offer her, and although her marriage with that husband (originally performed according to civil contract only) was renewed, or rather solemnized, in the Chapel of the Tuileries, on the eve of her coronation as his Empress, she was haunted by vague presentiments, and felt in much need of consolation beyond the power of this world to give.

Louis Bonaparte was first made *Connétable* of France, and subsequently King of Holland. Other brothers of Napoléon gladly accepted the various crowns of Europe offered by him to them, but it was not without extreme reluctance that Louis permitted that of Holland to be placed upon his brow, and in this reluctance his wife, Hortense, sympathized with him; for by their elevation to power they were necessarily removed from Paris, and therefore thrown more than hitherto into the society of each other.

Another son had been born to Hortense about the time of the coronation of her mother, as Empress. In this child the Emperor took great delight, and it was generally believed that he would succeed to the throne of France; but just as the boy (Napoléon Charles he was called) began to be an object of interest to all around him, he died of croup; and by this event King Louis and Queen Hortense at the Hague, the Em-

peror Napoléon with the Empress Josephine in France, were enshrouded in gloom.

The malady of which the child had died was not then a subject of professional study such as it has since become in France, and it seemed to the imperial and royal family of France and Holland that destiny, as to the matter of succession to the two thrones, was against it.

Yet none the less did Queen Hortense and King Louis well perform their duties to the people over whom they had been commanded to reign. King Louis had taken a solemn oath to respect the liberties and defend the just rights of the nation which had voluntarily accepted him as sovereign, and none better than his accomplished consort, Hortense, could infuse into the mind of that nation how to blend grace of form with utility of fabric ; how to combine sturdiness of character with elegance of manner ; nor, whilst thus unconsciously imparting new life to Dutch manufactures and society, did she forget the poorest of her subjects, for, even after two other sons were born to her, she seemed to find consolation where she sought it—in the homes of her grateful subjects.

During this time the royal abode at the Hague was often desolate, for, when not chained there by the duties he owed to his people, King Louis travelled

about Europe, sometimes resting in some sheltered nook of the Pyrenees, sometimes taking up his temporary abode at the Château de St. Leu (which he had purchased, and whence he derived his title of Comte de St. Leu), whilst his wife and her two surviving children found a refuge in Paris. The youngest of those children (since known to the world as Napoléon III.) was born at the Tuileries upon the 20th day of April, 1808, but gloomy at that date were the forebodings of Hortense regarding her beloved mother Joséphine, for it was already rumoured that the Emperor Napoléon was so far misled by the erratic star of ambition beyond the guiding star of love (for he had never ceased to love Joséphine), that he intended to divorce her and to enthrone in her place another, who might give unto him a legitimate heir to the Empire which he had founded.

Joséphine felt, rather than knew, that such was her husband's intention, but she tried to disbelieve the possibility of it. In October, 1809, she was at St. Cloud when he returned to France after the only too celebrated negotiations of Schönbrunn: he went straight to Fontainebleau, but she hastened thither to greet him.

She found him much engaged with his generals and secretaries; he tried to find fault with her be-

cause of the lateness of her arrival; she soothed and fascinated him by endearing words; that day she was even more than usually elegant in her attire, so much so that it drew flattering words from the Emperor, ere conducting her from his study, where she had rejoined him, to the dining-room. There, she sought to keep up an animated conversation, though her heart was sorely ill at ease; and during her evening reception she was most singularly conspicuous for the grace of her demeanour and the affability by which, without derogating from her dignity, she habitually charmed everybody who approached her.

But she knew that the decree was already pronounced against her; she felt that she was no longer the wife of Napoléon save in name and by law. By love also on his side and on hers, but he strove to shun all evidence of that love, and her pride was roused by his avoidance of her.

To Queen Hortense, then in France, the Emperor made a request that she would calmly speak to Joséphine of the divorce rendered necessary by political circumstances, but Hortense declared herself incapable of "plunging a dagger" into her mother's breast. Prince Eugène, her son, was likewise unequal to the occasion. It therefore fell to the lot of Fouché, the crafty minister, whom (speaking years after-

wards at St. Helena) Napoléon declared to have been worse than Robespierre,—Fouché, with his faithless heart and pallid face—it fell to his lot to inform Joséphine, during her last stay at Fontainebleau, of the destiny awaiting her. After her interview with him, she sent for her kinsman, Count Lavallette (he had married one of the Beauharnais family), who happened to arrive just then at Fontainebleau, and in broken accents repeated the substance of her recent interview with Fouché thus:—

"He told me that I must offer to France and the Emperor a great proof of devotion; . . . that my husband must leave behind him children who may perpetuate his name, and give to France a family that may deprive the Bourbons of all hope of return. . . . 'Madam,' added he, 'you are in this respect the only obstacle to the enduring happiness of France. . . . Your noble mind will easily learn resignation for the sake of a man who is wholly devoted to you. . . . Be greater than even the Emperor is great, and give this last token of devotion to your husband, your country, and your sovereign.'"

Much more did Fouché say upon this point; but already was the Empress Joséphine resolved on self-sacrifice ere she sent for Count Lavallette to come to her at Fontainebleau in her own private apartments,

where lately she had passed days and nights of agony. It was sympathy that she sought in her kind kinsman, rather than advice from him. Wherefore it matters little what Lavallette said to her; she believed herself prepared to endure the coming stroke; she armed herself with all a woman's pride; she took her place at table, as usual, at the evening dinner-hour, and, to all outward appearance, seemed much more gay there than either the Emperor or her daughter Hortense.

Joséphine played a brave part, but the tension of nerves enabling her so to do was too intense in its agony; for, presently, when the various members of her Court and Queen Hortense having retired, she found herself alone, *tête-à-tête*, with her husband, she could scarcely endure the pain of his presence. There was no longer any concealment between them upon the subject uppermost in both their minds. His hand—that hand which had so bravely borne the sword in battle, trembled to such a degree that he found himself incapable even of holding a cup of coffee which had been handed to him. He advanced towards her; he took her hand and placed it on his heart, so that she might feel its terrible pulsations; but Joséphine felt outraged by this act, and she quickly receded from the being whom she most

adored in this world, although at that moment so great was the anguish of separation from him that she fainted, and fell at his feet like one dead.

Many hours elapsed ere she was restored to consciousness. She found herself in her own apartment, whither she had been conveyed, with her daughter Hortense and Napoléon near her. Dr. Corvisart, her medical attendant, felt that he had done a cruelty in helping to restore her to life; but she turned to the husband, who in fact was hers no longer, and said, with a forced smile even worse than his tears to behold, "Oh, if you had not made me wear a crown!"

In the feverish dreams that followed did she think of her careless and happy childhood at Martinique, when the negress predicted that she should be more than Queen? Did she again behold Cagliostro shuffling his gigantic cards, and spreading them out before him, as he repeated that same prediction?

Who can tell? The facts of the case alone remain, and these are only too easily told; for very soon afterwards, that is to say, upon the 15th of December, in that same fast expiring year, at nine o'clock in the evening, the divorce of Napoléon from Josephine was formally pronounced at the Tuileries.

"Madame Mère," the sybil-looking mother of the

Emperor, was there. The King and Queen of Holland (Louis and Hortense, who seldom met elsewhere) stood there also; Caroline Bonaparte (newly created Queen of Naples) and her husband, Murat, King of Naples, were there. Other members also of Napoléon's family, and Prince Eugène, his brave stepson, to whom the Emperor, when only a soldier of fortune, originally owed (as in these pages already told) his introduction to the woman he was now about to put away from him. The chief officers of state and civil law were likewise present, prepared to do their part; but when Napoléon, in presence of Joséphine, read, with a tolerably firm voice, the deed by which his marriage with her was dissolved, it was sad for those who heard him to behold the misery that contracted his features. Every word uttered by him did all justice to her virtues, and to the great happiness which had accrued to him from his union with her; but the greater the justice he thus rendered to Joséphine, the more he seemed to stab her broken heart; for, when it came to her turn to read the document prepared for her, her voice was unable to sustain itself; sobs impeded her usually sweet and clear utterance, and she handed the paper to M. Regnault de Saint Jéan d'Angély, with a motion of the hand which authorised his conclusion of its perusal

aloud. This mournful ceremonial finished, Napoléon turned to Joséphine; all ties were severed for ever between them in this world,—ties of law, civil and ecclesiastical,—but those of love were not to be so easily sundered. He kissed her; in a voice of intense emotion he tried to thank her; but, for her, utterance was impossible; and, supported by her two children, Hortense and Eugène, she quitted his presence, leaving many mournful hearts behind her.

A few hours afterwards she started for Malmaison, that château upon which, at the time of Napoléon's expedition into Egypt, she had lavished all that woman's love, and artistic taste, and newly-acquired wealth could suggest to her, so that it might be a haven of repose for the one being most dear to her in this world.

She entered it now without him; she beheld the study where he had written—the maps still lying on that study-table, marked out for his various campaigns; the pen he had used; the arm-chair in which he had rested, and chatted to her in happy leisure hours. She looked at the walls, and beheld a fine portrait of herself in gleaming diadem and imperial robes. She looked again, and saw a case containing the hair of her once husband-hero, cut off from his

head in the long past happy time of their marriage, when he was only "dear Bonaparte," and which she had caused to be arranged in fantastic form most flattering to him.

All this, and much more, she saw;* and seeing, she felt that nothing had changed but her own sad self. Yet, not in heart! for she forthwith resolved that no hand but her own should ever arrange that special chamber sacred to the past; and thus it came to be that though, in time, a miniature court was formed about her at Malmaison, and though the conventions of that court compelled her to smile and act in society as formerly, yet all things personally connected with the husband who had separated himself from her remained exactly as he had left them in the sanctuary—for so she deemed it—consecrated to mutual memories.

She heard of the arrival of her successor, the Austrian Marie Louise, in Paris, and she helped to prevail on her daughter, Hortense, to comply with the urgent wish, or rather command, of Napoléon

* Lest the writer of the text above should be suspected of exaggeration regarding the much-disputed, (according to political party-feeling), character of Joséphine, it is as well here to state that the facts recorded are originally due to the statement of more than one English visitor at Malmaison in the time of the ex-Empress, from whose memory Time has even yet not obliterated the objects, &c., conspicuous there.

that she should repair to the Tuileries so as to render all honour to the new Empress about to reign there. For a time Joséphine repaired to her Château of Navarre, the other home assigned to her by Imperial will; but she soon returned to that of Malmaison, which, being within easy reach of Paris, allowed her to enjoy the frequent society of her daughter Hortense, and that Queen's sons.

Joséphine was no longer happy herself, but she succeeded in making those around her so; and yet, fearful lest the younger members of her Court should believe too much in the stability of earthly things, which, to her, had been but illusions, she sometimes tried to teach them a lesson in her gentle and unpretending way,—as the following anecdote, recorded by one of her hearers, may show.

"One day we, with the cruel indiscretion of crude youth, asked the Empress to let us look at her diamonds. These, which the Emperor had refused to receive back from her hands, when she offered them to him, formed—with other gems in her possession—one of the most, or rather *the* most, superb collection in Europe—for many of them had been offered to Napoléon by various cities in the various countries of Europe which he had conquered. They were usually kept in a *caveau secret*, of which two personages in

the service of the Empress were constituted guardians. But, always willing to comply with the requests of those about her, she ordered that these wondrous gems should be brought forth and displayed on a large table prepared to receive them. They were wonderful, magnificent; diamonds, oval-shaped pearls, opals gleaming like rainbows, rubies, emeralds; the celebrated *brignolettes* (each one a priceless pear-shaped diamond), which once had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette.

"We were almost speechless with astonishment, just as though some fairy tale were enacted before us. The Empress Joséphine looked at us with her tender eyes and smiled a sweet smile, whilst we eagerly touched and examined the wonders before us. Then she said,—

"'It is true that these baubles have given me pleasure in my time, but not an enduring pleasure, as these may bear testimony' (and, so saying, she took up the *brignolettes* of Marie Antoinette, mournfully). 'Yea, more,' she added, 'for I declare to you, young ladies, that not one of these ornaments ever gave such happiness to me as did once the unexpected possession of an old pair of shoes.'

"'An old pair of shoes!' we cried; 'but what can your Majesty mean?'

"'I mean,' said she, 'that when I was forced to quit Martinique with my daughter Hortense, before my perfect reconciliation with her father, I was so poor that the kindness of those on board who supplied many of my wants can never be effaced from my heart.*

"'Whilst I was resting in my cabin below, the child, who had been taught strange, fantastic, yet graceful dances by the natives of Martinique, used to go on deck, and, for the sake of exercise, perform some of these—much to the delight of the passengers in general, but especially so to that of an honest old sailor, who called her his 'little love.' One day the child entered my small miserable cabin with bleeding feet. She could not conceal the fact from me, for every footstep she took stained the floor.

"'Hortense,' said I, 'what is the matter?' She tried to soothe my alarm; but, upon examination, I found that the shoes which she had worn on leaving Martinique (the only ones she still possessed) were in tatters, and that one of her feet had been wounded

* It will here be remembered how, as recounted in a previous page of this present narrative, Joséphine—when about to rejoin her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, in France—was compelled to quit her native Martinique suddenly (and without adequate preparation for the voyage) by the negro insurrection which threatened her life and that of her daughter.

by an iron nail so badly that perhaps the flow of blood was the best remedy for the evil.

"'She was brave, but I began to cry, and presently we were both in tears, for I saw no way by which I could possibly allow her to continue her healthy exercise on deck. Just then, down came the old sailor to look after his "little love."

"'We told him the cause of our distress. "Is that all?" cried he; "why, I have an old pair of shoes in my sea-chest." He then continued, turning to me, apologetically, "You see, Madame, we must not be too dainty aboard ship; we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and, provided we have what is necessary, why—*c'est le plus principal!*"

"'Away he went, without giving me time to answer, and back he soon came triumphantly, bringing with him a coarse old pair of shoes, the sight of which was hailed by Hortense with joy, and upon them I, assisted by our friend, at once set to work successfully. My daughter was thus enabled to resume her dances, and, as for me, I only regret that, in the midst of all my subsequent splendour, I have never been able to testify my gratitude to that honest old sailor; for all I know about him, more than I have told you, is that his name was Jacques.'

"Some of the young ladies in waiting who had

listened to this little anecdote from the lips of their gentle, though Imperial mistress, were impressed by it, but others still seemed fascinated by the sight of the superb gems displayed before them; whereupon the Empress said: 'It is well that it should be so, if indeed the memory of these things should make you discontented with similar, though inferior, baubles hereafter.'"

At this time Napoléon wrote constantly to Joséphine, and she made no concealment of the eager joy with which his letters were received. When the one reached her by special courier, telling her of the birth of his son, the infant "King of Rome," her own son, Prince Eugène, happened to be near her. For some time she was alone with him, but—whatever the agony of mind undergone by her during that hour,—she presently came forth, and, whilst courteously confiding a congratulatory answer to the bearer of the despatch, presented him with a diamond pin.

During her residence at Malmaison, especially in the earlier period of her divorce, Napoléon used frequently to visit her there; but the interviews which then took place between them must have been a source more of pain than pleasure to her, for it was so arranged that, though out of hearing, they were

never beyond the sight of her court. Sometimes lookers on could guess, by the action of her elegantly *mobile* hand, or a glimpse of her expressive face, that the conversation between them was either painful or pleasing, though generally her demeanour after his departure was naturally overshadowed by an air of melancholy.

She loved him better than she loved herself, as was only too well demonstrated after his abdication. She thought of others more than of herself, as the following particulars concerning her last days may testify.

It was in the month of May, 1814; Napoléon I. was banished to the Isle of Elba; the Allied Sovereigns had just entered Paris; his second wife, Marie Louise, and his young son, had taken flight from France, and sought a refuge in Vienna; the Ex-Empress Joséphine was at her suburban château of Malmaison; her son, Eugène de Beauharnais, was with her there; likewise her daughter, Queen Hortense, and that daughter's two surviving sons, the younger of whom has since become known to the world as Napoléon III.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was an assiduous guest at Malmaison. He was chivalrous in heart and conduct, a brave man, but none the less of an imaginative temperament; so much so, indeed,

that by many of his contemporaries he was regarded as a mystic, a seer of visions, and a believer in more things than are generally supposed to belong to this world's philosophy. It has before been stated in these pages that Joséphine was not free from superstition. The reader has here seen her listening to the prophecy of the old negress in her native Martinique, to the effect that she would some day be crowned both Queen and Empress: that prediction had come true. Cagliostro had also foretold strange things to her, which had since been realised; but one part of his prophecy, viz., that she would "die on a dunghill," seemed as unlikely as ever to be fulfilled, even though she had descended from the throne, when she received, in that month of May, 1814, her illustrious guests at her château of la Malmaison. Amongst these guests was Lord Beverley, and to him Joséphine expressed her extreme respect for and admiration of the English character generally. The battle of Waterloo had yet to be fought, but from the utterances of Joséphine it seems that to England's honour she would rather confide the safety of one dear to her than to that of any other nation. Little could she tell that her daughter's youngest son, Louis Napoléon, would in after years not only succeed her own Imperial but then banished and divorced husband on

the throne of France, but eventually find a refuge and an exile's grave in the land of which she had formed so exalted an opinion! He, the child then, the Emperor in long after years, was present at Malmaison when Joséphine there expressed her predilection for England; and the time when she did so express herself was never likely to be forgotten by him, for he cherished and revered her memory.

Joséphine, who had rejoiced less in her titles of Empress and Queen than in that which gratefully proclaimed her "Friend of the poor and unfortunate," played a brilliant part as hostess at Malmaison in that year of Imperial misfortune, 1814; but her heart was breaking with sympathy for the husband who had put her away from him, and yet who was still passionately beloved by her.

When she heard that Marie Louise had deserted him in his misfortune, she cried, "Oh! had I still the right to be near him and console him, how happy I should be in sharing his exile!" But this was impossible, and though surrounded by illustrious guests, though soothed in a measure by the presence of her children by her first marriage, the Ex-Empress was evidently suffering acutely; and, despite her heroic efforts to conceal her intense unhappiness, despite her wish at that time to conciliate the Allied Sovereigns

in behalf of the man still regarded and adored by her as her husband in sight of Heaven—notwithstanding the fictitious letter of human law which had divorced her from him—the strain upon her sensitive nature was too strong for human endurance, and as the month of May progressed, and the flowers in which she seemed to take a sympathetic delight bloomed more and more, it was impossible for her any longer to deny that a severe illness had taken possession of her.

This illness, what was it? By some it was called a "quinsey," because it affected her throat and impeded the breath of life. By others it was regarded as nothing but that nameless thing of common name, a "severe cold." Yet the fact of intense suffering, no longer concealable albeit patiently borne, remained the same, and on Friday, the 24th of May, whilst entertaining the Russian Emperor Alexander and other invited guests at dinner, the symptoms were such that a sudden feeling of alarm pervaded the circle around her.

So restrained, however, had she been in uttering either a fear or complaint as to her own health, that the resident physician appointed to attend her (M. Horeau) had that day gone to Paris. To her children and her guests, however, it became painfully evident,

as evening advanced, that no time was to be lost; and M. le Docteur Horeau being still absent, a local practitioner in the near neighbourhood of Rueil was hastily summoned to attend the Empress. But it was already too late; and although all the usual remedies for inflammation of the chest and lungs were duly applied, the real cause of the malady was beyond the reach of human aid; for the Empress Joséphine, though seemingly brilliant and gay but a few hours since, was fast dying of what is vulgarly but expressively called a broken heart.

She knew that she was dying, and she did not wish to live; but, to the last, her thought was all for others rather than for herself. This was evident, even in her conduct towards the much-alarmed village-doctor who had been so suddenly summoned to attend her. She saw that he was afraid of the grave responsibility which had unexpectedly devolved upon him; speech was every moment becoming more difficult to her, but she gave signs of kind encouragement to him; and when at last Dr. Horeau—having been fetched from Paris—arrived, she pressed his hand in a way to assure him that she was happy, and not at all appalled by the fate awaiting her. With another day there dawned some signs of amendment; speech was again possible to her, and when she heard that M.

Redouté, a celebrated flower painter, had arrived at Malmaison, by appointment, to take a sketch of some exquisite and rare flowers then blooming in one of the conservatories there, she made those around her understand that she wished to see him. At the moment of his approaching her she kindly stretched forth her hand to greet him; but quickly remembering that the sore throat from which she was suffering might be infectious, she gently warned him not to come nearer to her, and said, "Next week, dear sir, I even now hope to see you at work on a new *chef d'œuvre*."

Not long after the utterance of these few kind words, she fell into a state of lethargy; her son and daughter, Eugène and Hortense, were present, and the Curé of Rueil was summoned to administer the last Sacraments to her; but, not expecting such a summons, the Curé was absent, and the tutor of the young Prince, Louis Napoléon, being in holy orders, but having for some time past ceased to officiate as priest, was called upon to supply his place.

In answer to the usual questions on such solemn occasions, and still in possession of her faculties, the Empress Joséphine made her last confession. Every moment her voice became more and more weak; but her countenance was calm and her

manner quite free from any evidence of fear or excitement.

Her children were sorrow-stricken and would not leave her. Queen Hortense, that loved daughter who in years long past had shared the sorrows and poverty of the beloved and gentle mother, now fast passing away from her sight, was in despair.

Her own unhappy marriage had thrown her back, as it were, into her mother's arms ; and the very fact of her having been forced to become, in some sort, a political rival of that mother, as the unloving and unloved wife of her stepfather's younger brother, was —strange to say—a bond of union, a tie of sympathy the more ; for Joséphine loved the children of Hortense as though they had been her own.

Just as the flickering flame of life was fast expiring the Emperor Alexander of Russia, shocked at the news which had reached him that the kind and brilliant hostess, who, but a few days since, had welcomed him to Malmaison, was now lying at the point of death there, gained admission to the apartment where the awful mystery of separation between soul and body was impending. Joséphine recognised him, and, by a great effort, articulated the words, "I have always desired the happiness of France . . . . . I can say with truth, in these my last moments, that

I, the first wife of Napoléon, have never willingly caused a tear to be shed."

Soon afterwards, just before mid-day of the 29th day of May, 1814, the Empress Joséphine expired; and it may be affirmed—let science call her last illness by any name that it may—she died of a broken heart; for her life, and happiness, which is the essential breath of life to such an ardent and loving nature as she possessed, were inextricably, though mysteriously, involved in her love for her second husband, who, when he married her, when he first linked her passionate though faithful nature to his own, had nothing, as he himself said,—nothing but a torn cloak, a blood-stained sword, and the reciprocity of love, to offer her.

The death of the Empress Joséphine caused profound sorrow in France, and especially in Paris, the very heart of France . . . The road from the capital to the neighbourhood of Malmaison was crowded by all sorts and conditions of people, who seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in making a pilgrimage thither. More than twenty thousand men and women of all classes flocked to the neighbourhood consecrated by the residence there of the Empress, who, in the midst of her own deep sorrow had, as she herself in her last moments said, "never voluntarily caused a human

being to shed a tear." Tears enough, however, were dropped at the sight of her lying calm and beautiful in death, though her kind eyes could no longer shine on those who wept, nor her once smiling lips speak words of comfort, as had been their wont, to the afflicted.

The poor, who had long gratefully regarded her as their benefactress, claimed a large place in the cortège which mournfully followed "Joséphine the Good" to the parish church of Rueil, where she sleeps her last sleep. Queen Hortense was agonised by grief; for a long time she remained absorbed in prayer in one of the chapels of the Church of Rueil, but when she awoke, as it were, to the dread reality that the mortal remains of her mother were about to be lowered into the grave, she flung herself down upon the spot like one distracted, and it was with difficulty that she was at length removed from it.

There, where such passionate tears of sorrow were shed, a white marble monument has since been erected—a monument of filial love and piety (representing Joséphine, clad in Imperial robes, kneeling as though praying for France)—and inscribed "From Eugène and Hortense to Joséphine."

Henceforth the best love of Hortense was given to her own surviving sons, of whom one, Louis Napoléon

(the other having perished in an Italian revolutionary movement) eventually alone remained to her.

When the first Emperor Napoléon escaped from Elba, "knocked," as he himself said, "at the gates of Grénoble with his snuff-box," and found all France gladly prepared to welcome him—or, in the more figurative language of the time, the Imperial Eagle flying from tower to tower, from steeple to steeple, and resting at last with folded wings on the historic heights of Notre Dame—his step-daughter was ready to welcome him in Paris at the Tuileries. But their meeting was mournful, for the one object of their mutual love, Joséphine, was dead; and when Napoléon, during the "Hundred Days" which followed, and before his own final banishment from France to St. Helena, after the battle of Waterloo, revisited Malmaison—the scene of his domestic happiness in brighter days, and the still more recent scene of Joséphine's death for love of him—he exclaimed, "Ah! *she* would never have deserted me, as the mother of my child has done!"

For the Empress Marie Louise was not in France to hail his appearance in that land to which he had given glory; she was not there to cheer him by words of hope—woman's most heavenly utterance to the man beloved—nor to manifest to him the growth of

life from his life in the person of their young son. Already was the proud head of "the Conqueror" bowed with anxiety and sorrow; in heart depressed he went forth to the battle of Waterloo, after the "Hundred Days" in France were over; and when he momentarily returned, defeated, the last hours of his stay in France ere going into new and more terrible exile at St. Helena, were spent at Malmaison, the scene of Joséphine's last days and death. Here, he wandered about disconsolate; and this not so much, as it seemed, for the loss of his glory but rather for the loss of the love—the love of the one woman who, when he was a mere soldier of fortune, had gladly "condescended," as her proud relatives deemed, to become his wife; and who, though he had put her away from him because of ambitious motives, had died because she could not survive his misfortunes—unshared by her.

Her daughter Hortense, and her then two still surviving sons, were with him at Malmaison to the last moment ere his departure into renewed and fatal exile. By the lips of Joséphine's daughter, words of comfort were spoken to him; by her hand, help in case of need (help taking the form of a splendid diamond necklace enclosed in a belt to be invisibly worn by him) was provided, and the youngest son of

Hortense, Louis Napoléon,—favourite grandson of Joséphine,—clung about his knees, and seemed to regard him with almost superstitious reverence.

After she had wept her last farewell to her Imperial step-father, dreary years ensued for Hortense. Separated from her husband, banished from France, shocked, as time went on, at the intelligence of her step-father's death at St. Helena, and resident chiefly in the chill region of Arenenberg, she devoted herself to the education of her two sons. Of these, as here before said, the elder fell during an Italian insurrectionary movement in 1830 at Forli ; after which event she obtained an English passport, and, accompanied by her then sole surviving son, Louis Napoléon (unrecognisable in early manhood as the young Imperial child long banished from France), ventured to Paris, and, once having arrived there under various disguises, made the fact of her presence known to King Louis Philippe. She besought an audience of him in reference to some property to which she had a claim. The audience was granted, but nothing can here be said with certainty as to the restitution of Imperial property on the part of the Orleanist king. Crossing over to England, the ex-Queen Hortense was most cordially and courteously received in this land, for which, as here narrated in a previous page,

her mother, the Empress Joséphine, had expressed a strong predilection.

Three months Queen Hortense and her sole surviving son, Louis Napoléon, remained in England, and it was then that the Prince, destined at a later date to become Emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon III., first learnt to appreciate English institutions—social and political. Even at that date, the Napoléonic Prince believed, so some affirm who remember his conversation of the time, that he was born under a peculiar star, and predestined to extraordinary circumstances; but in this belief it was difficult for even his accomplished and devoted mother, Hortense, to coincide, when, after having passed a few years of comparative tranquillity at Arenenberg, the news reached her there of her son's arrest at Strasbourg (October 30, 1836) on the charge of political conspiracy against the French Government. Queen Hortense again left her solitary home at Arenenberg, and it is most probable that during her absence from it she, ever eager to prostrate herself at her mother's tomb whenever some rare occasion allowed her to do so, became acquainted with the singular manner in which the final clause of Cagliostro's prediction had become fulfilled; for the Château of Malmaison was by this time dismantled,

its once beautiful grounds and parterres were furrowed by the plough; and—strange, though surely enough—it was discovered that this, the last residence of the Empress Joséphine, the place where she died, was built upon what had formerly been a refuse-heap—in fact a dunghill—and hence was derived the strange name given long since to the elegant Château of Malmaisòn. Cagliostro's prophecy, "Thou shalt be more than Queen, but thou shalt die on a dunghill," had literally therefore been fulfilled (though the latter and revolting clause, unconsciously) by the Empress Joséphine.

But, to return to her daughter Hortense; she again addressed a letter in behalf of her son, the Strasbourg political offender, to Louis Philippe, dating that letter from Viry, where the Imperialist Duchesse de Ragusa, whose guest she was at the time, had a country-house. But in vain was this appeal made by Queen Hortense, for the only answer to it was a brief note from one of his Orleanist Majesty's Ministers, advising her to induce her son at once to take up his abode in the United States of America for the term of ten years.

To part her from her son was death to Queen Hortense; for she,—poetess, musician; a most accomplished, and still personally attractive woman; a

woman who had caused many brave men to acknowledge only too sincerely the potent magic of her charms, was devotedly attached to this one son now alone remaining to her, on whose education, when a child, she had bestowed the most sedulous care, and who, as a man, had grown to be the best-loved companion and consoler of her stricken life.

But she was compelled to submit, and when she returned to her lonely home at Arenenberg her health was visibly suffering from the pain of his absence.

At last, on the 3rd day of April, 1837, she wrote to him that she believed her days were numbered, and that she could not die peacefully save in his presence.

Immediately upon receipt of this sad letter, Prince Louis Napoléon, who, it was said, had four months previously reached New York, determined to risk every danger and rejoin his mother in Switzerland; but to do so he necessarily incurred great danger, not only in escaping from the land of his banishment but in traversing Europe; for Italy, France, and Austria, were all equally closed to him. To England, therefore, he came at first; and, after passing through Holland, then up the Rhine to Carlsruhe, he at length reached his mother's abode beyond the frontiers of the canton in which it was situated. He was there

at last, but it was almost too late. In April she had written to him, but it was not until the month of October that he once more clasped her to his heart. It seemed as though she could not die until he came; but once having heard his voice, and felt herself encircled by his arms, Queen Hortense breathed her last sigh, at five o'clock in the morning, just as the dawn of a new day began to illumine the peaks and pinnacles of the snowy mountains near the abode of her exile.

Her fifty-four years of life were, each of them, more or less eventful; but the great misfortune of that life was her having been early wedded to a man who, unloved by her, had—notwithstanding his many noble and excellent qualities—never sought sufficiently to soothe the acknowledged anguish which her compulsory union with him caused her. Yet, in her last will, she did noble justice to him, and desired that he might know how great was her regret that she had never been able to make him happy. "As for my son," she added in this testamentary document, "I have no political counsel to give him, for I know that he knows his position, and all the duties imposed upon him by the name he bears."

Queen Hortense desired to repose in death by the side of her mother, and when her son became a cap-

tive at Ham, he consecrated some of the days of his imprisonment there by designing a monument to the memory of the one parent whose devotion to him was a cherished remembrance during the remainder of his eventful and strangely-chequered life—that life so recently ended in the land of his last exile,—the land beloved both by Joséphine and Hortense.

More sad even than the latter days of these two illustrious women, were the closing years of their kinswoman, Caroline Bonaparte, the adored wife and afterwards the inconsolable widow of Joachim Murat, Bonapartist King of Naples, who, when condemned to die by the Bourbon monarch whose throne he had mounted, held her portrait to his breast until that fatal moment when the death-shot entered his heart.

Taken prisoner, and conveyed to Trieste when King Ferdinand was restored to Naples, Caroline Bonaparte was eventually compelled to take up her abode in the Castle of Hairnbourg, near Vienna; and it was there that the awful intelligence of her husband's death reached her, in the month of October, 1815. Although originally richly endowed by her brother, Napoleon I., when, as the happy wife of her brave and beloved Murat, she was proclaimed Queen of Naples, the whole, or nearly the whole, of her fortune was

confiscated by Ferdinand after his restoration to the throne.

In widowhood and comparative poverty, she resided for many dreary years at Trieste, where, and elsewhere, she consecrated her remarkable talents to the education of her four children—the living representatives of the husband she had devotedly loved, and never ceased to mourn. At last, in the month of June, 1838, a pension was voted to her by the French parliament, the Chambers having been memorialised in her behalf; but this release from poverty came too late, for sorrow and anxiety had done their murderous work; cancer in the stomach, the same disease which had been fatal to her illustrious and exiled brother at St. Helena, had manifested itself; and this brave and beautiful woman, who, in her early youth, was said by Talleyrand to have the head of a diplomatist on the shoulders of a goddess, died at Florence the same year in which France had tardily granted her a pension.

After her husband's death she was generally known in Italy by the name of the Countess Lipona, the Italian name of Naples (Napoli) reversed.

The name of Murat was familiar as a household word under the "Second Empire" in France; and as the two daughters of Caroline Bonaparte, who once

as a happy wife bore that name, were married, one to the Marquis Pepoli and the other to Count Rasponi, it is to be hoped that the noble type of womanhood personified in the gifted sister of Napoléon I. may not cease to exist in the land of poetry, love, and song, not less than of heroic aspirations.

THE

DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

AND THE

DUCHESSE DE BERRI,

(AUNT AND MOTHER OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD, CALLED BY LEGITIMISTS "HENRI V. OF FRANCE.")

S.A.R. MADAME DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME AND THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

"CHILD! thou art my daughter! As such thou art altogether mine. Thou dost belong to *me*, and not to the nation!"

Such were the words with which Queen Marie Antoinette greeted her first-born babe, after more than eight years of childless marriage. It was winter-time at Versailles; the old year 1778 was fast dying out, but the dawn of a new life had been anxiously awaited within the palace walls, and now their Majesties of France were parents, though not yet of a Dauphin, as all loyal French subjects had ardently hoped and prayed would have been the case. The Queen knew that the sex of her child was a disappointment to the nation; and it was,

therefore, with an intense, almost prophetic yearning of commiseration, as of love, that she first gazed upon her infant daughter, and again exclaimed, "Poor woman-child! Thou art especially *my* child. My son would have belonged to the State, but it will be thy lot to share my pleasures, and mine to soothe thy sorrows."

The infant Princess was styled, from the moment that her cry was first heard in this world, *Madame Royale*, and in due time she received the baptismal names of Maria Theresa, after her maternal grandmother the Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary.

By the Salic law of France, excluding women in their own right from the throne, it was impossible that this first-born child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette could ever become Queen, save as Queen-Consort, of the country over which her ancestors had reigned for nearly a thousand years: but in the universal disappointment as to her sex, the King's younger brother, the Comte d'Artois,* could not be expected to share, as, in default of a dauphin, his own son, the Duke d'Angoulême, then about three years of age, would some day be heir to the Crown.

The young Prince just named, was much associated

* Afterwards Charles X.

with his cousin, the little Madame Royale, from her earliest days; bright to them both was their childhood, and vivid in after years were their mutual memories of the sunny gardens of the little Trianon, and of scenes of pageantry at Versailles, at which they were, as children, accustomed to be present. One scene especially they were neither of them likely to forget—that in which two children, a boy and a girl, stood side by side during some ceremonial in which, though mainly then unconscious of its full purport, they felt they both were taking a solemn part. The girl had a veil on her head, and in its corners she nervously twined her fingers, whilst longing, perhaps, to escape to the birds and flowers in which she delighted; and the boy wore épaulettes and a diamond-hilted sword, with which sword he was thinking, perhaps, some day to fight for France. The girl was Madame Royale, the boy was the Duc d'Angoulême, and the scene here glanced at in which they stood side by side was that of their betrothal.

But ere they could either of them realise what was meant by this fact of their betrothal, they were separated. In the summer of 1789, when the little Trianon was looking brightest, and the leaves were thickest on the old forest trees of Versailles, Madame Royale mourned the loss of her first playmate; for

the coming Revolution had already declared itself, and the Comte d'Artois, with his two sons, the Ducs d' Angoulême and de Berri, were among the first to fly from before the threatening storm—to fly, not from motives of fear, but in the hope of finding beyond the frontiers such help as might yet sustain the tottering throne of France.

The Duc d'Angoulême had gone, and a sea of blood would surge up between himself and the young Princess to whom he was affianced before they could meet again. He had looked for the last time upon the radiant face of his aunt, the Queen of France, and for the last time had listened to the pious counsels of the King. The Duc d'Angoulême had gone, and with him the brightness of childhood suddenly vanished from Madame Royale.

Two sons and another daughter had been born to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette since Madame Royale first saw the light, but she and one (the younger) brother, commonly called the Dauphin, alone survived to share the sorrows that were in store for their parents ; and it was in the month of October, 1789, when the palace of Versailles was invaded by the furiously discontented mob from revolutionary Paris, that the terrific nature of these sorrows was first revealed to this brother and sister. They were both

near their mother when, standing in the central balcony of the palace, she dauntlessly, and in immediate danger of death, confronted the menacing insurgents who crowded in the great marble court just below her. They were seated in the same carriage with the King and Queen, when, a few hours later on that day, their majesties were compelled by the savage mob to quit Versailles, in order to take up their abode in Paris. During the frightful journey thither they beheld the bleeding heads of the recently-murdered Life Guards carried, in derision of all loyalty, on pikes, by wretches who, mad with fierce, unholy triumph, danced on the way like madmen, covered with mud.

They heard the coarse threats of the *poissardes*, when those vile and unsexed monsters jeered at the King and Queen through the windows of the coach in which they sat exposed to view. Madame Royale and her brother saw and heard all this, and much more that appertained to this first stage of their parents' martyrdom, and when in after life, recalling the circumstances of that horrible journey, the "woman-child," who when born the Queen had hailed as especially her child, remembered also the pious resignation of her father and the dignified calm of her mother, for from the appalling day of their forced departure from Versailles, the King and Queen were

worshipped as beings above mortality by their daughter.

The imagination of a young girl, reared as this Princess had been, is naturally exalted. Hitherto she had beheld her mother bright of countenance, brilliant in costume, and fascinatingly animated in manner; but now she regarded her as a saintly heroine, and as such she never afterwards ceased to reverence her. For at the Tuileries, the henceforth compelled abode of their Majesties—a prison rather than a palace to them—she became the constant companion of her mother, whose tears, wrung from her by daily and unmerited insults, were often only checked by the fear of imparting premature sadness to that first-born child, who then began to worship her. All the sunshine of this young Princess's life was left behind her at Versailles, and when the day came that she partook of her first communion, her father spoke to her in solemn words of the true meaning of the Cross to her faith, in which he conjured her to cling fast—words never to be forgotten, and the less so because Madame Royale was already aware that the religion of her ancestors was at that time no longer generally reverenced in France. For when returning to Paris with her parents from Varennes, when their attempted flight beyond the frontiers was frustrated

(June 21—25, 1791), a village curé, who had the loyal rashness to approach the King's coach, so as to gain the honour of speaking a word with his Majesty, was knocked down by the brutal crowd assembled by the road-side for the purpose of insulting the re-captured royal family, and would have been murdered had not one of the popular commissioners in charge of the King cried out, "Tigers! have you ceased to be Frenchmen? From a nation of brave men are you changed to a horde of murderers?"

It was during the preceding night of terrible suspense at Varennes that the Queen's hair turned white, and her daughter there shared, as much as her still tender age permitted, all the anguish of disappointment, the scorn of treachery, and the royal sense of right against the fast-increasing might of an insolent populace, which her Majesty displayed when (at the house of M. Sausse, a grocer, and the Mayor of the Commune, whither the illustrious fugitives had, after betrayal and recognition, been conducted) she exclaimed to the jeering bystanders, "Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, since you recognise my husband and your King, speak, if you speak at all, with the respect that you owe to him."

From the date of her parents' re-capture at Varennes, and their being conducted as State prisoners

back again to the Tuileries, Madame Royale was inseparably involved in all the well-known circumstances which heralded the fast-coming "Reign of Terror." She loved her father devotedly; and never, perhaps, as yet had she venerated him more than when she beheld him wearing the *bonnet rouge*, which a ruffian had placed on his head upon the occasion of the maddened multitude first breaking into the Tuileries for the purpose of extorting concessions from the King by threats and insults, for she knew that upon that day he had displayed a sublime courage of which the people had hitherto not thought him capable, and that sooner than flinch before these most degraded of his subjects he had, in answer to the taunting request of one of them, who carried a bottle of wine with a glass attached to it, drank the very dregs of a draught which he had reason to suppose was poisoned.

By the time that the final storming of the Tuileries came, Marie Antoinette had wept so much that her eyes, rarely visited by sleep, were no longer the brilliant orbs which had shone a few years before on the courtly circle at Versailles; but still they lighted up with magnanimous determination when upon that memorable day (August 10, 1792) she declared that,

then, finding outrage and indignity around her on every side, she would rather be nailed to the palace walls than fly. And yet, as her daughter, Madame Royale, never afterwards forgot, the Queen was finally compelled to yield to her love and fear, as wife and mother —fear, not for herself, but for the menaced safety of her husband and children. With difficulty, and through the midst of danger, the King and Queen were conveyed to "the bosom of the National Assembly," and there for fifteen long hours of stifling heat, stormy discussion, and agonised suspense, the young Princess —whose joys her mother had fondly hoped to share, and whose pains to alleviate—was seated by that same mother (the Dauphin having fallen asleep on the knees of the latter), whilst crimes and massacre sufficient to rise up against France for ages, were committed at the Tuileries. No; the joy of Marie Antoinette at the birth of the daughter who now anxiously watched her, her own eyes streaming with tears, had not been prophetic; or rather the prediction was reversed, for it was the fate of the young Madame Royale to soothe her mother's sorrows, because to that mother no pleasure any longer remained for her daughter to share.

Only a prison—the gloomy prison of the Temple, to which, on the 13th day of August, 1792 (the third

day after the storming of the Tuileries), the dethroned King and Queen, with their children, also the King's sister Elizabeth, and a few immediate followers, were conveyed. Madame Royale thus, when just on the threshold of womanhood, passed from a palace into a prison, and within this dreary abode she soon beheld her parents forced to part with the few faithful adherents who had hitherto been permitted to remain near them, until at last she found herself left alone there with her father, her mother, her brother and her aunt—the saintly aunt who was destined so soon to die the death of a virgin martyr on the scaffold, the Princess (or, as she was commonly called Madame) Elizabeth.

But even this state of things was not long to last; for, first, the King and Queen were placed in separate compartments of the tower of the Temple, and only permitted to meet each other, or to greet their children in presence of brutal gaolers who, upon these few and far between stated occasions, took every means of openly insulting them. Their privations grew more and more severe. The Queen, with her children and Madame Elizabeth, occupied the storey above that in which the King was imprisoned. Days, weeks, months passed, and there came that Sunday (the 20th of January) when the King, being sentenced

to die on the morrow, a last interview with his family was to be allowed to him.

The speechless agony of that meeting was only broken by tears and sobs. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when Louis XVI. was thus allowed to bid a last farewell to all whom he loved on earth. At last he essayed to speak to these dear ones, from whom he was about to be parted for ever in this world. He sought to console them. His faithful servant, Cléry, was at hand, having with difficulty gained permission to remain with his royal master to the last; and he it is who tells us that when at length the King sat down, as though overcome by his own emotion for the moment, the Queen was on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, the little Dauphin stood between his legs, and Madame Royale stood opposite him. They all continually embraced the King, but his words during that terrible hour were never forgotten by his daughter, who was destined to survive him the longest, and who thus, with a reticence almost painful to read, records the substance of them.

"He related the circumstances of his trial to the Queen, whilst excusing the wicked men who condemned him to death. . . . . He gave pious counsel to his son, and above all things enjoined

him to pardon those who were causing his death; he gave his benediction to him and also to me, his daughter."

And that daughter was so utterly overcome when receiving this farewell blessing, that she fainted like one dead at the feet of her father. In that unconscious condition she was carried forth from his presence; but about six o'clock on the following morning she was aroused to all the anguish of acute apprehension, for somebody entered the chamber, or rather the cell, which she occupied, in search of a Mass-book for the King's use. For a short time she hoped that the Queen, with herself and brother, were about again to be summoned to the presence of her father. It seemed to her impossible that the deadly crime of regicide would be permitted in France. Surely it was all some hideous dream! But too soon, alas! the frantic shouts of a maddened populace, piercing even the heavy prison walls, and then the noise of beating drums, smote upon the heart of Madame Royale, with the appalling conviction that the deed which suddenly made her fatherless was consummated. Yes; she felt herself to be fatherless, but even at that dread moment—a moment which influenced her whole future life—she did not believe France, even though already Red Republican France,

to be Kingless. For her brother still lived! He, though but a poor little captive child—a child already ailing sadly for want of fresh air and free exercise, and for lack of all the pleasant things to which he had been accustomed, still lived, though sleeping at that moment unconsciously by his newly widowed mother's side. His father's blood was flowing upon the scaffold; his mother's tears would henceforth flow before him continually; his sister desolate, watched, with wrung heart —and so watching, prayed—prayed, even then, for her father's murderers. But, still, looking upon him, her helpless and imprisoned brother, she hailed him in her young stricken heart as King of France; for, true to the creed of loyal France in days gone by, she believed that "the King can never die," and echoed the cry of immortal French chivalry under the *Fleur-de-lys*, "Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!" What, then, did this imprisoned and fatherless Princess think and feel when, not long afterwards, she beheld this beloved brother of hers—this King of France, albeit a King most youthful and quite captive, torn from his and her mother's arms, in order to be consigned to a compartment of the Temple far removed from that still occupied by the Queen!

Marie Antoinette, worn by grief, and attired in deepest mourning, implored the ruffians who had

come to take her son from her, at once to kill her, sooner than inflict this fresh cruelty upon her, and Madame Royale besought the wretches to desist in their attempts to remove her brother; but all in vain. The men thus addressed were infuriated by delay, and threatened at once to kill the child if he were not instantly consigned to their hands.

The Queen still sought to protect her son (he was undressed and in bed) from these ruffians. She stood over his bed with menacing aspect, in the vain attempt to defend him; but, watching this frightful scene of her mother's agony with streaming eyes, Madame Royale perceived that in truth her brother's life would be cut short by murder if her mother did not yield. Her aunt, Elizabeth, who was also present, dreaded the same result; and when, therefore, the Queen presently sank down exhausted by the side of her terrified boy, these two Princesses caught him up, and proceeded to reclothe and to soothe him as well as their own agitation would permit.

The Queen then rose, for at length the conviction had flashed upon her that, to save her son's life, she must then and there part from him. She rose, and with a forced calmness, more dreadful than any tears to witness, she herself placed her fatherless boy—nay, her

King, as she also secretly regarded him—in the hands of the men, imploring them at the same time to submit to the Municipal Council her humble entreaties sometimes to be allowed to see him. Then, with the tears of his widowed mother on his head, and whilst his own tears were still flowing, the Dauphin (or rather Louis XVII., as proscribed royalists called him), bewildered with terror, and faint with the struggle, was led forth from his mother,—never to behold her again.

But, from time to time, she furtively saw him ; for the Queen was occasionally allowed to breathe the fresh air upon the battlemented height of her prison, and there her daughter, Madame Royale, with an aching heart, sometimes beheld her only surviving parent wait and watch as long as possible near a chink in the wall, which ever and anon, though only at rare and long intervals, gave her a faded vision of the child who was at one time radiant with beauty and intelligence, when playing by her side amongst the roses of Versailles.

Day after day passed, and Madame Royale had the agony of perceiving the deep gloom which had taken possession of the Queen since her widowhood intensified by separation from her son. Marie Antoinette was not unconscious of the tender soli-

citude of her daughter; for as no menial assistance was at this time allowed to the diminished group of the royal prisoners of the Temple, that Princess herself waited upon her with watchful care, and, with a love which in her case stood in the place of experience, did all that could be done to alleviate the daily miseries and privations of the position to which they were mutually exposed. But even this self-sacrificing privilege was soon denied to her, for before dawn on the morning of August 2, 1793, the dethroned Queen was removed from the prison of the Temple to the dungeon of the Conciergerie.

When Madame Royale heard the decree read aloud that was to sever her from her mother, she implored the Republican emissaries, who had come instantly to enforce it, to take her also—either to a dungeon or the scaffold—to subject her, in short, to any torment rather than inflict that of this terrible separation upon her; but her passionate entreaties only met with rude repulse, and it was therefore as though spell-bound by some hideous dream that she watched her mother, whilst the latter, with an outward appearance of almost superhuman calm, set about the few preparations for immediate departure as though for a long journey. With her own hands the Queen packed up some few articles of necessary clothing that her new

jailers, who were looking on all the time, consented that she should take with her; and at last, when the moment of her going forth with them could no longer be deferred, she turned towards the two beloved beings she was about to leave—her martyred husband's sister, and her own daughter. First she embraced the Princess Elizabeth, who was overpowered by an agony of woe beyond even her disciplined powers of restraint to control; but, quickly regaining self-command, she yielded her place in the arms of Marie Antoinette to that Queen's child. Mute was the agony of Madame Royale, but when the Queen folded her for the last time to her heart she said, "My daughter, my first-born child! thou knowest in what consists thy faith; cling to that faith, and be courageous!"

The girl could scarcely be detached from her mother, whom she embraced again and again with speechless sorrow, but the Queen gently extricated herself from her, and then, turning to the ruffians who were waiting impatiently to take her away, she exclaimed, "My son! my son! May I not bid him, too, farewell?"

But this was not to be, and in another moment the dethroned Queen—the heart-stricken mother, was led forth to the dungeon of the Conciergerie, which

awaited her. "Nothing more," she declared, "can hurt me now."

Day after day, week after week, month after month elapsed, and Madame Royale, still a prisoner in the Temple with her aunt Elizabeth, hoped that as no tidings reached her of her mother, she herself was not altogether an orphan. And doubtless this hope, though delusive (for the Queen had perished on the scaffold), still helped to sustain her, even after her aunt was forcibly separated from her (May 9, 1794) to die the death of a virgin martyr.

From that time forth Madame Royale was a solitary prisoner in the Temple. Alone! always alone! Sometimes from afar she could hear the voice of her brother, until that voice also was silenced by death. But even when this once cherished voice met her ear, it was as though listened to by her in the midst of some delirium of fever, for the child who, but a few years before, had sparkled with life and intelligence at Versailles, was now brutalized and degraded as far as such a child could be, in the hands of his jailers, whose horrible task was, not to kill the boy by steel or poison, but by every means in their power to tear down and trample upon his princely nature. From afar, his captive sister could hear his young voice raised in some coarse republi-

can song, and by the unsteady tones of that voice, which once was music to her now dead parents, she knew that the child was drunk. And yet that child was not only her brother, but her King!

As for herself, she heroically strove to occupy the wearisome hours of her solitary imprisonment as best she might. Not long since in a palace she had been waited upon by some of the most illustrious women in Europe; her every want had been anticipated; but now she had to sweep her own prison floor. She had no light, save that which came struggling through barred windows; no food, save that which was rudely pushed by a rough hand through a momentarily unbolted door—but a door which seemed eternally closed against her; no mental resource, save that of repeating her prayers; no means even of calculating time, save by counting the heavy nights and days as they passed, or by suffering from either the oppression of heat or the pain of cold, as the seasons slowly succeeded each other.

She was scarcely sixteen years of age when she found herself thus absolutely alone; but in the midst of this seeming death of her life in its early spring-time she learned to be thankful for small mercies—such as a warm and sunny day, instead of a bleak and stormy one; for clean water, wherewith to perform her

most meagre toilette; for the occasional society of a little dog, which, at a later date, was allowed to creep through her but seldom unbarred door; and for being still allowed to keep a piece of knitting, at which she worked occasionally, though, perhaps, it only helped to weary her.

Upon few and far-between occasions the municipal authorities of the prison entered her cell on a brief visit of inspection. She knew not as yet that her mother and her aunt were both dead, and she therefore implored the Government emissaries to tell her of those dear ones. "Tell me of my mother," she would exclaim, "tell me of my aunt. It is most horrible," she one day added, "to be parted thus from the one for just a year, and from the other for months, without knowing what has become of either of them."

"You are not ill?" asked one of the officials.

"Sir," she answered, "the most cruel sickness is that of the heart."

"Hope," he exclaimed, in vague reply. "Hope in the goodness and the justice of the French."

And what a hope for this Princess, who knew that her father had fallen a victim to such goodness and justice! Her only real hope was in the faith imparted to her by that same revered father, for she

never forgot how, at her first communion, he had conjured her to hold fast to it in adversity.

At last, by counting the dreary days and nights, she knew that her birthday had come round again, and that she was seventeen years of age. Then, unexpectedly by her, she was suddenly delivered from prison, and told that, owing to an exchange of prisoners between France and Austria, she was forthwith to be sent to Vienna, there to claim a shelter from strangers, for such personally were her maternal Austrian kinsfolk to her.

Then, too, she was at length fearfully convinced that all whom she had loved in France were dead; and never did this long captive Princess feel more utterly alone in the world than when, ere being led forth by municipal authority from her prison of the Temple, she turned and wrote upon one of the walls of her cell—

"Oh, my God! forgive those who caused my parents to die!"

Yes; after nineteen months of absolute isolation, she was to find herself an exile, though at liberty. She was now a woman, though she had been scarcely more than a child when first she entered the prison which at length she was about to leave. But what was life to her now that her hitherto brave heart was

broken by the assurance that her father, her mother, her aunt, her brother—all, in short, who had made life most dear to her—were dead? What was liberty, when (still as State prisoner until she crossed the frontiers of her native land) she was to leave the country which, despite its recent blood-stains, she loved as that over which her ancestors had reigned for centuries, and in the eventual redemption of which she believed as an article of its antique and glorious faith!

Did the betrothed companion of her childhood still survive? As yet it was difficult for her to certify this; and even were the Duc d'Angoulême still alive, all things had changed since last they met, for then she was but a child, and now she had become a woman, and therefore a stranger to him.

At night-time she was conveyed away from the prison of the Temple, and upon the 9th day of January, 1796, she arrived at the Imperial Palace of Vienna—the home of her dead mother's early girlhood. Francis II. (son of the late Emperor Leopold) reigned over Austria when the orphan daughter of Marie Antoinette—the grand-daughter and namesake of the late heroic Empress Maria Theresa—arrived at Vienna. She was clothed in deepest

mourning, and when, after some weeks of seclusion, she appeared in the midst of the Imperial Court, it was as though a pale and saddened vision of what her mother once was had risen up near the throne. A household was formed for her on the same footing as that of an Archduchess of Austria. A legacy from her aunt, the Duchess of Saxe Teschen, was restored to her, and by the Emperor and Empress of Austria she was regarded also as heiress of Lorraine. The durability of the French Republic was not believed in by them, and soon it therefore came to pass that Madame Royale found herself sued by them to be the bride of her cousin, the Archduke Charles.

But to this she would not consent; for although now become a stranger to her other cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, she had learnt that he still lived, and she had never forgotten that by the—to her—sacred will of her parents, she was betrothed to him.

Her heart was still sore with deep sorrow, and in much need of sympathy, and the one who best knew how to soothe her with tender care was the bright and brave relative who, nevertheless, she would not wed.

Madame Royale was, by bitter discipline trained to acts of self-sacrifice; the fate of her parents had cast a pall over every feeling of her heart; but, neverthe-

less, there is only too much probability that that same heart of hers was quickened in its pulsations by the would-be wooing of her cousin Charles, and it is quite certain that when she inflicted upon herself the possible pain of rejecting him as her husband she so seriously offended her, and his, Austrian relatives, that her position at the Court of Vienna became henceforth irksome in the extreme to her.

She believed herself to be consecrated to the memory of her martyred parents, and to France ; and in this belief she was sustained by recent correspondence with her uncle, the elder surviving brother of her father, who, although an exile like herself, was by all French royalists regarded, since the death of her brother, as King of France.

LOUIS XVIII., as proscribed Legitimists called him, was residing at Mittau, in Courland, having—after many adventures as an exile—been invited to do so by the Emperor Paul of Russia, whose proverbially erratic sympathies happened at that time to be in favour of the *ancien régime* of France.

The Duc d'Angoulême and his younger brother, the Duc de Berri, were then also at Mittau, and the chief wish of Louis XVIII. was to behold the elder of these his two nephews united in marriage to the orphan daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The future fate of this Princess became, therefore, an object of contention betwixt the Court of Vienna and the royal household at Mittau, and this to such a degree that although Madame Royale was at first treated with extreme kindness, as the guest of her imperial relatives, the Empress of Austria, albeit naturally of gentle disposition and elegant manners, was so incensed against her by her persistent refusal to become the wife of the Archduke Charles, that she did not hesitate in letting her feel the weight of her displeasure.

When, therefore, by intervention of the Czar of Russia the young Princess was, after a stay of more than three years at Vienna, at length permitted to join her uncle at Mittau, it was with painfully mixed feelings that she set forth on her way to that capital of "dull and ducal Courland," where, in a dreary-looking castle, more resembling, in its oblong form, a barrack than a palace, the exiled French monarch lived in the midst of a miniature Court, which, for the most part, was composed of proscribed nobles and somewhat aged gentlemen, who, in their exile, still clung to the customs and creed of France before the Revolution.

In the midst of these devoted adherents of French monarchy—adherents who had shed their blood and

lost their fortunes in behalf of the cause which they regarded as that of divine right, lived the Abbé Edgeworth, he who at the risk of his own life had sustained the martyred Louis XVI. on the scaffold, and who there, whilst piously exhorting that monarch to the last, and exclaiming "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!" had been sprinkled by the royal blood, which was to him as a new baptism.

Madame Royale yearned to kneel at the feet of this ecclesiastic, and had long desired to feel her uncle's protecting arms around her; but when, in the month of June, 1799, she arrived at Mittau, and was most enthusiastically welcomed there, she wept so much that at first it was difficult for the loyal and eager bystanders, many of whom remembered her as a joyous child at Versailles, to discern how far she now resembled either of her late parents.

"Be to me a father," she implored of the King, who fondly embraced her; but although she knew that her affianced husband, the Duc d'Angoulême, was standing by the side of his exiled Majesty when she thus threw herself in the arms of the latter, it was not at first to him that she turned for consolation, but rather to the Abbé Edgeworth, with whom she soon requested to be left alone, "for to him," she added, "I owe my most sacred gratitude."

The pious priest was allowed to lead away this daughter of the monarch whose courage he had upheld on the scaffold, and now she said to him, "In your presence I find it soothing even to shed these bitter tears." What other words she uttered—what avowal she made, when kneeling at his feet in the sanctity of the conversation, or rather confession, which ensued, none on earth can say, although the Abbé afterwards declared, "She wept so much that I feared for the safety of her health; but not one murmur did she make against the decrees of God."

The Duc d'Angoulême was a brave Prince, but had become somewhat ascetic in mind and manner during his long exile. He had been the pupil of the Abbé Edgeworth, and when at length he beheld his future bride at Mittau, and when, after her conference with the ecclesiastic so much reverenced by them both, she stood calmly in presence of him—her long-affianced husband,—he, too, had memories more than sufficient to impart an air of solemnity to their meeting after years of separation. For Madame Royale resembled her mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, in face, and form, and dignified grace of manner, albeit all the vivacity of youth had been crushed out of her by the misfortunes of that mother, one of whose great charms, at the time when the Duc d'Angoulême

could most vividly remember her, lay in brilliant animation.

A prison, a scaffold, a sea of blood had risen and surged up between this betrothed Prince and Princess since the happy days when he was her favourite playmate at Versailles ; but, though the bright and heroic Archduke Charles had meantime stood before her at Vienna, and striven to win her for his wife if he could, the "Orphan of the Temple" had resolved to be true to the engagement which her parents had made for her.

Wherefore it came to pass that in the month of June, 1799, the Duc d'Angoulême was married to his cousin, Madame Royale, at Mittau, in presence of their uncle, Louis XVIII., the childless and exiled King of France, and in presence, too, of French proscribed royalists, who flocked from all parts of Europe to witness the ceremony, by which it was hoped that future generations of French Kings would be continued.

"Were my crown a crown of roses," said Louis XVIII. to the bride and bridegroom, "how gladly would I at once give it to you ! But it is a crown of thorns," he added, "and so I keep it."

Upon that summer's day when Madame Royale and the Duc d'Angoulême stood side by side, bride

and bridegroom, before the marriage-altar, erected in one of the vast galleries of the Castle of former and feudal Dukes of Courland, the long-suffering hearts of Frenchmen, of every class, who had either fought or suffered for the cause of the Crown of France, were animated by joy. The altar was profusely decked with flowers, and most conspicuous amongst them was the white lily of the Bourbons, which gleamed forth from a background of laurels. The Cardinal de Montmorency, formerly Grand Almoner of France, pronounced the nuptial benediction, but the Abbé Edgeworth, whose voice was the last on earth to console the martyred father of the royal bride, was the first now to pray for her happiness, and to hail her as the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

The Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) was unavoidably absent at Holyrood when this marriage took place at Mittau between his eldest son and the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and no especial mention is made here of the then still surviving consort of Louis XVIII., because she was, it would seem, though present at the ceremony, suffering at that time from illness—consequent, perhaps, on sorrow and exile—which not long afterwards terminated her life, that was never one of political importance.

"Happy," it is proverbially said, "happy are the people who have no annals;" and it is therefore to be hoped that as the following year at Mittau has no especial records of the Duchesse d'Angoulême's life, save those presented by her various works of charity, she had at least found the peace of mind which had so long been denied to her.

But at the beginning of the year following, and on the, to her, most sacred anniversary of her father's death, news arrived at Mittau which compelled the immediate flight of the illustrious exiles from that retreat, for by a sudden change of politics on the part of the Czar, on whose hospitality they had hitherto been dependent in Courland, and who would have found himself compromised with Bonaparte if he still harboured them there, they were compelled to depart, and that in the midst of coldest winter.

It was to England that they, even then, perhaps, looked for eventual shelter; but, meanwhile, on their way into Prussian Poland, they had to pass through vast and dreary tracts of land, covered with snow so deep that the journey was fraught with danger and distress.

It was then that the Duchesse d'Angoulême was first called by her uncle, "the Modern Antigone." It was by her heroic love for him, and

the strength of her resignation—a resignation learnt by her at the foot of the Cross—that she sustained him under the trials by which he found himself beset on every side during this bleak and humiliating period ; for sometimes, through the density of the frigid air, they could scarcely see their way over the snow-covered and cold ground ; and, being compelled —as likewise were their faithful adherents—to descend from their carriages because the roads were invisible, they were compelled to walk more than ankle-deep in snow, over ground undermined by cavities, into which they might sink at any moment.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême had to support her already somewhat aged and infirm uncle through this horrible journey, but though she herself were suffering from it sorely, and even if, though at night she could rarely find a place wherein to lay her head, dreading all the time that this place—some remote and far-off village on the desert plains—might be a den of thieves and murderers, her courage never failed ; and it was her voice (penetrating in its sweet tones of encouragement even through the occasionally fierce hurricanes), which soothed the King, and cheered on as many of his long-tried adherents who had contrived to follow him. Nor was her husband with her to sustain her under this new trial, for, by the duties

of his royal and military rank, he had been compelled to join the loyal but small army of French legitimists, who had then placed themselves under the "last Great Condé," as their chief.

In the Cracovian vicinity of Warsaw, Louis XVIII. and his "Antigone" at length again found a refuge, being then reduced to such painful vicissitudes in behalf of some of the exiled King's devoted body-guard, who had voluntarily joined him in his wanderings, that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, through the friendly intervention of the Danish Consul, pawned her diamonds (for two thousand ducats) in behalf of these loyal but long-exiled sons of France.

It is said, and upon good authority, that Bonaparte, knowing of the straits to which the rightful ruler of France was reduced, tried to tempt him, through the medium of Prussia, to the formal and final surrender of all claims to the throne of France, by grants of more than enough to secure a regal fortune to him, but Louis XVIII., and every surviving Prince of the scattered House of Bourbon, proudly refused this concession; and that most indignantly it was regarded by the Duchesse d'Angoulême. To the latter, when quite a child at Versailles, the future Emperor Paul of Russia had expressed a hope that "some day when she became a woman, he might have the honour

of receiving her in his dominions;" that honour in the then most unexpected way, had been conferred upon him, when, as already here told, she joined her uncle in exile. Since then she had, as also here seen, been driven forth by him into fresh exile; but at last, in the year 1801, this politically capricious monarch, vulgarly called "Mad Paul," died, and by his son, Alexander, who succeeded him, some of the privileges formerly accorded by Paul to the Bourbons were restored.

Thus it came to pass that when, in the year of war and bloodshed, 1806—7, numbers of wounded and dying French prisoners were carried to Mittau, the Duchesse d'Angoulême was enabled to repair thither in aid, not only of them, as a Sister of Charity, but also of the Abbé Edgeworth, whose most earnest cares were there devoted to them.

In the military hospital of Mittau he found constant occupation, until a frightfully epidemic fever there breaking out amongst his patients and penitents, he himself caught it, and it now became the task of the Duchesse d'Angoulême to watch over him, even though at the risk of her own life.

The Abbé Edgeworth, though devoted to the royal cause of France, was a confessor and not a courtier. He had never sought favour on the steps of a throne,

though he had breathed consolation into a King's ears on those of a scaffold. He had helped to cheer the exile of the proscribed monarch of France, and had followed him through the cold and dreary plains which that monarch had lately been made to traverse, and now, having returned to Mittau, he lay dying because, though not himself a Frenchman born, he had shown no earthly mercy to himself in his earnestness for the faith of France—the faith which had there been proscribed and profaned by the blood-stained worshippers of the Goddess of Reason.

But at his side stood to the last that royal daughter of France, by the blood of whose martyred father he had been sprinkled. It was she who smoothed his pillow, and who, in her turn, whispered words of heavenly hope to him. The illness of which he lay dying was, as beforesaid, a contagious illness, and one which might disfigure her if imparted to her. This Princess who, in his last days, fulfilled the double duties of a daughter and a nurse to him, was still young and handsome. She was a wife anxious to preserve the admiration of her husband, desirous of becoming a mother, and—though long exiled—it was hoped by loyal Frenchmen, that some day she would shine conspicuously in the palaces where once

her mother had reigned supreme. But the Duchesse d'Angoulême never hesitated in the risk she ran of danger or disfigurement to herself; for, whilst kneeling reverently at the side of the dying Abbé Edgeworth, she forgot not that it was his voice which had spoken the last words of exultant hope to her father, and for the sake of this memory she, in her turn, became to him an angel of consolation.

"Our Angel," was another epithet of endearment by which Louis XVIII. henceforth distinguished his heroic niece. In his youth this crownless King of France had been somewhat of a *Voltairien* in principle, an anonymous pamphleteer in practice, and now, in his premature old age, he was a pedant, and fond rather of Pagan than of Christian philosophy.

But none the less he revered the niece who taught him by her own conduct, rather than by words—for of these she was not abundant—to endure adversity, and when at last she arrived with him in England, there to lay claim to British protection, and a provision generously granted by the British Government, she was, indeed, regarded as "Our Angel" by innumerable French emigrants, who, in the "one free isle" unconquered by Napoléon, had sought a refuge.

For about five hundred pounds of annual rent, Louis XVIII. was enabled to live at Hartwell Hall,

an agreeable residence, not far from Oxford, appertaining at that time to Sir George Lee.

The amiable consort of Louis XVIII. was now dead; the Comte d'Artois, sole surviving brother of the King, was generally absent with his younger son, the Duc de Berri, either at Holyrood or on the continent, striving to evoke aid for the restoration of monarchy in France. A large suite of faithful followers was necessarily sustained by his proscribed Majesty, and as the health of the latter had suffered much during years of vicissitude, the Duc and the Duchesse d'Angoulême found themselves already placed in a position of responsibility and one requiring much discretion.

To them, as yet, no child was given. The husband, who was not less saintly than he was brave, venerated the many virtues of his wife, but, though those around her called her "Angel," she found herself in need of woman's patience, for all French royalists had fixed their hearts upon her bringing forth an heir to the legitimate throne of France (the eventual restoration of which to its rightful owners they never doubted), and, though now married for many years, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had given no signs of maternity.

She was devoted to her husband and he to her,

but she became melancholy in aspect, albeit never losing that of a dignified princess. Affable with the poor, but reserved in presence of the rich and noble, she seemed ever to be awaiting, as an article of her creed, some great event which would restore her to the land of her birth—the land over which her ancestors had reigned for almost countless generations, and which she now regarded as given over, temporarily, to "the usurper," because of that great crime of regicide which had made her an orphan.

Though by no means a political *intrigante*, this pious Princess used the great influence which both her high social position and the respect due to her exalted character accorded to her in England, in order to effect the return of the Bourbons to France, and at last this event (in 1814) came to pass, when, mainly by the efforts of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his forefathers, after an exile of nearly a quarter of a century's duration.

With him reappeared in Paris his brother, the Comte d'Artois, and the two sons of the latter—the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berri. The two elder of these Bourbon Princes were still young men when they were forced to emigrate from France, but now they were old men—the King even prematurely so infirm

as to be quite unable to show himself on horseback, as did still his brother d'Artois.

In the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berri great interest was manifested when all the surviving members of the royal family of France re-entered Paris, but it was the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who most excited public attention upon that occasion, for it could not be forgotten that when she last quitted the Château of the Tuileries, towards which she was now journeying by the side of her uncle, she was scarcely more than a child under the protection of her since martyred parents, and that now she was a woman—*the* woman, though at that moment very pale and sorrowful,—upon whom the hopes of France were fixed. For this Princess herself nothing seemed just then to remain to her but the overwhelming anguish of memory; and when the State carriage in which she rode came in sight of the Tuileries, she fainted. Like one dead was she carried into the palace where once she had dwelt with all those, since dead, who then were dear to her; and though on the following day she appeared before the public, standing between her two uncles (Louis XVIII. and Monsieur the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.), the cries from below of "Vive le Roi!" seemed but

to recall to her the remembrance of her father, who, long since also standing there, had been insulted by the mob at whose blood-stained hands he was doomed to perish.

Nevertheless, she quickly held a reception at the Tuileries. All who attended that first Court of the Duchesse d'Angoulême wore white, the emblem of the fleur-de-lys, the lustrously-pure banner of which was then floating high over the Tuileries, where, for the moment no recollection either of the tricolour or the eagle seemed to remain. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was herself clad in spotless costume; white were the feathers waving over her queenly head, and white was the long dazzling train she wore; but, as her uncle, the newly-restored King, wittily observed to her, when passing through the salons and galleries of the Tuileries, "My dear Antigone, *ennemis* (enemies) here are round us everywhere," and in order better to explain himself, he pointed to the cypher N. placed (*mis*) by Napoléon on the ceilings and the walls of the palace now re-entered by the Bourbons.

After the restoration of the latter began one of the bitterest trials to which the already much-tried daughter of Marie Antoinette had been subjected; for upon every side she was made to feel the importance

of an heir to the antique though newly re-established royal race of France, and she began utterly to despair of ever crowning the hopes of the nation in this respect.

When in England, she had entertained an idea that in France alone, a future King of France would be born, but time robbed her of this fond illusion, and though she became most popular with all French royalists by her heroism in inciting the troops at Bordeaux at the time of Napoléon's escape from Elba, for the celebrated "Hundred Days" preceding the battle of Waterloo, she would rather have been hailed as the most august mother in France than regarded as such a heroine that even Napoléon himself—afterwards speaking of her at St. Helena—called her "the only man of her family."

Louis XVIII. was again brought back to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, but he became more than ever sensible that his own health was failing fast, and that from his much-loved and devoted niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had then been married sixteen years, he could scarcely hope for a continuation of his race.

And therefore it came to pass, that a marriage was immediately projected between the Duc de Berri, the younger and more popular brother of the Duc

d'Angoulême, with the young Neapolitan Princesse, Marie Caroline (grand-daughter of King Ferdinand), who was already connected by numerous ties of blood with both France and Austria.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême had long been accustomed, whether in a prison or a palace, to practise self-abnegation, but perhaps even if her saintly friend and confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, had been still alive, he could scarcely have estimated how much she needed to exercise the doctrine of the Cross, when, during the summer of 1816, she found herself supplanted at the Court, and likewise in sight of the populace, by a Princess who, as yet, had never done or suffered aught in behalf of France, who was comparatively ignorant of the trials to which, for the sake and by the faults of France, she, the hereditary royal daughter of that nation, had been exposed, but for whom she was nevertheless compelled to prepare with smiles and welcome.

It was at Fontainebleau that the two Duchesses d'Angoulême and de Berri first met. The latter had never, as yet, beheld her husband, to whom she was already wedded by proxy. He was many years older than she was, and he had written to her on her way from Naples through the southern provinces of France—a way which, to her, was a triumphal pro-

gress,—"Press my hand when you see me, if you dislike me not too much."

At length, on the afternoon of a bright summer's day, she came—eager and impatient—though attended by all royal etiquette, through the forest of Fontainebleau, where, on an open greensward space, stood Louis XVIII., his nephew the bridegroom, Duc de Berri, with the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, ready to receive her.

A carpet had been placed on the ground, and, according to punctilio, the King ought to have advanced upon one-half of this carpet, and the bride to have met him upon its centre. But, before his Majesty—slow in movement from complicated infirmities—could perform his part of this ceremony, the bride—a small but ardent creature, with blue eyes, quick tiny feet, and fair floating hair—came swiftly towards him, and, with all the passion of her Italian nature, flung herself into his arms. Then, discerning quickly, by some womanly instinct, which was the Prince who, although personally yet unknown to her, was already her husband, she did "press his hand" in a way to please him much, and instantly after this she seemed to seek a shelter for her blushing face upon the bosom of the woman, the Princess, whom she had come to supplant.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême embraced her with tender emotion, and the Duc d'Angoulême also proved himself nobly worthy of this occasion, which was likely to give his younger brother a lasting ascendency over him ; and when, a few days afterwards, the marriage of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri was celebrated in public, with great pomp, at Notre Dame, most conspicuously, yet meekly, stood the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême near the newly-wedded pair, whilst prayers for posterity were being invoked in behalf of the latter.

In honour of this marriage splendid fêtes fast succeeded each other at the Tuileries ; but though the Duchesse d'Angoulême presided at the festivities, the Duchesse de Berri shone forth as their chief central charm, for this young Princess was happy in her newly-wedded life.

The brilliant little palace of the Elysée, in the near neighbourhood of the Tuileries, was accorded as a residence to the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, and the receptions there held by them, including all the chief nobility of France, and not excluding illustrious champions of literature, art, and science, soon helped to make the youthful hostess popular.

She had as yet lived only seventeen summers of a

bright life, and her husband, though in fact almost old enough to be her father, was of such gay and buoyant disposition that he was quite ready to share with her all the animated amusements in which she delighted. Sometimes they rejoiced in escaping from the formalities of royalty which surrounded them, and, arm-in-arm, would pass through the gates of their own gardens, into the public thoroughfares of Paris, where, being unrecognised on the pavement by the crowd, they were pleased to observe the various characteristics of the people, and if such observation happened to bring any remarkable case of human distress to their notice they were afterwards still more pleased to send some agent of theirs to relieve the sufferer, even though to the possible mystification of the latter as to the source from whence such aid could come.

It was well known that, at some time during his exile preceding the Restoration, the Duc de Berri had formed domestic ties for himself, though not (according to his royal rank) of a legitimate nature, and that with all due generosity he had provided for the mother of the children born to him ere yet he was forced, for motives already here named, to marry the Neapolitan Princess, whose best known baptismal name was Caroline. This political marriage, however,

soon became to him such a matter of personal felicity that, having done all that it was possible to do respecting the companion of his earlier days, whose Christian name was Virginia, he readily forgave the current *môt* against him—a joke more American than Parisian,—to the effect that "it was unfortunate after all which France had done in former times for the independence of the United States, *Virginia* should now be superseded by *Carolina*."

As for the royal little Duchesse de Berri herself, she loved her husband so much that sometimes when she heard the sounds of his "coming home" from some military review in which he had had to take part, —sounds such as those of drums and trumpets from without, mingled with the music of some joyous band in the court-yard below,—she would rush forward to meet him at the foot of the palace staircase in a way which set at defiance all the courtly etiquette of her appointed attendants, and this merely for the pleasure of being carried up that staircase in his arms like a child; for although a woman in strength of feeling, she was then scarcely more than a child in age and size.

Soon the hope of her bringing forth an heir to the throne of France, seemed on the point of realization; but, without here entering into all the details of

disappointments regarding royal children, who were born only to die, or whose premature births were subjects only of regret to French loyalists, one little daughter alone survived to the Duc and Duchesse de Berri after four years of otherwise happy union.

Henceforth they seem to have agreed not to allow publicity to any renewal of expectation which might, in its end, only frustrate the wishes of the King and the people. No *bulletins* were for some time issued of the health of her royal Highness the Duchesse de Berri, but nobody doubted the fact of that perfect health, because, during the Carnival time in Paris of 1820 she was not only cheered in public wherever she appeared—cheered as the most radiantly happy of princesses,—but at the balls and entertainments, both at the Tuileries and the Elysée, she was the first to enter into the spirit of the scene, and, with her overflowing life, to animate it by the fascination of her graceful presence.

Political storms often menaced France, but from these the popular Prince and Princess, who here just now stand foremost, had all the less to fear, because their, as yet, only surviving child was a girl, and therefore by no possibility, according to the Salic law of France, an heir to the throne.

Unclouded, therefore, seemed their happiness when,

on Shrove Tuesday—the last day of Lent, in the year 1820,—they determined to show themselves that night at the Opera, where three pieces ("*Le Carnaval de Vénise,*" "*Le Rossignol,*" and "*Les Noces de Gamache*") were to be performed.

It is true that, unknown to the Duchesse de Berri, her husband had previously received some letters of a menacing character, but as these were anonymous and seemingly altogether beneath notice, he had paid no heed to them, save by laughingly saying to one of his attendants: "Well, all that these affirm is that I, like my revered ancestor, Henri IV., am to die in Paris." But with the Carnival and by the force of some new hope illuminating his whole being, the cause of which will presently here be seen,—the Duc de Berri went, on the 13th day of February (Shrove Tuesday), to dine with his uncle, the King, at the Tuileries, ere proceeding to the Opera to join his wife there.

During dinner he seemed in the highest spirits, chatting merrily in a way to enliven Louis XVIII., whose strength was failing fast, but whose mental powers were still in sufficient force to enjoy and share the brilliant conversation of his nephew, until the latter went forth on his way to the Opera, and his Majesty retired to rest.

Almost all the members of the Royal Family were at the Opera that night, and most pleasing of them all to behold was the Duchesse de Berri, in full evening costume, with diamonds and flowers upon her head and breast.

"Le Carnaval de Vénise" was just then a great success in Paris, and the excited audience was all the more delighted with this representation of the piece because between its acts public curiosity was gratified by observing how the Duc and Duchesse de Berri left their own box to pay visits to that of the Duc d'Orléans (afterwards Louis Philippe, King of the French) and other of their Royal relatives.

Presently, when the Duchesse de Berri had returned to her own seat, she complained of fatigue, and her husband recommended her instant departure, promising that he himself would remain to the end of the entertainment.

This being agreed upon, she left her box, leaning upon his arm, and thus reached her carriage, which, with her attendant suite, awaited her at the corner of the four streets that flanked the theatre, one of which was the Rue Richelieu. A sentinel on guard had to turn his back to this street whilst presenting arms in honour of the Prince and Princess as they issued forth upon the steps and under the

portico of the theatre. The chief aide-de-camp of the Duc de Berri also turned his back in the same direction, whilst the first equerry of the Duchesse de Berri stood by the open door of her carriage, ready to present to her his left hand, so as to assist her Royal Highness in ascending its steps, the right hand of the Princess being held by that of her husband.

Unprophetic of evil, the happy Princess quickly entered her carriage, the Comtesse de Bethisy being her lady-in-waiting upon that occasion.

"Adieu," or "Au revoir," merrily cried out the Duc de Berri as his wife was about to start for what they both supposed would be but an hour's separation from each other. "Adieu, Caroline, we shall quickly meet again."

The carriage was about to start, its royal occupant leaning forward to wave her hand playfully in answer to her husband's cheerful words, when suddenly she saw him stagger backwards and supported against the wall of the theatre, as though struck by a fatal blow, signs of which she had also perceived, like one who sees things in a moment of time during some horribly vivid dream, for an assassin had rushed round the corner of the Rue Richelieu, and stabbed her husband to the heart.

Forgetful of danger to herself, she leapt from her

carriage, and in another instant, having flown up the steps of the theatre, she flung her arms round the being most dear to her on earth, and, clinging to him thus, she was, together with him, dragged into the vestibule of the Opera House; he, gasping some attempted words of comfort to her, and she, bathed in his blood, which, flowing profusely from the wound he had received, stained her hair, her dress, the flowers and the diamonds which she wore.

For the Prince himself had withdrawn the dagger from his heart by an instantaneous movement, crying at the same moment, "I am assassinated."

Pursuit of the assassin was also immediate, although it was reserved for a pastry-cook's boy, who happened to be in the adjoining street, to capture him.

Meantime the gay scene of the opera was still going on. Music and laughter resounded from the orchestra and audience within the walls, and nobody, save those in immediate attendance upon the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, was yet aware that the former had already exclaimed to the latter, "My love, let me die in your arms."

The blow was mortal none could doubt, and, as it was quite impossible to remove the stricken Prince to his home, he was at once conveyed back to the ante-chamber of the opera box, which, only a few

minutes before he had quitted in all the fulness of life and joy.

Still the opera went on, on, on to its close. The people of Paris had not as yet the slightest idea of what had happened ; albeit an instant message was despatched to the aged King at the Tuileries, to other members of the Royal Family, and the best surgical aid had immediately been summoned.

A mattrass and other necessaries—all theatrical properties long used in imaginary tragedies—were quickly transported to the small compartment of the theatre for the use of the Prince, who lay dying there.

His wife knelt beside him whilst more than one operation was performed upon him, in the desperate hope of saving the life so precious to France, but precious beyond all things on earth to her. She desired even to suck the wound, thinking that it was poisoned.

During agonized periods of scientific test as to whether, indeed, there were the slightest chances of eventual recovery, she held her husband's hand within her own, hoping thereby to sustain his fainting strength, though her own courage was more and more appalled by the sight before her. The Prince himself knew that life was fast ebbing from him, and desired to receive the last sacraments of his religion, and to

embrace once more his little daughter. The child was quickly brought to his side, having been conveyed thither by her governess, Madame de Gontaut.

The various members of the Royal Family were at length also present, and amongst them the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. The last-named Princess, accustomed all her life to sorrow, and sorrow's only alleviation—prayer, was welcome as an angel of mercy and consolation to her young and, until now, most enviable sister-in-law, whose fortitude was sustained by her presence. *Monsieur* (afterwards Charles X.), the father of the Duc de Berri, was also there; he, too, some years since, had experienced an immense sorrow in the death of Madame de Polastron, a lady to whom he was most tenderly attached, and who, in her last moments, so earnestly recommended him to the love of God; that, from the time of her decease, he had, though restored to the palace of his ancestors, led therein a life more befitting a cloister.

The King came last, it having been necessary, on account of his health, to use much precaution in disturbing him from his slumbers at the Tuileries in order to break to him the news of his nephew's assassination. When the Duc de Berri recognised his Majesty, the one favour he implored was that his

murderer might be pardoned; but upon this point the King could only, even in the midst of his grief, make an indefinite reply. The Duc and the Duchesse d'Orléans were also present; and as the wounded Prince seemed to gasp for air, he was, after midnight, transported by his weeping attendants to another and more spacious part of the theatre, from whence the gay audience had vanished, never dreaming of the frightful tragedy which was going on there, now that the lights were dim, and the flowers fading in that scene of the brilliant spectacle witnessed but an hour since.

The chill dawn of a February morning was approaching, and the cold hand of death pressed more and more heavily on the Duc de Berri, by whose wounded side his wife still crouched in despair. Her husband's sympathy was with her more than with himself at that dread time; the King and all the Royal Family stood or knelt in various attitudes of misery near the blood-stained couch of the dying Prince, when suddenly the latter said aloud to his wife, "My love, be not thus overwhelmed by grief, but control yourself for the sake of the child, the yet unborn child, within thee."

As though by an electric shock everybody present was startled at these words, for by them was pro-

claimed that all hope of legitimate succession to the throne of France would not expire with the Prince who uttered them,—the Prince, who was thus the first to announce in his own hour of death the coming hour of the birth of his posthumous son, now (1873) called by French legitimists Henri V., but best known to the world at large as the Comte de Chambord.

Paris masqueraders returning from the last scenes of the Carnival were still lingering about the streets, quite unconscious of the public calamity which had taken place, when the Duchesse de Berri was conveyed home a widow from the side of her dead husband to the Palace of the Elysée, where, until yesterday, she had been so happy in his society.

Until the last she was most anxious to fulfil every possible desire of his soul, and, remembering that he was the father of two little daughters, besides her own infant girl (children born of the union unconsecrated by marriage here before spoken of) she had caused these children to be summoned to his death-bed, and presenting them in her own arms to him, had voluntarily declared to him that she would herself be a mother to them.

"Charles, Charles," she cried in her anguish, "I have already three children instead of one," and then

catching up her own daughter, she said to the two young strangers, "Embrace your sister."

It was then that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, having heard these words and watched the conduct of the Duchesse de Berri, said, "She is sublime."

And heroically sublime was doubtless the younger of these two Royal women at that supreme moment; but no sooner had she reached her widowed home than the agony of her desolation overwhelmed her. Always upheld by the great sympathy of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and accompanied by her own weeping attendants, she was passing a large mirror at the Elysée on her way to such rest as might possibly be granted to her fearfully overtaxed strength, but when in this mirror she beheld the haggard reflection of herself, and saw also how her hair was still stained with her husband's blood, she caught up a pair of scissors, which he himself had only used a few hours previously, and suddenly cut off the whole of that beautiful hair, crying out, "Charles, Charles, no hand but thine, which so often hath caressed it, shall ever touch it upon my head." Then turning to her lady-in-waiting, Madame de Gontaut, she said, "Give that hair to my daughter when she shall become a woman, and tell her that it ceased to adorn her mother on the terrible day of her father's death."

Foremost amongst those who sought to soothe the great anguish of the Duchesse de Berri was the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who, seemingly quite forgetful that her tender cares were in this case lavished upon a rival, became, indeed, to her a Sister of Charity, by whose forethought much danger was averted from the expectant mother of an heir to the throne.

And when, at last, the child was born, a male child, to the immense joy of the aged Louis XVIII., who himself, as here already shown, had owed so much in exile to the care of his elder niece, it was she, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who received the babe into her arms with as much apparent love and pride as though he had been her own, and she it was who first exhibited him from the windows of the Tuileries—the place of his birth—to the eyes of the delighted multitude assembled in the gardens below.

By her he was presented at the font of baptism, and it was her voice which pronounced the names there given to him of HENRI DIEUDONNÉ—Henry, Godgiven—the first in memory of his ancestor, Henri IV., and the second in gratitude to the King of kings for the advent of this child, whose coming birth had been proclaimed by the last words of his dying father.

To the world at large the infant Prince was known as the Duc de Bordeaux, although at a later date, under circumstances here presently to be explained, he took his other title of Count de Chambord.

His mother had mournfully secluded herself during the seven months and fifteen days of her widowhood before the date of his birth (Sept. 29, 1820), and although residing at the Tuileries it was but rarely that she was seen. Pale, careworn, clad in deepest mourning, she was a melancholy spectacle to the few who were privileged to approach her; but after the birth of her son, it was as though a new life sustained her; and, re-animated by hope, inspired by a strong resolution to win popularity, to confront every danger for his sake, she at length re-appeared in the Parisian world, of which she eventually again became the brilliant centre. Popular discontent concerning various political measures of the day were rife in the capital of France. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, reverenced as a saint, was more fit for a cloister than a court; the health of the King was failing fast; his brother and successor, the Comte d'Artois, was likewise more than ever a recluse since the death of his son, the Duc de Berri, and it therefore needed all the energy, the renewed life, the fascination of the Duchesse de

Berri to sustain popularity in behalf, as she fondly hoped, of her posthumous son's future.

Her hair, cut off by her own hand in the first passionate agony of her widowhood, grew again; her robes of black were gradually replaced by those of more cheerful hue, and by the time that Louis XVIII. was dead and her father-in-law (Charles X.) succeeded to the throne, she had again made herself celebrated for the splendid, and even somewhat fantastic, fêtes inaugurated by her at the Tuileries.

By the death of Louis XVIII. the Duchesse d'Angoulême, as wife of the elder son of the new King, Charles X., became Dauphiness of France. This title was to her but a hollow sound, considering that it was to her nephew and not to any son of hers that the crown of her ancestors would descend when her father-in-law should also be called upon by death to resign it; but, nevertheless, she occupied by right of her exalted rank a prominent position on the day when her uncle, Louis XVIII., was interred (with all the pomp which antique usages of Church and State could bring to bear upon the occasion) at St. Denis.

In his society she had passed a long exile; to her he had been as a father; he had loved her well. She, his "Antigone," as he had been wont to call

her, had nursed him through many an illness, and sustained him under many vicissitudes. He had not shared her extreme religious opinions, having prided himself, with even a pedant's pride, on those which "philosophy"—so called in his youth of the time of Voltaire—had taught him; but the old King and his orphan niece, his childless heroine, had loved each other well, and upon the day of his burial she stood forth as a monument of sorrow in the sight of all beholders, for when she then, as Dauphiness, appeared "in the accustomed sanctuary of her pious griefs," there was a tribune draped in black, like the rest of the cathedral, prepared for her, and upon this she stood, isolated, whilst her husband, the Duc d'Angoulême—or Dauphin, as he was now called—acted as chief mourner in the splendid though sombre scene below.

Not long since he had waited in that tomb of St. Denis to receive the coffin of his brother, the Duc de Berri, and now when that of his uncle, Louis XVIII., was solemnly carried by the *Gardes du Corps* to the sacred spot, the solemn ceremony of offering holy water to the Royal dead and the Royal living of his family was performed by him.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, declares one who personally knew her, was a holy martyr. To her, the

daughter of martyred parents, belonged the sad privilege of weeping over every fresh misfortune of her family; she had regarded the death of her brother-in-law, de Berri, as a fresh crown of thorns, a new palm of saintly life. She had, as here seen, taken his child in her arms and presented him to the people in proof of her own self-abnegation; she had done all she could do first to welcome in joy, and then to console in affliction, her young sister-in-law, de Berri; but when the latter, during the earlier period of the reign of Charles X., showed herself ardent in the pleasures befitting her age,—for, although a widow and a mother, she was still in years scarcely more than a girl—when she proved herself even extravagant in her renewed patronage of art and artists, and in all ways manifested herself most eager to win popular favour for her son, the growing hope of every loyal French heart, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, or the Dauphiness, as she was now styled, objected to what seemed to her serious mind the levity of the Duchesse de Berri, and a slight estrangement arose between these two Princesses, who by age, disposition, hereditary tendencies, and education, were naturally opposed to each other.

The fêtes of the Duchesse de Berri became notorious, and not less so the ascetic seclusion of the

Duchesse d'Angoulême. The former grew more and more popular, the latter more and more unpopular; and not all her nun-like visits to hospitals, her noble deeds of charity, could prevent mischievous, nay, profane, "anti-jesuit" calumnies being propagated against her, as also against the King, her father-in-law, who was supposed to be under the absolute influence of his Confessor, and chiefly bent upon bringing France back, not to religion in its true sense, but to the tyranny of ecclesiastical authority before the "Great Revolution," such as that which could excommunicate any citizen of Paris if he did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or the "Bull Unigenitus."

Although extremely young when she was first married, the Duchesse de Berri had even then seen enough of political strife and popular resistance in her native land of Italy not to dread the consequences of a people's discontent with regard to supposed bigotry on the part of Royalty, wherefore it was with extreme pleasure that in the year 1828, just when her son was withdrawn from the hands of his governess, and formally consigned into those representing male authority, that she set forth on a tour through various localities, significant of his various titles, in order to visit the ancient CHÂTEAU DE

CHAMBORD, for from this he derived one of his appellations (the Comte de Chambord), and it had been freely presented to him by loyal Frenchmen, who, having purchased it, declared that their conduct in this matter was only "to do homage to *S. A. R. Monseigneur le Duc de Bordeaux.*"

In the month of June, 1828, the Duchesse de Berri approached Chambord (which is situated about a hundred miles south of Paris, on a plain not far from Blois, and in the Department of the Loire et Cher), and with her advance towards the Castle she seemed to bring sunshine with her, for a storm had only just before darkened the atmosphere, and this having passed away, all nature had put on a joyous air, as though to salute her.

Flowers were scattered in her path, and, says one of her then attendant friends, "Madame" was much struck by the imposing aspect of the Château, for the innumerable domes and turrets of Chambord give to that stately residence rather the air of a royal city than a feudal palace. Its terraces are thrown upwards, "like graceful crowns," upon the heights of the edifice. It was built by Francis I., and upon the turrets of this palace Catherine de Médicis was wont to study the stars, according to her strange belief in astrology; it was here that Louis XIV. dwelt for a

passing time with his gay court, and a legend of a spectre huntsman still recalls the memory of Henri IV. in the neighbourhood.

The Duchesse de Berri approached this free gift to her son, of once feudal France, quite unattended by her customary guard of honour. At the entrance of the Château she was received by M. le Comte Adrienne de Calonne, for he it was who had conceived and carried out the loyal idea of causing Chambord (which since the time of the Revolution had passed through various hands) to be offered to the Duc de Bordeaux, and by him an address was delivered to the widowed Princess when first she set her small foot upon the threshold of that "Castle-keep, rich in memories."

Entering the antique dwelling of Chambord, she found it "a sort of colossal history of past ages," but the object which most excited her wonder was its chief staircase, constructed in a spiral form and in such a way that persons may pass in and pass up and down it within sound of each other's voices, yet beyond the range of view one of another.

A carved *Fleur de Lys* then formed the highest point of this castle, and the Duchesse de Berri having expressed a wish to ascend to this altitude, gazed

from it with rapture on the magnificent prospect of France, fair and fertile, that it afforded.

Descending the staircase, on her way down from this summit, she observed various names of historic interest inscribed on its walls.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I like these old tokens;" and asking for some sharp-pointed instrument, she forthwith cut with it upon the stone the words,—"18 *Juin. Marie Caroline.*" *

The Duchesse de Berri did not return to Paris from that pilgrimage of hers in the year 1828 until the month of October, for during it she visited various localities renowned in the history of French royalty, and amongst them Pau, the birthplace of Henry IV.

Meantime Charles X. had made a progress through the east of his kingdom, and when at last they met again at the Tuileries, neither of them had any reason to dread the change of fortune awaiting them, for they were both inspired by the enthusiasm which had everywhere greeted them in the provinces.

* By a curious coincidence of dates, it was on the 18th of June, 1832, exactly four years after her visit to the Château de Chambord, that Government officials arrived at that feudal palace in order to arrest the Duchesse de Berri, who was supposed to be concealed there. It is also remarkable that her son, the prince who derives his title of *Chambord* from this abode, never visited it until the recent downfall of the "Second Empire" enabled him, after long exile, to do so.

The Comte de Chambord had not accompanied his mother on this journey, and it was with joy, upon her return to Paris, she noted his growth and improvement under the educational *régime* instituted for him; whilst a feeling of just maternal pride mingled with that joy when she presented him to some of her Neapolitan relatives, who not long afterwards visited the capital of France.

Political discontent amongst various parties opposed to successive Ministries, there always had been, more or less, in France since the Restoration; but, without here attempting to unfold the various real or fancied causes of that discontent, it need only be said that seldom had the Duchesse de Berri appeared more beloved by the French people than when the Revolution of 1830 suddenly proclaimed itself.

She was at St. Cloud with her son, when during those "three July memorable days," familiar to most readers, Paris was in a turbulent state of anarchy, and a new government was demanded in the person of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was the aunt of the Duchesse de Berri, and such kindly relations had always subsisted between these two Princesses that, whatever differences may have occasionally clouded the political horizon around them, differences which

made the King suspicious of the good faith of his cousin d'Orléans, a marriage was already spoken of as some day to take place betwixt the Duc de Chartres, eldest son of the Duc d'Orleans, and the daughter of the Duchesse de Berri.

When the latter heard at the Château of St. Cloud that, by the sudden revolution in favour of the Duc d'Orléans, all hope for her own son was fast being lost, she implored Charles X., who was likewise at St. Cloud, to authorise her at once starting for Paris either with or without her boy, there to invoke the people in his behalf, and to bring them back to that allegiance from which, as though by some outburst of epidemic madness, they had swerved.

But the King would not sanction her so doing. Of timid, though obstinate, policy in his old age, he remembered the sanguinary scenes of revolution preceding the Reign of Terror in his youth, and in vain did his daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Berri, represent to him how the fickle tide of popular favour might be turned in favour of her fatherless son and his grandson, if only he would allow her to take one of his own royal carriages, which, by swiftly conveying her to Paris, would enable her to face the mob.

Her entreaties were all in vain, and, condemned during hours of increasingly anxious agony to wait

inactively at the Château of St. Cloud, she at length there planted herself at one of its upper windows, through which, from a telescope, she could perceive the topmost dome of the Tuileries gleaming athwart the clear air of a warm summer day. Her son was near her as she knelt, telescope in hand, and watched.

The King, perhaps almost irritated at her persistent courage, was doubtless already thinking of flight as he went to and fro through the *salons* and galleries of St. Cloud; for the Duc d'Angoulême had gone forth with royal troops, and his messengers brought anything but encouraging reports from the road towards the capital. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was, so to speak, re-united to her sister-in-law under the force of their mutual apprehension, although long since had she—the elder Princess—laid all her former hopes of a crown at the foot of the ever-present Cross.

Anxiously the Duchesse de Berri watched and watched, until at last the telescope fell from her hand, as she exclaimed, "My God! all is lost!" For in the distance she had beheld the tri-coloured flag hoisted in place of that of the *Fleur-de-Lys* ("the Drapeau blanc") upon the topmost height of the Tuileries.

It is well known how Charles X. at once fled from St. Cloud, how he abdicated in favour of his grand-

son, and how his cousin, Louis Philippe, was quickly hailed by Paris as "King of the French." To fly whilst attempting to treat with one's foes is generally bad diplomacy, but yet the aged monarch, who in his youth had been the brilliant and chivalrous Comte d'Artois of the Court of Marie Antoinette, had still a grand sense of dignity left in him when, during the course of his continued flight towards the coast of France, the standards of the country over which he had reigned were presented to him by his *gardes-du-corps*, and the rest of his military escort, who were then compelled with much sorrow to take leave of him.

Said the fugitive King, "These standards are untarnished, and I hope that my grandson will some day restore them, spotless, to you. My friends, I thank you for your fidelity and devotion, and never in exile shall I forget the proofs of attachment which you have given to me." *

On the following day, August 16, Charles X. and all his family embarked at Cherbourg on board an American vessel, for England. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, plunged in profound melancholy during this

* Whatever may be the politics of the reader of the text above, who can wonder at the fact of the Comte de Chambord (for that prince himself heard the words here quoted as they fell from his grandfather's lips) clinging, in this, our own day, to the idea of the "Drapeau Blanc," to sustain the purity of which his ancestors had suffered much?

journey to the coast, exclaimed, from time to time, "What a reverse!" But, under all vicissitudes of life, she evinced resignation. The Duchesse de Berri clasped her fatherless son to her heart with passionate vehemence, and it was then, perhaps, whilst her tears flowed for his sudden loss of a glorious crown which had been firmly set on the brows of his heroic ancestors, that she secretly resolved to win it back for him, if she could, even at the cost of her own life.

Arrived in England, the various members of the exiled royal family of France first found a refuge in Dorsetshire, but, by the hospitality of his Britannic Majesty, they soon repaired to the Castle of Holyrood, which had been offered to them as a residence.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême there interested herself much in the education of her niece and nephew, the children of the Duchesse de Berri; but the mother of those children herself was preparing for the execution of great plans, by which she hoped to regain the throne of France for her son. In her exile, or even perhaps before that date, she had met again the Comte Lucchesi-Palli, a Neapolitan nobleman, who is said by some of her contemporaries to have formed an attachment for her during her early youth in Sicily. Be this as it may, she, after more than ten

years of widowhood, was not unmindful of his devotion to her; but none the less did she consecrate herself to the cause of her son, whose father she had loved with the ardour which had since been turned to grief.

She was a woman in much need of sympathy, and she believed that she had found it, though not in one of her own royal rank; but, putting aside her own personal feelings for the moment, she instigated M. le Duc de Blacas, the long-tried servant of the Crown, to act as ambassador in gaining over the various Cabinets of Europe, in a way which might eventually lead to her own destruction.

And thus it came to pass that, contrary to the will of the royal exiles at Holyrood, she embarked one April night of the year 1832, on her way to Marseilles, from which place, as from every other locality in France, she was forbidden entrance by that law of proscription which had exiled her and her family, but where she knew that an active feeling of loyalty was rife in behalf of her son, the rightful King of France; since his grandfather had abdicated in his favour, and the Duc d'Angoulême had renounced the succession to the throne.

Though personally disguised, and journeying through various perils under many an *incognita*, she carried in

her small but determined hand the fiery brand of civil war.

Undaunted by first failures, uncomplaining under terrible privations, in constant danger as to her life and liberty, corresponding by secret agency in cyphers which, being written in white ink, sorely tried her eyes to read, she nevertheless lit up in La Vendée and elsewhere a glorious enthusiasm for what she believed to be the rightful cause of France, in a way to prove that the chivalry of France was, despite all revolutions, yet ardently alive.

If her followers suffered, the Duchesse de Berri, always as far as possible in the midst of them, suffered still more; and, not discouraged by frequent repulses, she made her way through the country from which she was banished by law, and in Brittany found brave men who eagerly armed themselves in behalf of "Henri V.," as her son was, and still is, called by French royalists. Such increasing faith indeed had this Princess in the loyalty of man—a faith which had been strengthened by her residence in "La Vendée, the incorruptible,"—that she forgot the possibility of treachery lurking near her; and, consequently, it was at Nantes that she, in the month of November 1832, was at length captured.

For a Jew of Colmar, sometime resident at Rome,

and who had been recommended to the Duchesse de Berri by the Pope as a convert to the Romish faith, found means to penetrate into the house of a Mademoiselle Du Guigni at Nantes, where the disguised Princess had taken refuge, and upon the 7th of November, 1832, the heroic mother of the Comte de Chambord found that she was betrayed.

Her immediate followers at that time were Messieurs de Mesnard and Guibourg, also Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec. The Duchesse de Berri was wearing the dress of a peasant, and her attendants were likewise travestied. The latter had dreaded her granting audience to the converted Jew, whose name was Deutz; not that they doubted his probity—coming as he did, specially recommended to her—but because they feared that he, being a stranger in the locality, would draw the especial attention of the police to her dwelling, by his visit.

But, as says one of the friends who knew and loved her well, "Madame was unsuspicious as loyalty itself," and though somewhat reserved in her first interview with Deutz, he contrived so to insinuate himself into the good favour of a pious nun, who was in the daily confidence of the Duchesse de Berri, and who sincerely believed him to be a convert to "the true Faith," that her Royal Highness was quickly

induced to admit him a second time into her presence, and, regarding him as an envoy of the Pope, whose good favour was in every way precious to her, to confer with the traitor so candidly as to convince him beyond all doubt both as to her identity and the continuance of her residence in the house, or rather château, where first he had found her. Whilst she was speaking to him a letter in cypher was brought to her, written in the usual white ink; he saw her wet this despatch with some chemical preparation, which looked like water, and perceived how her countenance wore an air of concern as she swiftly read the words that were thus revealed to her; but so far above suspicion was the character of this Princess, that in a moment she said laughingly to him, "Deutz, these lines forewarn me that I shall be betrayed by somebody in whom I place confidence."

But the wretch only replied, "Oh, Madame, your Royal Highness would never suspect *me* of such infamy! I, who have given so many pledges of fidelity and devotion to Madame!"

She did not suspect him; and, immediately afterwards, he went forth from her presence and betrayed her, first to the civil, and afterwards to the military authorities of the place.

General Dermoncourt was just then in Government

command of the military forces in that locality, and therefore it eventually became his painful task to arrest the Duchesse de Berri, as is now about to be seen.

By six o'clock that November evening, troops surrounded the abode where she still believed herself to be safe. Two battalions, divided into three columns of armed men, had already cut off all possibility of escape; but "Madame," as her devoted adherents ordinarily called her, was quite unconscious of immediate danger. She was sitting in an upper apartment of the château, where, thanks to loyal friends, she believed herself to be safe, and was talking pleasantly to those about her of the calmness of the cold atmosphere, and of the singular effects produced by the clear moonlight in reflecting various objects upon which it shone. M. de Guibourg, who was listening to her remarks, came forward to look out of window upon the objects to which they referred; when suddenly he stepped back, exclaiming in a voice of alarm, "Save yourself, Madame, save yourself!" For, by the light of the moon, he had beheld bayonets gleaming, as the third column of soldiers, led on by Colonel Simon Lorrière, was advancing towards the château.

Swiftly, though without any cry or sign of terror,

the Duchesse de Berri sprang up and darted forth upon the staircase. Her attendants did the same.

In a garret of the house there was a sort of cupboard, four feet long and not much more than eighteen inches wide, the door of which was concealed in the wall; and towards this narrow retreat the Princess and her followers rapidly made their way.

Together they mounted the stairs leading to it, and, according to a sign made by Madame, Monsieur Mesnard and Monsieur Guibourg were the first to enter; but Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiac hesitated as to taking precedence, even at that moment, of her royal mistress; whereupon the latter laughed, saying, "Go in, dear Stylite, for by good stratagem we are taught that in a retreat the commander marches last."

There was not an instant to lose; the doors of the house opening upon the street were being broken open, and the noise of their fall resounded upward as Mademoiselle Stylite entered the narrow hiding-place, and the Duchesse de Berri quickly followed her into it, closing the panel which concealed it behind her.

It was almost impossible for either M. de Mesnard or M. de Guibourg to stand upright in so small a space, and even Madame and her lady attendant,

though of shorter stature, were compelled to adopt cramped positions. They heard the tramp of armed men coming higher and higher, nearer and nearer; they heard the hammers of a troop of masons sounding every wall of the building, and breaking into every room; they heard these men pass through the garret contiguous to their *cachette*, and ascend to the top of the house, there to continue their demolishing work of inspection; they heard the oaths of soldiers, and the asseverations of police commissioners, each one of whom was armed with a pistol.

Sentinels were placed in every room, and two gendarmes were made to occupy the apartment close to the place where the Duchesse de Berri and her companions were concealed, the panelled and as yet unsuspected door, which opened from the inside, alone screening them. The night wore on; it was bitterly cold. In the fruitless search for her upon the roof of the house, bricks and mortar had been loosened just above the spot where the Princess found herself caged in. She shivered, not from fear, but from cold; yet her first thought was that of regret for the discomfort to which the loyalty of her fellow sufferers had exposed them. She, having entered last, was nearest to the closed panel of the *cachette*, and could distinctly hear every word uttered by the gen-

darmes on the other side of it; these two men often complained to each other of the freezing atmosphere, and presently, having found materials for a fire, they proceeded to light one in the large stove, which was immediately behind the hiding-place of Madame.

She and her companions were at first thankful for the warmth which quickly pervaded their retreat, for their limbs were not only cramped but nearly frozen; but soon they had reason to fear that their *cachette* was likely to act as an oven to the stove close by it, for the more the fire burnt, the more and more hot, even to suffocation, became the small space where they were concealed.

Air could only reach them through the chinks previously made by the masons during their rough search on the roof, and trying to look up to these apertures, the Princess and her adherents gasped for breath, although afraid of uttering the slightest sound which might betray them. At last came a short respite, for, from certain sounds, it seemed that one of the gendarmes had fallen asleep by the fire, whilst the other paced up and down on duty, and gradually the terrible heat decreased. The hours of the night, heard pealing from church steeples, slowly succeeded each other, until at early morning time the moment had come for the gendarmes to change places with each

other, and then it was that the one just awakened, finding that the fire had burnt low, threw upon it a quantity of old newspapers ("*Quotidiennes*") which had been heaped up in the corner of the room, and this with such effect that the flames leapt up, and the prisoners, invisible but close at hand, soon found themselves in danger of being burnt to death.

Just then the search for them upon the roof was renewed, but through the gaps upon it came smoke and flame from the fire, whilst the loud sounds of falling masonry convinced the Duchesse de Berri that if not burnt she must be crushed to death.

Twice her clothes caught fire, and her hands were scorched by putting it out. The smoke was dense to suffocation; the heavy blows of iron bars, wielded by the workmen above in the work of destruction, came nearer and nearer over her head; the door or panel against which she crouched was lined with metal, and this having become red-hot, she began to be in bodily agony, although refusing to change places with any one of her fellow-prisoners.

Outside, the soldiers had continued to pile up the newspapers on the fire, and the more they did so, the more leapt the flames into the *cachette* adjoining; but all at once the attention of the gendarmes was caught by the sound of a click or scratch close to them, for

in her terrible anxiety to render assistance to her royal mistress, Mademoiselle de Stylite, who occupied the place next to her, had struck against the heated panel from within.

"Rats! rats!" cried the gendarmes, who, not being able to perceive from whence the sound came, believed that the workmen on the roof had dislodged rats, and thinking also that the latter might have taken refuge in the chimney, they began to probe it with their bayonets in a way not only to stimulate the fire, but to increase the peril of those who were close within its reach.

It was about half-past nine in the morning, when again came a strange noise from some place invisible to the two gendarmes.

"Who is there?" cried one of them.

And it was the voice of Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiac which replied,—

"We surrender. We are about to open the door: put out the fire."

Immediately afterwards, the concealed door of that burning prison cell was opened from within, and forth from it first issued the Duchesse de Berri. Her dress—a simple Neapolitan brown peasant dress—was in tatters from recent burning; her hands, the beauty of which courtiers had once praised and poets

had sung, were disfigured by their having clutched in agony at that dress; her fair hair was disordered and singed, and her feet, clad in a tiny pair of slippers, had to suffer fresh pain from the necessity of crossing the surface of hot metal in her egress. But she uttered no murmur, and only said to one of the astounded gendarmes before her, "Go, summon your General."

General Dermoncourt was in the house below, and when he appeared before the Princess, she said to him,—

"General, I surrender myself to you, and trust to your loyalty."

"Madame," he respectfully answered, "your Royal Highness is under the guard of French honour."

He courteously conducted her to a resting-place in one of the lower rooms, when, in a voice of emotion, yet proud in tone, she added,—

"General, I have fulfilled the duty of a mother who desired to re-conquer the inheritance of her son."

Concerning those who had just passed sixteen hours of voluntary imprisonment with her, she manifested much solicitude, and when at a later time of the day it was intimated to her that she must be led forth to captivity in the Fortress of Blaye, they en-

treated not to be separated from her. The request was granted for a time at least, and it was with many expressions of gratitude on the part of Madame towards the loyal owners of the house (Mademoiselle Duguigny and her sister) where for five months she had found a refuge, that her Royal Highness now prepared to leave it.

Military troops still surrounded the dwelling, and the whole populace of Nantes was in a frantic state of excitement, but the departure of the Princess on her way to prison was effected so quietly that scarcely anybody but those immediately about her was aware of it; for as General Dermoncourt apprehended difficulty in procuring a carriage, she herself caused a mantle to be thrown over her, and then, when the moment for starting had come, she took the General's arm, and proposed to issue forth on foot, merely saying to her followers, "My friends, let us start." General Dermoncourt did not regard this action as the least heroic on the part of the royal woman whom it was his painful duty to capture, for he knew that she was still suffering fearfully, although helping him thus in the performance of that duty.

She uttered no word of complaint, quite the contrary; for when, arm-in-arm, they were about to descend the staircase, on their passage out, she cast a

last upward look towards her recent hiding-place, and laughingly said—

"Ah, General! if you had not made war against me in the style of St. Lawrence" (the martyr who was fried on a gridiron), "I should not now be leaning upon you for support."

The citadel of Blaye was soon reached, and within its walls the Duchesse de Berri found herself a prisoner. Her conduct was as undaunted by dreary captivity as it had been in face of death, and under the various vicissitudes which had befallen her. But, though a heroine, she was "woman in spite of herself;" for, in the course of some months, it was intimated to the world at large, by means of a letter published in the *Moniteur*, but dated from her prison, and signed by her name, that she had for some time past been privately married to Count Lucchesi Palli, and that she was about to become a mother.

In these pages it has been already intimated how the Count, a Neapolitan nobleman, and son of the Prince Lucchesi Palli, had loved her, ere yet she became the bride of the Duc de Berri, and at a time when, by the fact of her royal rank, he dared not proclaim his love. It has been here also hinted how, after the abdication of Charles X., and when she, a woman, a mother, and a widow, was consequently

driven forth from France into exile, he sought and found her; and that then, much needing sympathy, she found it in the heart of this, her countryman, and the lover of her youth. Her girlhood had long since fled; she was the mother of two royal children, the younger of whom had recently become, by the abdication of his grandfather in his favour, rightful King of France. She had been ten years the widow of the Duc de Berri, whom she had passionately loved, and earnestly lamented; personally, for her, nothing but memories remained; but, in years, she was still but a young woman; her son and daughter were, so to speak, "taken possession of" by their grandfather and aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

Was the Duchesse de Berri, therefore, so much to blame because her much-stricken woman's heart reopened itself to receive the love of the man who from a distance had watched her whole career, and—having not only watched, but admired—came to her in her misfortune and implored her to link her fate with his?

Upon this point, human nature answers "No." But royal prejudice was probably of a different opinion, although it must here still further be remarked that all which the mother of the Comte de Chambord (Henri V.) had suffered for the cause of

French royalty embodied in the person of her son, derives fresh lustre when it is remembered that at the very time she was courageously facing death in La Vendée—at the very moment when she was self-exposed to all sorts of tortures at Nantes, her own life had become of fresh value to her, for the life of such a woman is—love.

Politically, she had done as she supposed that her murdered husband, the Duc de Berri, would have done under the same circumstances; and in so doing, she had peformed an act of self-consecration to his memory, which occupied a tender place in her heart. As though determined not to take her own life and happiness into her own hands until she had, at all costs, done her last duty to him, she had, under all perils, re-entered France in favour of his son. But now, there was nothing more to do, for France refused to recognise her son as King, and she was languishing in prison. So she proclaimed her womanly secret, and was forthwith liberated from the citadel of Blaye, though not to go back to her royal relatives at Holyrood, for she turned her face towards Sicily, where a home and her husband awaited her. It was upon the 8th day of June, 1833, that she went forth from Blaye, and in twenty-four days afterwards she again set foot upon her native land, which, since

seventeen years of some joy, but much sorrow, she had not seen.

Henceforth, her royal son, the Comte de Chambord, was under the direction of his grandfather, Charles X., and that of his uncle and aunt, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. Voluntarily, the Duc d'Augoulême (or Dauphin, as he was called) had renounced all claims to the throne upon the abdication of his father in 1830, and long since had the Duchesse d'Angoulême (or Dauphiness, as she was called) resigned all hope of becoming Queen Consort of France, for it was to the service of the Cross and not to that of any earthly crown that she devoted herself.

But the traditions of her ancestors were precious to her, even as a part of her religion, and from her lips the then young Comte de Chambord doubtless learnt to regard the "Drapeau Blanc," the white flag of the Fleur-de-Lys, as appertaining to the traditions of the faith inculcated by her.

The air of Holyrood was too keen for the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and, after the marriage of the Duchesse de Berri with Comte Lucchesi Palli, the exiled royal family of France, long resident in Scotland, travelled much on the continent, residing successively at Vienna, Prague, and Göritz.

At the last-named place died Charles X., in 1836,

and that venerable monarch, who was born at Versailles ere yet the preceding century had grown old, lies buried in the vaults of the convent of the Franciscans, situated on the woodland heights of Göritz. His death was a fresh source of sorrow to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who, in exile, had been to him a daughter of consolation; and in the month of February, 1844, she was stricken by a fresh grief, for she knew then that the husband of her youth, the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her advanced life and exile, was about to be taken from her.

The Duc d'Angoulême, always an ascetic from his early manhood, had suffered much from attacks of illness which, though accompanied by acute pain, he had borne with the patience which had always characterised him.

In the years long past his illustrious consort may have had cause to regret—for have not all lives their insubordinate moments?—her act of obedience to the will of her martyred parents, in becoming his wife—moments when, in memory, she looked back with a yearning of womanly regret to the love of her other cousin, the Archduke Charles, who had in vain sought to win her for his bride during her sojourn at Vienna, after her release from the prison of the Temple.

But that regret, if it ever existed, had long since been "lived down," and during the many years of sorrow and proscription which she had passed with her husband during both the earlier and the later period of their married life, she had been his devoted companion. Their sentiments were identical respecting the religion of their forefathers, and it was by mutual consent that they had renounced the crown of France in favour of their nephew, the Comte de Chambord.

The last illness of the Duc d'Angoulême began on Ash Wednesday, 1844, and as one result of his maladies was to make him almost blind, the voice most necessary to him, either in speaking or reading, was that of his wife. The room he ordinarily occupied was more like the cell of a monk than the chamber of a Prince, but when enabled, as the Spring returned, to be removed into the open air, he rejoiced, despite his own fast-declining strength, in the sights, and sounds, and scents of reviving nature. Upon Trinity Sunday in that year he was released from his sufferings, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême became a widow.

"With her arms outspread, she hurried into the still chamber where he lay—he who should have worn a crown and died a King. She flung herself at his feet, and of those who crowded in around her, she

urgently asked for prayer. The usual prayers were recited, ... and when the officiating priest uttered the closing deep *Amen*, all there looked upon the face of the Prince, and they saw that he was dead. The Duchesse d'Angoulême turned from gazing at this sad sight to raise her hands to Heaven, as if to express her willingness, for Heaven's sake, to offer up this one more sacrifice. She then gently bent down, and, taking the now unconscious hand of her husband, kissed it repeatedly, bathing it with her tears. That hand had rested in hers more than half-a-century before in the gay galleries of Versailles. . . . . Versailles and Göritz! Those two words express two great extremes," and between them, for the Duchesse d'Angoulême, there had been a lifetime of tribulation.

The Comte de Chambord and his sister, "the children of France," were near their aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, at the time of this her new and irreparable sorrow; she took their hands within her own, and they, too, rendered homage to the dead.

The Duc d'Angoulême was buried by the side of his father, in the Franciscan convent, upon the heights above Göritz, and, not long afterwards, his widow repaired with her nephew and niece to Frohsdorf.

A purchase had been made of the château and domain of Frohsdorf (about a dozen leagues from Vienna) by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, in the name of the Duc de Blacas, that well-known devoted adherent to the royal cause of France.

The château of Frohsdorf is nothing more than a plain, white country house, the pointed roof of which is pierced by windows. Those most familiar with it describe it as a building two stories high, each storey presenting nine windows of a row, the centre one, over the chief entrance, having a balcony in front of it, flanked by pilasters. On the western side of the château is a tower, the base of which is in the *fosse*, or moat. An unbroken plain extends towards the west, "reaching to the foot of the mountain chain which divides Styria from the Archduchy of Austria, and which unites the Styrian Alps with the Carpathian range."

In this abode the widowed daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette occupied herself in works of charity; but by her nephew, by her household, and by French royalists who, from time to time, made pilgrimages of devotion to this, her far-off home, she was always treated with the etiquette due to a Queen.

These pilgrimages had long existed, for when Charles X. was still alive, the celebrated French

author, Châteaubriand, performed one in order to pay his respects to his exiled Majesty at Prague, and it was there that he beheld the Comte de Chambord —then a boy—and his sister, who, says he, "looked like two young gazelles lying in concealment amidst some old ruin."

The Duchesse d'Angoulême survived to see this Prince and Princess become man and woman. The latter was wedded to the Duke of Parma, and there are not a few who at this day still have cause to mourn her death, which occurred in 1863; for she was singularly fascinating, amiable and accomplished.

The Comte de Chambord (or Henri V., as French royalists call him) in due time introduced the Duke of Modena's daughter as a bride at Frohsdorf, and by their united affection the last days of his aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, were soothed.

Upon the 13th of October, 1851, that last-named Princess fainted whilst at Mass. She rallied afterwards, but she knew that her last hour was at hand, and she prepared for it with courage and calmness. The 16th of that month was the anniversary of her mother's execution, and upon that day her strength rapidly declined; and still holding her nephew's hand to the last, she, whose birth had been so rapturously hailed at Versailles, looked round upon those about her

in token of a mute, though eloquent farewell. By other chroniclers, to whom thanks are here due, it has been stated that at the head of her bed hung a picture of "the Angel of Consolation showing to Louis XVI. the splendour of celestial glory," and when the priest in attendance upon the exiled and dying Princess pointed to this picture all present responded in their hearts to the words, "Daughter of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, ex-Dauphiness of France, was buried by the side of her husband and his father, upon the heights of Goritz.

The Duchesse de Berri, although with no longer any political part to play in the world for the sake of her royal son, was a welcome guest to the proscribed King of France and those around him whenever it pleased her to issue forth from the comparative seclusion of her henceforth private life, to visit either of the various stations of their exile. She survived until a very few years since, and many there are who have reason to bless her memory; for, to the last, she was a liberal patroness of art, and the noble-minded friend of misfortune in need of an advocate.

To her four children by her union with the Comte Lucchesi Palli, the Comte de Chambord has manifested much brotherly affection; and, strange to say

it was not until the Revolution of 1870 enabled that Prince to re-enter France—after the downfall of Napoleon III., and after an exile of forty years from the land over which, by inheritance, he is King,—that (as herebefore said), he beheld the Château de Chambord, from which he derives his title, now most familiar to the world at large, and of which his heroic mother took possession in his name. It may here be added that, after the Revolution of 1830, this antique château fell into a ruined state; and also that the glorious heights near the exile-home of its royal owner are perpetually crowned with untrodden snow, glistening like the untarnished banner of the *Fleur de lys.*

QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE

AND THE

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS

(GRANDMOTHER AND MOTHER OF THE COUNT DE PARIS).

QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE.

QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE AND THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

IT was Lady Hamilton, the notoriously fascinating wife of the English Ambassador at Naples, who, in 1798, first announced to Caroline, then Queen of that country, the recent victory which Nelson had won over Bonaparte.

With great joy the Queen received this news, for she was a sister of the martyred Marie Antoinette of France, and, though still bound to the last-named country by political treaties of neutrality, she abhorred the land stained by the blood of her own race, and instantly prepared to welcome Nelson as "the Saviour of Italy," and the avenger of royal right against republican might.

Thrones, even that of the Pope, were just then either tottering or overturned. Bonaparte, of bound-

less ambition, had declared all Europe to be but a mole-hill, and that there had never been any great empires but in the East; yet, at last, he had found more than a match for him in the great game he played, for "upon that gigantic chess-board of the Nile, where pawns are obelisks,—castles, pyramids,—knights, sphinxes,—where bishops call themselves Cambyses,—kings, Sesostris,—and queens, Cleopatra, he had been checkmated."

In spite of all still-existing treaties with France, a glorious reception awaited Nelson at Naples. Bells rang, cannon roared; the King and Queen, in a splendidly ornamented galley, followed by various smaller vessels, all gaily ornamented, sailed forth to meet him.

Upon the deck of the galley were their Neapolitan Majesties, surrounded by their children—such of them as were already past childhood. The most illustrious members of their Court were there; but most conspicuous in the midst of this brilliant group were the Queen and Lady Hamilton.

The former was still handsome; and, on this occasion, she was gorgeously arrayed. She, Queen Caroline, much resembled her late sister, Queen Marie Antoinette of France, in form and feature, but it was an intellectual if not hardened

resemblance. Her fair hair, the still golden hue of which gleamed through the powder then worn, her blue eyes, which, notwithstanding their soft colour, were sometimes electric if not severe in expression, her finely chiselled profile, her clear and brilliant skin, her slightly projecting under-lip—then commonly called the "Austrian lip"—her graceful but well-developed figure, her beautiful hands and arms, all proclaimed her sisterhood to the "last and fairest Queen of France;" but none the less had some of her determined political acts declared her to be the daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and "King of Hungary."

At sixteen years of age (in the month of April, 1768), this Queen Caroline of Naples had been sent forth from Vienna to wed King Ferdinand IV. of "the Two Sicilies," and in him she found a young prince whose education had been intentionally neglected by his preceptors—because they wished to keep political power in their own hands—and who therefore excelled in nothing but hunting and fishing. In the latter sport he was especially proficient, for he not only caught fish in the blue waters under his dominion, but he sold them; not so much for desire of gain, but for love of frolic. By the *lazzaroni*, the beggars of Naples, he was almost lovingly

called "dear king, *Nasone*," for the principal feature of his face was a long nose; but, he was not irreverent, for the one book he knew was his mass-book. By his flattering courtiers he was styled "the Modern Nimrod," and had he not, according to other creeds, been superstitious, he might have been irreligious. Such, however, he was not; and his wife, Queen Marie Caroline, or Queen Caroline as she was more generally called, soon exercised supreme dominion over him, and also over his kingdom. By the Italian poet, Metastasio, long resident as poet laureate at Vienna, she had been taught the language of the country over which, at sixteen years of age, she came to reign; and, in every way, she was well prepared, from earliest youth, to enjoy all the intellectual charms of existence in Southern Italy,—that land of music, poetry, and epic traditions, blue skies, bright seas. Vesuvius, that mighty volcano, with fertile vines twining at its base; Etna, that fiery mountain, in the deep caverns of which the Cyclops of mythology forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter; Naples, that capital of "the garden of Italy," with its antique and magnificent temples, its devotional works of art:—all these, and much more, were hers, as Queen. King Ferdinand, was glad from the first for his kingdom to be ruled by such a wife, for she speedily

took the reins of government into her own fair hands, and not only taught him how to love, but also—say some chroniclers—how to write.

Various had been the vicissitudes of Naples, or "the Two Sicilies," ere Bonaparte had gained his victories; numerous children had meantime been born to King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline; and over her Neapolitan Majesty the Chevalier Aeton had gained political power; but it was to Lady Hamilton, the English Ambassador's wife, that the Queen trusted for the consummation of such an understanding with his Britannic Majesty (George III.) that no doubt should any longer exist as to her abhorrence of France, where her sister had reigned and been murdered.

At the feet, therefore, of Queen Caroline reclined Lady Hamilton, in the attitude of an "esclave reine," upon that day when their Neapolitan Majesties sailed forth to welcome Nelson after his conquest of Bonaparte.

Her attire was classically simple, but it displayed the perfection of her form, and neither in the dignified repose of her attitude, nor the ingenuousness of her fine countenance, shaded by soft dark hair, could there be read aught to warn the beholder against this Circe, whose enchantments were soon to be fatally exercised

upon Nelson, and to work out a retributive destiny for the Queen herself.

Nor could anybody have supposed, looking at Lady Hamilton in the midst of the Neapolitan Court on that bright day aboard the royal galley, that once upon a time she was but a bare-footed beggar-child wandering over stony roads by the side of a vagrant mother, the name of whose husband was doubtful; nor that during an intervening period she had been nursemaid in the family of a Mr. Hawarden, of Flintshire. In that remote district the celebrated but sometimes itinerant artist, Romney, met her; and having taken a sketch of her in the act of passing a muddy pool, he told her that if she would come to London he would give her five pounds for every "sitting" as a model; and accordingly she came to London, and—without here entering into other details—she in time found herself so notorious, that Sir William Hamilton had believed it to be his duty to attempt to detach her from a relative of his own, but had ended by marrying her himself and conveying her to Naples.

Nobody would have believed in the low birth and worse than doubtful antecedents of Lady Hamilton as she reclined at the feet of the Queen of Naples that sunny day when Nelson returned thither victo-

rious; but, looking at the versatile expression of her fine face, noticing the wondrous but ever varying grace of her flexible figure, few people would have doubted the fact that she had been found capable of personifying (as model to the painter Romney, and afterwards in other more objectionable ways) the character either of a Magdalene or a Cleopatra, a Saint or a Bacchante. Nor, listening to her eloquent flow of words, could there have been much doubt as to her capacity for recitation, the earliest proof of which was given many years before, when, as a country girl just come to London, she went to Drury Lane Theatre, was there smitten with wonder at the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and afterwards thrilled all those who came within her reach by her wondrous reproduction of what she had heard on the stage.

On board the royal galley that day, when Nelson sailed into the port of Naples, was also her husband, Sir William Hamilton, a courtly-looking elderly gentleman, noted for his antiquarian researches, and liberal donations of rare objects to the British Museum: his hair was powdered, and his delicate hands were shaded by lace ruffles, through which gleamed rings.

Nelson at last approached, in his own ship the 'Vanguard,' and immediately the King and Queen

of Naples, followed by their suite, prepared to go on board that English man-of-war. But it was to Lady Hamilton that her Majesty gave precedence upon this occasion ; nor was it the first time that her ladyship now found herself in presence of Nelson, for twice before he had "put in" at Naples for assistance, and upon at least one of these occasions he had there come in contact with the fascinating wife of the British Minister.

King Ferdinand hailed Nelson as the "Liberator of the World," and conferred all sorts of honours upon him; but when Lady Hamilton beheld him pallid because of the blood he had lately shed, and with his forehead bandaged because of the scalp wound which, recently inflicted, had at first been thought mortal, she fainted, or at least momentarily appeared to do so.

Nelson did the honours of his ship, and showed how French bullets had inflicted upon it glorious wounds, "which, like his own, were not yet closed," and then, having entered the Neapolitan galley that awaited him with its four-and-twenty gaily dressed rowers, he afterwards accompanied the King and Queen of Naples, with their Court, in a triumphal procession, which made its way through an excited populace, to the residence of the British Minister, where a superb banquet awaited the hero.

And here, in a scene of enchantment, Nelson sat between the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton,—the King of Naples facing them. Mirrors on the walls multiplied innumerable artificial lights in thousands of dazzling forms; around the table were eighty distinguished guests, dressed in the showy court costume of the period; diamonds sparkled; orders "of merit" gleamed; feathers waved; wine flowed: the banquet was worthy of the gods.

Light, flowers, beauty, flattery, wine, fame, each and all of these assimilated with the joy which was every moment more and more demonstrated. At every course of the banquet, a toast! It was King Ferdinand who proposed the health of his "well-beloved cousin and *august ally*, George III., King of England."

It was the Queen of Naples who, contrary to all precedent, proposed the health of "Nelson, liberator of Italy." But it was Lady Hamilton who touched with her ruby lips the sparkling glass which she forthwith handed to "the hero of the Nile."

Nelson drank of that glass; enthusiasm became more and more demonstrative, until at last the solemn strains of "God save the King" pealed forth from the orchestra above—an orchestra which, though

invisible, was composed of the choicest talent from the Opera of St. Carlos.

"God save the King!" that English anthem was sung by Italian voices.

King Ferdinand, his Queen, Lady Hamilton, Nelson, all stood up to do honour to the words; and with them the eighty guests around the banquet table.

Other verses were added in honour of the occasion, and it is supposed that Lady Hamilton improvised them; but at last, amid loud acclamations, the English anthem ceased, and the guests re-seated themselves.

Then was it that a man suddenly entered into the midst of that brilliant assembly,—a man, who, in his person and dress, presented a strange contrast to it. He was of tall stature and stern countenance. He wore an ill-shaped blue coat, red vest, white trousers, and from the three-cornered hat, which he kept on his head, floated a tri-coloured plume—emblem of French Republicanism.

It was the Minister Garat, who, in the name of the French National Convention, then represented France at Naples—the same man who formerly had read the sentence of death to Louis XVI. in the prison of the Temple.

A profound silence greeted him when thus he came upon the splendid scene in honour of Nelson at Naples; that silence was broken by Garat's sonorous voice which proclaimed—

"War! war, King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline, since you will it. But it shall be a war of extermination, which, notwithstanding the British hero of this festival, and the power he represents, will cost you your lives and your throne. To-night I leave Naples, this city of perjury. Shut its gates behind me; but assemble your soldiers behind its walls. Bristle your fortresses with cannon, do what you will; but you will not retard the vengeance of France, for every power must eventually yield before the cry of 'Long live the French Republic!'"

These words were prophetic; but whatever faults Queen Caroline of Naples may have committed, politically or otherwise, she expiated them; for if tears, to say nothing of tears of remorse, can wash away stains of error from the soul, she had cause to shed them in beholding and suffering from the calamities private and political, consequent on her rash deeds.

She and her family were soon obliged to fly from Naples, where the populace was in a state of insubordination, the dockyard in flames; and she could not forget that it was by her advice that her husband

(only nominally responsible, for he had ever placed implicit confidence in her judgment), pressed by the Cabinets of London and Vienna, had committed himself irretrievably with regard to Nelson, and had entered into the coalition against the French Republic.

It was at Palermo that the royal family of Naples sought a refuge. On the voyage thither, in the midst of a terrific storm, Queen Marie Caroline (or Caroline, as she is more usually called) lost her youngest son; but a very numerous progeny still remained to her, and not the least interesting to her of all her children was her daughter, MARIE AMÉLIE.

This young princess was just then eighteen years of age. In her infancy she had been extremely small and weak, although so precocious in intelligence that by some in Italy it was supposed that a divine grace of understanding had been given to her on account of her having, in her earliest days, received the benediction of the venerable bishop, or rather saint, Alphonse di Liguori.

Her mother, although, as here already seen, an ambitious and worldly woman, was not free from the superstitions of her adopted country, and doubtless it was due to her influence that saintly hands had been lald upon the head of her child; but the Queen

also knew the value of a systematic, practical education such as she herself had been subjected to in girlhood under the rule of her own mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, (King of Hungary,) and the Princess Marie Amélie was therefore soon consigned to the vigilant care of a certain Signora Ambrosia, widow of one of the chief lawyers of Naples, who strenuously and successfully strove to check the too-impulsive nature of the child, and to implant in her those habits of order and mental discipline which, in after-life, became conspicuous in her.

From what has been here already said, it must be understood that the girlhood of Marie Amélie was passed in the midst of political storms, such as those which were hereafter, in another land, to become her destiny; but, serious though her character was by education, she none the less enjoyed a visit which she made, with her mother, to Vienna just at the time when, emancipated from the trammels of the daily studies enforced by her much-loved Signora Ambrosia, she became curious to behold other scenes than those which Southern Italy presented to her.

At Vienna were many young Archdukes, her cousins, and to one of these it would seem, even from her own well-kept journal, that she was inclined to attach herself. She found it pleasant to be serenaded

by him beneath her windows, to interchange serious thoughts with him *en tête-à-tête;* but this young Archduke was destined for the service of the church, and so religiously inclined was this princess even then in her early youth, that she put away the thought, as a Satanic profanation, of detaching him from the sacred vocation awaiting him.

After this visit to Vienna, she returned with her mother to Italy; she gave her time and attention to the poor, and this to such an extent, that by some it was supposed she would become a professed Sister of Charity by entering the cloister, but another fate was in store for her. Upon this point, however, let her here speak for herself:—*

"My mother summoned my sister Isabelle and myself, in order to present to us the Duc d'Orléans. He is of ordinary figure, somewhat stout,—neither handsome nor ugly. He has the features of the House of Bourbon, and his manners are very polite and well educated."

* It is to the local Neapolitan researches of M. Dumas (fils) that some of the facts concerning Nelson's reception at Naples are due, as here recorded. In the following extracts from the journal of the Princess Marie Amélie (since Queen of the French) the writer of the text above is indebted to M. Auguste Trognon, at one time preceptor to his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, and a confidential friend of that Prince's mother until her death.

These words are somewhat reserved, for, as this well-disciplined princess had determined within herself not to be carried away by first impressions, she says nothing of the fact that her imagination had already attached itself to this young Duc d'Orléans, for she had heard of his courageous feats when fighting under General Dumouriez at Valmi. She had heard how he had distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes ; she had heard how, despite all this, he had protested against the revolutionary crimes in France, and how, consequently, he had been compelled to fly from his own country and quit the army. She had heard how, under a feigned name in exile, he had at one time acted as tutor in the college of Reichenau, and how the terrible news there reached him of his father ("Égalité") having perished on the scaffold of regicide France. She had heard how, since then, he had wandered on foot and almost penniless, through Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. She had heard how, in the year 1795, he set off from the North Cape, and paid a visit to General Washington in America. She had heard how he had more recently founded a home for his exiled brothers and himself at Twickenham, near London, and how devoted he had been to them in the midst of sickness and death. She had heard how his widowed mother was still an exile like him-

self,—and all these things which she had heard produced a favourable impression on her heart and mind.

But she had also been told by her mother that this young Prince's father had been mainly instrumental, by those democratic opinions which had gained for him the *sobriquet* of "*Égalité*," in bringing about the death of that mother's own sister, the Queen of France, upon that regicide scaffold upon which he himself, by a strange retribution, was afterwards doomed to perish; she had noticed a shudder of horror accompanying the very mention of the name of Orléans at the Court of her parents; and she knew that it was merely by the force of political circumstances, and with an extreme reluctance that this Prince, the son of Égalité,—this Duc d'Orléans, her "cousin" and contemporary,—was introduced into the midst of her own royal family at Palermo.

It was therefore with a double feeling—half pain, half pleasure—that the Neapolitan Princess Marie Amélie first found herself face to face with Prince Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, although events soon proved that even then he determined upon making her his wife. He had come alone to Palermo, without followers, and in the most simple of travelling costumes. Their Sicilian Majesties were still exiled

from their chief capital of Naples, and to them Louis Philippe said, "The greater the fault of my father, the more I ought to be allowed to prove by my own conduct that I have inherited only the misfortunes which those faults have brought upon my family."

It was just then (1808-9) when the triumphs of Napoleon were almost universal, and their Sicilian Majesties (or, rather, the Queen, for the King, as in former days, was still chiefly devoted to hunting and fishing) thought to make good use of the Duc d'Orléans in politics appertaining to Spain. Of these politics nothing need here be said than that the conduct of Louis Philippe, though more zealous than successful, convinced King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline of his loyalty to the cause most dear to them; and their daughter, the Princess Marie Amélie, had become gradually so captivated by his brave conduct that, notwithstanding the well-trained modesty of her general demeanour, she openly declared, in answer to his matrimonial overtures towards her, that if not allowed by her parents to marry him, she would at once retire from the world and become a nun.

The marriage, though postponed from time to time, at last took place in the afternoon of the 25th day of November, 1809, at Palermo, and here let the bride give a portrait of herself at that time.

"I am," says she, "tall and well made. My face is long; I have blue eyes, which are neither large nor little, but animated; a very large forehead, and not much hair, but this of a fair and golden hue; a long aquiline nose; a mouth of moderate size, but agreeable; red lips; teeth, not beautiful, but well set; a round chin, with a pretty little dimple; a long neck; shoulders well placed; . . . arms and hands rather ugly; a skin fine and white; a pretty leg, and a somewhat long foot; the *tout ensemble* is noble, modest, and impressive, and of an air to show *whom* I am. My gait is easy; I dance lightly; and . . . I am graceful . . . So much for my exterior . . . ."

This self-portrait painting was still in vogue during the youth of this Bourbon Princess, but what she here says of herself is not too flattering, for Talleyrand, when subsequently introduced to her, declared her to be "the last *grande dame* in Europe," and her virtues were such that Pope Gregory XVI. always spoke of her as "that saintly woman, that holy woman."

She was about 27 years of age when she married, and happy was Louis Philippe Duc d'Orléans to win her as his bride.

Her father, King Ferdinand, had just met with an accident to one of his legs at the date of her marriage, but an altar was arranged at the foot of the

couch upon which his Majesty reclined, and there, in his presence, the ceremony was first performed, though, upon the same day, afterwards celebrated with more pomp and publicity in the chapel of the royal palace of Palermo.

"My legs trembled under me," writes the bride, "knowing as I did the sanctity and the strength of the vows I was uttering; but my bridegroom uttered the word '*Yes*' in so resolute a tone that it refilled my heart with courage."

The Princess Marie Amélie, or, as she must henceforth here be called, the Duchesse d'Orléans, wore upon this, her wedding day, a dress of silvery and Sicilian fabric, a diadem of diamonds, and white feathers. At King Ferdinand's request, the bride and bridegroom supped in the room to which his Majesty was confined by his recent accident, and the Queen was also present; but the bride, with the thoughtful and pious seriousness even then habitual to her, wrote in her journal:

"God, placing me in this new state of life, has united me to a virtuous and amiable husband. May He bless the union which He hath formed, and make us to live tranquil and holy lives upon this earth, so that we may enjoy the heaven which awaits us hereafter!"

In the domestic retreat which they formed for themselves at Palermo, the Duc and Duchesse were perfectly happy, and when, at the end of October, 1810, the Duchesse placed her first-born son, the Duc de Chartres, in the arms of her husband, upon the return of the latter from a journey which the political exigences of the time had compelled him to make, there was no drawback to the married felicity for which the Princess had prayed, except in the fact that her mother had become a martyr to State misfortunes, —a detail of which would here be out of place—that the health of that unfortunate and at one time perhaps too ambitious Queen was failing fast; and that eventually, for the sake of public tranquillity, and even by the declared wish of the indolent and pleasure-loving King, she found herself compelled to take refuge at Vienna.

Of the two Queens, Marie Antoinette of France, and her sister, Marie Caroline of Naples, the fate of the latter would seem to be the more terrible; for easier it must be to ascend a scaffold and "rise to Heaven," than to wear out the remainder of an active life which has outlived itself amid scenes that only recall the mocking memories of happiness which is dead, and of loving faces which smile no more on earth.

Such was the dreary fate of Queen Caroline, whom Nelson had declared "a Queen to the backbone," and who had been the friend of Lady Hamilton, loved by that English hero, not wisely, but too well.

By the Restoration of 1814 the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans were recalled from Palermo to Paris. The fall of Bonaparte and the entrance of the Allies into the capital of France filled their hearts with joy, but the pleasure of Marie Amélie was at this time dimmed by the news received by her from her mother at Vienna,—for, wrote that once proud Queen,—

"Nothing any longer affects me upon earth. My fate was decided that day when I was hunted and thrown out of Sicily like a *femme de théâtre*. My life is ended in this world, and I am now an object of interest to none but some few old women who only come out of their houses to look at me—the last of the children of the great Maria Theresa. The *Prater* is in its beautiful garb of green, and all in bloom, but there is nothing any longer beautiful for me."

In the autumn of the year when this letter was written, the hand that had penned it was cold in death. It was therefore with a sense of depression that Marie Amélie, Duchesse d'Orléans, first entered the world of Paris, for she had loved her mother.

When Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, after a

quarter of a century's exile, again beheld the Palais Royal, that Paris home of his childhood and early youth, he knelt down, so it is said, and kissed the marble pavement within its entrance. His mother and sister were likewise deeply affected at their return with him to this palace, fraught (especially to the former) with so many memories, that the Duchesse Marie Amélie, who had become extremely attached to them both in Italy, felt that, though weeping for the recent death of her own mother, it was her duty to console these near relatives of her husband.

But the personage of her own sex in France most naturally interesting to Marie Amélie was her cousin, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of her own mother's sister, Queen Marie Antoinette, to avenge whose "martyrdom" that mother, as here already seen, had plunged Naples into war against France, and herself eventually into irretrievable sorrow and a sad death; for the Duchesse d'Angoulême had returned to France with her uncle, Louis XVIII., from his long exile, and these two Princesses, cousins, and both granddaughters of Maria Theresa, resembling each other strangely in form, feature, and habits of piety, now met for the first time.

The Duchesse d'Orléans was the mother of children; the Duchesse d'Angoulême was childless;

but when, about a month after the arrival of the family at the Palais Royal, another son (the Duc de Nemours) was added to the infantine group there, the Duchesse d'Angoulême generously sympathised in the joy due to the occasion, and afterwards, in the royal chapel of the Tuileries, presented the "*nouveau né*" at the font of baptism, which rite was performed, according to her express wish, with all the ceremonial of the *ancienne cour*.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba, in the month of March, 1815, Louis XVIII., immediately upon being informed of that startling news, sent for the Duc d'Orléans to join him instantly at the Tuileries, and forthwith proceeded to recommend certain military duties to that Prince which rendered his presence in France necessary.

But the Duc d'Orléans remembered the miseries of French revolution in his youth much too keenly not to provide for the safety of his wife and the four children of whom, by that time, she was the mother, and he at once made arrangements for their departure from the Palais Royal for London, where, after a journey of protracted discomfort and danger, they arrived, and took up their temporary abode, pending news from France, at Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street.

Her children were safe at last, but the anxiety of the Duchesse d'Orléans respecting the fate of her husband was extreme during her first residence in a land which was destined eventually to become that of her last home on earth. The fame of her virtues had preceded her, and, upon hearing of her arrival, the whole of the royal family of England, and the chief members of English aristocracy, flocked to pay their respects to her. News reached her from France how King Louis XVIII. had fled from the Tuileries, and how Napoleon had re-entered that palace; the battle of Waterloo was about to be fought, and upon it would depend the fate of French royal fugitives; but, meantime, her heart rejoiced, for, upon the morning of the 3rd of April her husband, having found all military and political resistance just then worse than useless in France, suddenly having escaped beyond the Belgian frontier, appeared before her; and, writes she in her journal, "at that moment I forgot every grief."

The Duc d'Orléans, already familiar with England, was anxious to remove his Italian-born wife from the cloudy atmosphere of London; and, remembering his own residence in early years at Twickenham, he in a short time transported her thither, to the abode which now (1873) much enlarged, bears the name of

Orléans House, and is well known to English society as the hospitable home, in his long exile, of the Duc d'Aumale.

In the year 1815 this was but a very humble home for the Princesse Marie Amélie d'Orléans, accustomed as she was to Italian palaces and to the splendour of the Palais Royal in Paris; but she was happy in her English retreat, and especially so in the privacy of domestic life; she travelled occasionally with her husband through various counties of England; devoted herself constantly to the education of her children; and it was not without some regret, and a fear for a brilliant though uncertain future that at length, in 1817, she returned to France to take up her abode again at the Palais Royal, and also occasionally at the charming château of Neuilly, which property had recently accrued to the Duc d'Orléans.

In after-life, and when seated on the throne of France, this Princess often declared that the years between 1817 and 1830 were the happiest of her whole life; the number of her children increased, but notwithstanding her habitual gravity of demeanour, she was joyous in their society. She exacted an account of their several studies, but she voluntarily united herself with their pleasures. Her eldest son, the Duc de Chartres, educated by her wish at the public

college, "Henri Quatre"—a public education remarkable for her, as a Bourbon princess to enforce, and which somewhat shocked the prejudices of Louis XVIII.—carried off all sorts of prizes, with which (they having been fairly won competitively with other youths of his age betwixt whom and himself no consideration of superior rank was allowed to interfere) she adorned her private sitting-room. In time the number of these symbols of merit, laurel-wreaths, etc., increased, for the younger princes,—her sons, de Nemours, d'Aumale, and de Joinville—added to them, and in her native soft Italian tongue she would turn to her attendants and say, "I fear to be too happy."

From her infancy she had been taught to love France, although she abhorred the crimes of France's "Reign of Terror." Whilst still in her cradle she had been betrothed to the "first Dauphin" of France, the elder and short-lived son of her aunt Queen Marie Antoinette; and, though by her marriage with the Duc d'Orléans she had become a representative of the younger branch of the house of Bourbon in France, she still clung to the traditions, familiar to her from infancy, of the elder branch. It was therefore no source of sorrow to her when her niece, the Duchesse de Berri, left a widow by the assassination of her

husband, became, in 1820, the mother of a posthumous son (the present Comte de Chambord), although, as rightful heir to the crown in the direct line, his birth negatived the hitherto popular belief that her own eldest son would some day stand in that position.

When the Revolution of 1830 suddenly proclaimed itself, and she found that, by the abdication of Charles X. and subsequent quickly succeeding events, the elder branch of the royal family was exiled from France, and her own husband was called to the throne by the voice of the people, under the title of Louis Philippe, King of the French, it was with real pain and even a sort of terror for all most dear to her that with her family she quitted her beloved retreat at Neuilly—where in that summer-time she chanced to be—and found herself forced, by the well-known circumstances of the time, to take up her abode as Queen at the Tuileries. From the splendid saloons and galleries of that historic abode, she yearningly looked back in memory to the flower-gardens of Neuilly, and was even inclined to regret the peaceful hours which many years before she had found at Twickenham. She believed that, politically, her husband was right in accepting the throne so as to avert future calamity from France; but she was strongly attached, by near ties of blood, to both the Duchesse d'Angou-

lême and the Duchesse de Berri who were exiled, and must henceforth be as strangers to her, by the fact of her own sudden and, to her, unwelcome elevation. Queen Marie Amélie may be said to have *resigned* herself to the throne; she well fulfilled her duties as Queen, for, as said Talleyrand, she was too much "*grande dame*," and too thoroughly a Bourbon princess to neglect them; but her happiest hours were still passed in the bosom of her family; and, despite all the duties of her regal position, she still continued, at stated times, to assemble her sons and daughters around her, and this in a way so agreeable to them that they were wont, when grown to manhood and womanhood, to call their daily afternoon meetings in her private apartment, their "club." Hither some of them brought one occupation, some another; books, occasionally, were read aloud; drawings were examined; conversation flowed; the Queen, sometimes engaged in writing and sometimes with needle-work, occupied the central place of this family group; and the King, who frequently joined "the club," one day proudly exclaimed in the midst of it, "All my sons are brave; my daughters virtuous and beautiful."

The Princess Louise, one of the most exquisite, the most gifted, and the best loved of these daughters was soon married to Leopold, King of the Belgians,

widower of the Princess Charlotte of England. Another daughter, the Princess Marie, the accomplished sculptress of the celebrated statuette of Joan of Arc and other artistic works, was also soon wedded to the Duke Alexander of Würtemberg; but the marriage, which meantime most interested the people of France, as affecting their own political future, was that of the Duc de Chartres,—called Duc d'Orléans, since his father had become king,—to the young Princess Hélène of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin. Her mother was the daughter of the Grand Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe Weimar, distinguished for his noble qualities, for his earnest friendship for Göthe and Schiller, and not likely to be forgotten in the history either of nations or of literature. He was the husband of the gifted and courageous Princess Louisa of Hesse Darmstadt, who, in the war against Napoleon made a free gift of her diamonds to the States, and was declared by that conqueror, struck by her magnanimity, to be "the one true princess he had met with in Germany."

The Princess Helen inherited most of the fine qualities which distinguished her grand-parents; and none the less did she manifest the charm and sweetness of her mother's character, although that princess (Caroline, daughter of the noble Duke and Duchess above-

mentioned) died, when this child, her daughter, was but two years of age. The Princess Augusta of Hesse-Homburg soon became her step-mother, and when this last-named princess was left a widow after a brief term of married happiness, she dedicated her every thought and care to the son and daughter of her predecessor, the late Grand Duchess, whom she had known and loved ; but especially did she consecrate herself to the education of the Princess Helen.

In seclusion was this child reared. Far away from the tumult of the world, and blissfully ignorant of the scandals either of courts or politics, she grew up, under the watchful eyes of her beloved and widowed step-mother, happy in her studies which were intelligently conducted, and calmly rejoicing in the loyal affection of the "good Mecklenburghers" who surrounded her.

"From my heart do I love thee, O Lord," was the text of the hymn which, by her own choice, was sung when, in the early summer time of 1830, she was confirmed in the Lutheran faith, according to which she had been educated.

Up to that time the whole of her young life had been indeed a perpetual hymn of love to God in nature, of charity towards all human creatures near her, of admiration for all things good or beautiful, even in the simplest and most every-day form, whether in the

scent and sight of flowers, or in the song of birds. A visit to Switzerland had been one great event for her; the vision there of lofty mountains, of rushing cataracts, of glories which contrasted strangely with the monotonous aspect of her native land and the routine of her daily life, affected her strongly. Much less had a visit to the court of her grandfather, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, penetrated her with emotion. At the time of her appearance in the midst of the brilliant circle of that court she, though scarcely more than a child who had been reared in retirement, was regarded with love and admiration; for the poetical charm of her dawning womanhood, of her already highly cultivated mind, and of her extreme tenderness of character, found ready sympathy in a society where the chief prince felt himself honoured by the society of poets who have helped to immortalize his reign and memory.

In 1834, the Princess Helen mourned the death of her brother Albert; her sensitive nature suffered much from this event, and also on account of an illness which had threatened to rob her of the good princess, her "mother." This death and this illness, her visit to Switzerland and that to the court of Saxe Weimar, were indeed the four chief events in her life; two of them sad and two joyous, until one May-day in the

year 1837, when she was called upon to quit for ever the old castle where her childhood had been spent, to bid adieu for ever to the kind friends of almost every class who had loved her and watched her from her cradle, and to proceed at once to France, there to become the bride of the Prince Royal, the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

It was the then King of Prussia who had recommended this marriage to the court of France, for he had seen the Princess Helen at Töplitz, whither she had accompanied her "mother" during the illness of the latter; and he so much admired and respected her, that, whilst expressing his regret that he had no daughters himself to give to French princes just then in want of wives, he delighted, during a visit of the Duc d'Orléans to Berlin, in indicating to him the object most worthy of his choice.

In 1830 the Princess Helen had manifested an eager interest in the politics of France; and, in her far-off secluded home, had studied every journal or book that reached her concerning the revolution by which Louis Philippe and his consort, Marie Amélie, had become King and Queen of the French.

Young and inexperienced, therefore, though she was, this German princess upon her arrival in France

was by no means deficient in knowledge of the character and history of the people over whom it was presumed that she would, in her turn, some day reign as Queen. Her ardent imagination was smitten in favour of a land which boasted of heroes and poets for her sons, and when the Duc d'Orléans in romantic fashion presented himself to her (at Châlons) on the eve before her arrival at Fontainebleau, where the Royal Family awaited her, she freely gave her young heart to this Prince, her already betrothed husband.

At the foot of the great staircase in the historic palace of Fontainebleau, she met him again; royal troops of soldiers were drawn up in the courtyard outside; cries of enthusiasm from crowds of people who had come from far and near, to witness the arrival of this modest Princess, echoed in the distance. Upon the first landing of the staircase stood Queen Marie Amélie, with the Princesses, her daughters, awaiting the coming of this new member of their family. King Louis Philippe welcomed her as she alighted from her carriage, and in a few moments afterwards she—the German Princess Helen—was folded to the heart of the Italian-born Queen, in whom she then and henceforth sought and found a mother.

Their religions were opposed to each other; in age they were far apart from each other; but in simple

purity of heart this Queen and this Princess were equal one with another.

Agreeable was it from this first moment of their meeting, for her Catholic and Bourbon-born Majesty (called by Talleyrand "the last Grande Dame of Europe") to notice the distinguished manners of her German and Lutheran daughter-in-law; the Princess Helen exhibited no sign of fear in sudden presence of the brilliant court of France which thus unfolded itself to her view; for, although hitherto almost a recluse, "she had," says an eye-witness of her arrival at Fontainebleau, "a right royal air; and, despite her youthful appearance, appeared born to command all who surrounded her."

The charm of her countenance was chiefly that of expression. Her graceful though somewhat fragile form seemed but to enshrine the vivid soul within. She was scarcely more than twenty years of age, and so childishly impulsive was she still, that when she made her first public entry into Paris with her husband after their marriage at Fontainebleau, she suddenly stood upright in the open carriage conveying her through the crowd (to the acclamations of which she had been responding with meek grace) in her eager desire to catch the first view of the Tuileries, that palatial château of which she had read and heard much,

and towards which she was now approaching as her own home. She was very happy—too happy, as she sometimes feared—and this especially after her first child, the Comte de Paris, was born. "God is so merciful!" she writes, after that event; "a new world opens before me; a child to love and cherish—the hopes of a nation to realize by the future life of that child!" Upon the 9th day of November, 1840, her second son, the Duc de Chartres, was born. Already had she begun to unfold to her elder child the marvels of God in nature; not a flower, nor a sunset, nor the song of a bird, nor any subject which worthily attracted his dawning attention but had its sweet lesson from her lips. She adored her husband, and all the more so because of the courage demonstrated by him as a soldier abroad.* In her own conduct she was very

* When the African campaign, which eventually helped to crown him with laurels, called the Duke of Orléans away from France, his consort, resolved to follow him to Port Vendres, the place of his embarkation. On their way thither they visited Perpignan, the chief town of the province of Roussillon, but there they met with a cold reception, owing to the separate efforts of Legitimists and Republicans to neutralise any manifestation of enthusiasm towards a Prince of the then reigning House of Orléans. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans proceeded to Port Vendres, where a very different scene awaited them; for, when arriving at this place, the heart of the Princess—albeit already laden with sadness and anxiety as to her fast approaching separation from her husband—was cheered not only by the sight of Nature in all the luxuriant splendour of a Southern clime, but by the acclamations of the people.

In an unpretending and open travelling carriage the Princess and her ladies of honour approached Port Vendres. The Duc d'Orléans rode

meek ; but, as she herself said, "I have a great deal of ambition for him."

on horseback by the side of that carriage ; and, whilst bowing repeatedly to the people in acknowledgment of their welcome, both the royal guests looked with admiration at the blue-tinted mountains and hills here formed by the Oriental Pyrenees into an amphitheatre, where grow the olive and the vine, the citron, and flowers of such bright hue that they seem to reflect the sunshine and the glorious sky above them. With evident delight the Prince spoke to the Princess, and indeed it was a scene to which her poet-heart, that in youth had thrilled at the glowing lines of her great countrymen—Schiller and Göthe,—might well respond. But more to her than hill or mountain, blue skies or neutral-tinted olive groves, or even than the rainbow-coloured waves of the sparkling ocean dancing near, were the signs of loyalty to her husband which everywhere saluted her. Under a triumphal arch she passed with him, whilst acclamations echoed through the sunlit air from mountain and from sea ; for the waters which dashed into the port as though full of joy, were studded by light gondola-looking boats with gay streamers, the armed rowers of which wore the Catalonian costume of scarlet and white, the same brilliant contrast of hue being also often visible amongst the vast and excited crowd on shore. The Princess's carriage stopped and she alighted, as did also her husband, on a space reserved for them ; their equerries and attendants formed a semicircle in the background. The Mayor, whose long disused title (*de droit*) of Duc (formerly *Count*) du Roussillon, had been acknowledged since the Restoration (a tower, built by one of his ancestors in the year 985, was visible on the olive-crowned heights), came forth to welcome the Orléanist Prince and Princess, as did also his two elder sons, Honoré and François, who were then and there presented to their Royal Highnesses. But that which seemed most to please the Duchesse d'Orléans was the sight of a troop formed of white-robed young girls, who, emerging from the crowd, approached the Princess ; the foremost of this troop (Mademoiselle Berlan) carried in her hand a dainty satin-lined basket, in which lay a magnificent bouquet formed of flowers indigenous to that bright southern clime, and this she gracefully presented to the fair royal guest with the following words :—

"Madame, in traversing this France which loves you so much, your Royal Highness has met with innumerable proofs of affection, to which

Chiefly on her account, and despite various grievances against the Government of Louis Philippe, the Duc d'Orléans became more and more popular; he intensely appreciated the rare virtues of his wife, virtues which his mother had originally taught him to admire in her own conduct; but in the course of the year 1840-41 he had reason to be anxious about her health, for the Duchesse d'Orléans, albeit looking well and feeling happy, playing with her children in summer time amongst the flowers of Neuilly, wandering with her husband through the park and *parterres* of that favourite retreat of theirs, or at the Tuileries organizing receptions (comprising Lamartine, Victor

this humble offering is united in testimony of the reverence and boundless devotion inspired by the virtues of the Princess before whom I have now the honour to kneel," &c. &c.

Graciously the Duchesse d'Orléans received the floral gift, and afterwards caused a magnificent brooch to be presented to the fair speaker of words which evidently pleased her, and which were originally composed by Honoré, the son and present successor (*de droit*) of the then Duc du Roussillon. But only too soon for the royal guests did that happy day come to an end; together they went on board the vessel which was waiting to convey the husband from the wife, and when she returned to shore without him, there were signs of sorrow on her gentle countenance which touched the kindly hearts of the people,—a people ardent and impulsive.

Long did the Duchesse d'Orléans remember that day, for even during the illness which prematurely closed her widowed life, she bade her elder and fatherless son not to forget the loyalty of the province of Roussillon; at least so the present claimant of that title was told (when one evening a guest of Sir Roderic Murchison) by the Comte de Paris.

Hugo, and other of their contemporaries) she was far from strong; or, rather, it seemed as though the very strength of her felicity, the intense sensitiveness of her nature, were too refined for the wear and tear of daily life,—even though the life of a then peculiarly happy Princess.

She was recommended by her physicians to journey to Plombières, there to "take the waters." She could not, or would not, believe in the necessity of following this advice, but her husband insisted upon the change prescribed for her, and accordingly conducted her to Plombières. For two days he remained with her there, at the end of which time he was compelled to rejoin the Camp of St. Omer, the manœuvres of which he was then directing. Meanwhile they had met with ovations on their way, for although they had tried to shun recognition, triumphal arches and every outward expression of welcome, harmonious with the bright sun of Midsummer shining over them, greeted them.

"I am so happy," said the Duchess; "I am so happy, that if what I feel be illness, I have no desire to get well."

Poor Princess! She always seemed prophetically to dread her too great sense of happiness, and yet even in little things she found such pleasure! For

example, the last evening of her husband's stay with her they went out together, and she rejoiced like a child in gathering wild flowers. He, entering into her pursuit, plucked some too; and making them up into a bouquet, presented them to her. At the moment neither he nor she heeded their nature, or the superstition attached to them; but afterwards she had only too much reason to remember that they were those (wild scabious) which in France are known as the symbolic "flowers of widowhood."

He left her. "We shall not be parted long," said she, with a smile which struggled against the tears caused by even what seemed to be so short a separation. "We shall not be parted long."

And then, as though determined to get well as soon as she could, she quickly interested herself in the place where she found herself, and within a few days attracted the people of that place towards her by her charming affability.

In attendance upon her were Madame de Montesquiou, General Baudrand, and M. de Montguyon. One day, about a week after her husband's departure, she went to see, or rather to hear, a poor family celebrated for its hereditary, though untutored, love of music. She was in high spirits that day, and had

amused herself, whilst unconsciously fascinating others, by playing upon the quaint instruments she found amongst these peasants.

She came home with her hands full of flowers, and proceeded to dress herself for dinner. Madame de Montesquiou was likewise performing her toilette when an urgent message from General Baudrand called her downstairs.

She found him looking aghast, and holding a letter in his hand. His emotion was so great that he could not stand. Madame de Montesquiou was certain that some terrible calamity had befallen the Royal Family; but even her worst fears did not reach the truth until the General handed the letter to her, and she read, "The Prince Royal is dead."

What was to be done? How apprize the happy Princess upstairs that she was a widow?

The physician left in charge of her was summoned, and upon his declaring that the news, if too suddenly announced, might kill her, the prefect of the place was also sent for, and with his help a so-called telegraphic despatch was prepared to inform her that her husband was not dead, but dangerously ill.

Prepared with this, and her own heart sinking with terror and grief, Madame de Montesquiou mounted the stairs towards the Princess's dressing-room, for the

dinner-hour was about to strike, and her continued absence would in itself have alarmed her Royal mistress. The latter having completed her toilette was just about to issue forth from her chamber, all radiant with smiles, and gems, and flowers, when Madame de Montesquiou presented herself.

"Not dressed yet?" laughingly exclaimed the Princess.

Madame de Montesquiou took hold of both her hands; she had no words to utter at the moment, but her look of sorrow quickly aroused the fears of the Princess, who exclaimed, "Good Heaven! what has happened?"

And it was then that Madame de Montesquiou said, "Dear Madam, the Prince Royal is seriously ill."

A cry of terror burst from the widow, who believed herself still to be a wife, and then she desired preparations to be made for her instant departure, so that she might "nurse" the husband who no longer existed.

She fell on her knees and prayed to God, exclaiming, "Take pity upon me! Let him not die! Thou knowest that I cannot survive him!"

Then she asked to see the telegram, and her keen intelligence, even in that moment, seemed to detect

some irregularity in it; yet she caught again at hope as the moment of her departure drew near; for, said she, "If he be well by the time I reach him, how he will scold me; but how happy I shall feel to be scolded!"

Then terror again seized her, and it was with an agonized sense of fear that she journeyed towards Paris through the gloom of that awful night. The triumphal arches which had been erected to greet her husband and herself on that very road only a few days before were still there, and under them she had now to pass with a heart torn by anxiety as to whether he, the one being most dear to her on earth, would still be alive to greet her at the end of her wearisome journey back to him. Madame de Montesquiou, who was at the side of the Princess, was in continual alarm lest some incident on the road, especially when passing through towns or villages, should too suddenly inform her Royal Highness of the horrible catastrophe which had befallen her; but presently, in the neighbourhood of Epinal, she beheld the General in command of the division of that department approach.

"We are on the way back to Paris," said Madame de Montesquiou; he was silent.

"The Princess," says one who knew and loved her

well,* "prayed and wept in silence. . . . After midnight she was informed by the courier that a carriage in the direct route from Paris was approaching them. Instinctively she felt that now the moment had come when she would know her fate. 'Open the door!' she exclaimed, and at the instant when, in the eagerness of her terror, she was with difficulty prevented from rushing out of her own carriage, she became conscious that M. Chomel, the respected friend and physician of herself and the Royal Family, was walking swiftly towards her."

"Monsieur Chomel!" she cried. "Oh, God! the Prince!"

"Madame," gravely replied Monsieur Chomel, "the Prince is no longer in this world."

"It is not possible!" catching to the last at hope against all hope,—"it is not possible! By what malady can he have been killed so soon? If he be really dead, tell me, and kill me too at once."

"A dreadful accident," explained the physician, as his emotion would allow him to speak: "a horrible catastrophe—a fall from a carriage. Consciousness instantly left him after the accident, but yet from

* By the lady alluded to a book (here quoted) was some years since anonymously published in England, entitled "Helen of Orléans," corroborating the statement of Madame de Montesquiou—never likely to forget the sad circumstances here above stated.

time to time he murmured a few words in German; and, doubtless, these only signs of rapidly expiring life were addressed to your Royal Highness."

"It cannot be true," she gasped; "and, ah!" she continued, as though still, amidst her sobs and tears, seeking some ray of comfort, whilst turning to Madame de Montesquiou, "the sudden illness of which you told me before we started?"

"It was best to prepare you," confessed that faithful friend. "Madam, you will forgive the invention."

And even in that supreme moment of agony the thought for others did not forsake this unhappy Princess, for said she. "What courage you have shown!"

A flood of agony then overwhelmed her. The carriage in which she sat was stopped on the high-road amidst the darkness of night, and her attendants, leaning against it or resting on its steps, had no words of comfort to offer her, for their tears also were silently flowing. At last, at dawn of day, she perceived General Baudrand near her—the brave and loyal old man who had been the guide of her husband in youth, and who had loved him as though he had been his own son.

She grasped the General's hand, and exclaimed, "With the dawn of this morning, what a day is beginning for me! . . . You loved him tenderly

. . . but even you did not know all the goodness, the patience, the gentleness he lavished upon me. I have lost everything. France, too, has lost the one being who understood and loved her well. I cannot survive him."

Presently she spoke of her two children, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres—those children who were so dear to her for the sake of their father. "My poor children!" she cried; "but," added she, "*he* had my whole heart."

Again two nights of travel and misery, until, upon the morning of the 16th of July, this newly-widowed Princess arrived at Neuilly, where only quite lately she had been so happy, and from whence all joy, as from life itself, had henceforth fled.

Her husband's parents and her own young children awaited her there. In the arms of the King and Queen, sorrowing bitterly for the sudden loss of their eldest son, she seemed to seek and find a refuge. "Live for us," said the weeping Queen Marie Amélie to her: "live for your children and for us."

Her first wish was to kneel by the coffin of her husband, and to gaze upon his loved remains. The coffin was already closed. The chapel in which it stood was hung with black. She entered that chapel, and knelt down in prayer near the unseen body of

the beloved husband, who was so near, and yet so unutterably far from her.

She embraced his children in an agony of woe, and then silently withdrew to her own chamber, where she clothed herself in the mourning garb which henceforth became habitual to her.

Some Princesses, her sisters-in-law, had met her on the road from Plombières, and, by every testimony of affection, they sought to alleviate her deep grief for the loss of their brother; but it was in the society of his mother, Queen Marie Amélie, that the Duchesse d'Orléans found most consolation, and it is in the diary of her Majesty that certain circumstances attendant on the accident by which France and the Royal Family were suddedly stricken are thus recorded (the Queen always speaking of the Duc d'Orléans as "Chartres," the name by which she had been accustomed to address him since his infancy) :—

"Upon the 2nd instant Chartres and Hélène started for Plombières. . . . Upon the 9th he returned, and came to dine with us at Neuilly, much occupied by election affairs, and in his conversation manifesting the quickness of wit and warmth of heart which were habitual to him. The next day, my birthday, he returned . . . with an enormous

bouquet, which, he said, was presented to me in the name of all the family. He attended mass and breakfasted with us. He was so gay! At dinner he was seated by my side; he rose up, proposed my health in a joyous manner, and caused the band to play a special march in my honour. . . . Upon the 11th he again dined and spent the evening with us, always occupied in mind with his camp and election affairs. . . . Upon the 12th he arrived about 4 o'clock. . . . We talked together about Hélène's health, concerning which he tormented himself . . . and many other points—he pleasantly terminating each one of them by the *refrain*, "In short, dear Majesty, we always end by being of the same opinion on subjects of importance." After dinner we took a turn in the park, he, his sisters (Victoire and Clémentine), his brother (Aumale), and myself.* I took his arm saying, 'Come, dear support

* M. Trognon, formerly preceptor of the Prince de Joinville, to whom this diary of Queen Marie Amélie (originally written in Italian) was entrusted, explains, in allusion to the above passage, that at the time to which it refers, the Duc de Nemours was inspecting the cavalry at Lunéville, the Prince de Joinville was at Naples with the Squadron, and the Duc de Montpensier at Vincennes, where he was pursuing his artillery studies. The thanks of the writer of the text are also due to the author of a memoir of the Duchesse d'Orléans, a lady who personally knew that Princess, and whose quotations from her diary, &c., were some years since translated into English by Mrs. Austin.

of my old age.' . . . It was somewhat late when we re-entered the drawing-room; much company had arrived there. He stayed conversing until ten o'clock. when, as he was about to depart, he came to wish me good evening. I gave him my hand, and said, 'Thou wilt come to see us before starting to-morrow (for the Camp), and he answered, 'Perhaps.' . . .

"Upon the 13th, at eleven o'clock (forenoon) we were about to get into the carriage in order to return to the Tuileries. I was following the King into the red drawing-room when I saw Trouessart (Commissioner of Police) speaking in a whisper to General Gourgaud, who, with a gesture of terror, went and spoke in a low voice to the King, who exclaimed, 'Ah! my God!'

"I then cried out, 'Something has happened to one of my children, I wish to know the truth. Let nothing be concealed from me.'

"The King answered me, 'Yes, my love; Chartres in coming hither, has met with an accident, and they have carried him to a house at Sablonville.'

"Hearing these words, I began to run like a madwoman, notwithstanding the cries and remonstrances of the King and M. de Chabannes, who followed me. My strength was not in accord with my heart.

. . . .

"Happily, the King, in a carriage, and accom-

panied by his sister, overtook me, and I mounted with them. His carriage stopped; we entered the inn; and there, in a little room, upon a mattress lain upon the ground, was Chartres, who at that moment was being bled. . . . .

"The death rattle had just begun. . . . . I said to the King, 'For mercy's sake let a priest be fetched, that my poor child may not die like a dog.' And I went for a moment into the little room upon the right, where, kneeling down, I prayed to God from the bottom of my soul, that if a victim were needed, He would take me, and spare the child so dear to us. . . . . Soon afterwards, Dr. Pasquier arrived. I said to him, 'Sir, if you believe the danger imminent, I beg you to tell me, so that my child may receive (the sacrament of) extreme unction.' He bowed his head, and said: 'Madame, it is time.'

"The Curé of Neuilly entered, and administered the Sacrament to him, whilst we all knelt around his pallet, praying and weeping. I unfastened from round my neck a little cross, which contained a portion of the true cross, and I placed it in the hand of my poor child. . . . . M. Pasquier rose and whispered something to the King; whereupon that venerable and unfortunate father, his face bathed in

tears, knelt down close to his first-born son, and, tenderly embracing him, cried out: 'Ah! were it but myself instead of this one!'

"I also drew near, and kissed our child thrice—once for myself, once for (his wife) Hélène, and once for his children.

"I placed the little cross, symbol of our redemption, upon his mouth, and afterwards I laid and left IT upon his heart."

As soon as possible the inanimate remains were transported, with all due marks of honour, to the chapel at Neuilly; the King, the Queen, and other sorrowing relatives following on foot. And there, as here already told, the widow of the Prince Royal, having arrived from Plombières, knelt down beside his coffin; there, as said his mother, whither at the moment which proved fatal to his life, he had been travelling in the fulness of health, of youth, of hope, and happiness, so that he might joyfully embrace the parents who now wept for his loss—a loss which France had cause to regret for herself.

So, at least, it was felt when by the revolution of 1848 Louis Philippe was dethroned as suddenly as by the revolution of 1830 he had been proclaimed king. Like his predecessor, Charles X., he abdicated in favour of his grandson.

Louis Philippe, with Queen Marie Amélie, the Duchesse d'Orléans, her two children, and other members of the royal family, were at the Tuileries when the revolution of February declared itself. The Duchesse d'Orléans, since the great sorrow of her life, had devoted herself entirely to the care of her two fatherless children; and, her sensitive nature over-refined by the suffering consequent on her premature widowhood, she had for some time past "felt rather than knew" that some great trouble was in store for France.

But when the King, finding the Château of the Tuileries surrounded by an insubordinate multitude, and the city in a state of perilous insurrection, declared, in presence of the Queen and herself, "I abdicate the crown, which I assumed according to the will of the nation, in favour of my grandson, the Comte de Paris," she earnestly besought his Majesty not to lay such a burthen upon the head of her child. And yet it was not from timidity that the Duchesse d'Orléans implored this; for, as many readers still remember, it was almost immediately after having uttered words which betokened her shrinking from power that she demonstrated a courage almost unprecedented in one of her gentle manners and fragile appearance.

It was about mid-day that the King declared his intention to abdicate. Previously, he had ridden forth in view of the troops drawn up in the Place du Carrousel, and in the courtyard of the Tuileries; but he had soon returned to the presence of the Queen and the princesses, who had anxiously watched him from the palace windows, and expressed his conviction—which was shared by as many of his sons who were then in Paris, and his aides-de-camp—that revolutionary excitement was already so rife, nothing could save France from self-destruction but his renunciation of the throne. To Queen Marie Amélie, and to her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orléans, this sudden abdication was terrible. Each of these princesses had experienced the worthlessness of human ambition; but they were both of them heroic women, and keenly sensitive in behalf of those they loved as to every untoward incident surrounding them. They threw themselves into each other's arms, speechless with emotion.

Those about the King, authorised by their official position to give him political advice, urged upon him the instant need of the step he was already prepared to take. "Abdicate, abdicate," said they; "there is not a moment to lose."

The King took the pen handed to him, and signed

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the act which dethroned him. The Queen watched this deed done; but just as it was accomplished, a stranger to the court who, in the midst of fast-increasing disorder, had found his way to the royal presence, cried out, rudely: "At last we have it!" The Queen suddenly rose, confronted this individual with the lofty determination of her great ancestress, Maria Theresa, and asked, in an accent of indescribable scorn: "Who are you, sir?"

"Madame," replied the stranger, "I am a provincial magistrate."

"Well," answered her Majesty, indicating the deed of abdication, "you 'have it,' as you say, and you will repent it."

The King believed that by immediately quitting France he might yet save her from anarchy, and he prepared at once to leave the Tuileries. The crowd had already forced itself into the Palace. He gave his arm to the Queen, and together they left that abode of their royalty, on foot, down the steps of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, and across the gardens, hoping to find a conveyance standing for hire beyond the gates. But, ere following them, it is time here to return to their widowed daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orléans.

She remained at the Tuileries, with her son, the

Comte de Paris, on one side of her, and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, on the other.

Some deputies arriving from the parliamentary Assembly then sitting, begged her at once to assume the regency. She replied that it was impossible for her to do so; that she had not strength for such a position. They again urged her, in behalf of French monarchy; but there was no time for further discussion at that moment, for a ferocious mob had already invaded the Tuileries; and, with the sense of immediate danger to herself and children, her courage rose.

She was just then passing down a long gallery, leading to her own apartments: a portrait of her husband hung there. She took her stand beneath this picture, holding her sons still by the hand, and without an attempt at flight, which still was possible for her and for them, she calmly said: "If we are to die, it must be here."

Her brother-in-law, the Duc de Nemours, was outside, beyond the palace garden gates, on horseback, unrecognized by the tumultuous throng, and fearfully anxious for the safety of the princess still within the walls of the palace. He knew that his parents had fled, he having assisted them in that flight; but his favourite brother's widow, her children, what was to become of them? Piercing through

the insurgent mob, at much danger to themselves, MM. Dupin and De Grammont succeeded in reaching the princess just at the moment when the sacking of the palace in which she stood was about to begin. They hastily made her understand that her brother Nemours was courageously doing his best to ensure safety for her beyond the walls. She felt that it would be madness any longer to resist; that her doing so would only expose all still dear to her to the risks of a horrible death; and then, though without a moment's loss of the calm deportment which, in the midst of danger, was nobly evinced by her, she passed out of the palace where she had known great joy and bitter grief, her children still by her side, and the two brave deputies above named still guarding her. Bayonets flashed before her, but she flinched not; and almost simultaneously with her leaving the Tuileries the mob forced its way into the innermost recesses of that château, in a manner which could scarcely have left her a chance of life, had she been still where she was standing but a few minutes before.

Her black dress, and a deep veil which she wore, helped possibly, by concealing her form and features, to secure her safety in the midst of the mob outside; but the more she beheld with her own eyes the

horror and confusion of the capital on her way to the Assembly, the more she heroically determined not to recoil any longer from assuming the regency in favour of her son, should it be there decreed that France might still be saved by her acceptance of the burthen.

Wherefore, to show herself with her children upon the Boulevards was her sudden wish, for instinctively she clung to the idea of loyalty on the part of Frenchmen, with whose chivalrous characteristics she did not confound those of the turbulent mob from which she had just escaped. But a cry (how began it would be difficult to say, but probably at the instigations of Messieurs Dupin and Grammont—possibly even from the Duc de Nemours himself, who was anxiously watching her, though far enough not to increase her peril)—a cry was suddenly heard: "A la Chambre! To the Assembly!"

This cry was vehemently echoed, and the Princess turned in the direction thus indicated to her. Whereupon other shouts were heard. "Vive la Duchesse d'Orléans!" "Vive le Comte de Paris!" And to the Assembly she went on foot, her elder son by her side, and his younger brother carried by M. Scheffer, whose National Guard uniform helped to protect him. The people, impressed

by her magnanimity, fell back before her as she advanced.

Let M. de Lamartine, the poet-politician, whose eloquence in the midst of the Assembly decided the fate of France during that eventful day's sitting, here speak of what he saw and heard there :—

"The lofty door which faces the tribune, to the height of the most elevated benches of the *salle*, opens. A woman appears : she is the Duchesse d'Orléans. She is attired in mourning. Her veil, half raised, reveals her countenance impressed by an emotion and sadness which enhance its youthfulness and charm. Her pale cheeks bear traces of a widow's tears, of a mother's anxieties. It is impossible for man to regard those features without sympathy : all resentment against monarchy evaporates at sight of it. The blue eyes of the Princess gaze, as though for a moment dazzled, into space, and seem to seek help. . . . . Her delicate and slender form bows in acknowledgment of the acclamations which greet her. A slight colour, the light of hope in adversity, and of joy in mourning, illumines her cheeks. Her smile of gratitude and her tears break forth together. She sees that she is amongst friends. With her right hand she holds the young king, who trips up the steps, her other

son, the little Duc de Chartres, is on her left hand —children, for whom their catastrophe is a spectacle. They both wear black cloth vests, with turned-back white collars, and look like living portraits by Van Dyck of the children of Charles I. The Duc de Nemours is at the side of the Duchesse d'Orléans, faithful to the memory of his brother in his nephews. . . . . The countenance of this Prince, ennobled by misfortune, is eloquent of the courageous but modest satisfaction of a duty accomplished at the peril of his ambition and his life.

"Some generals in uniform, some officers of the National Guard, are behind the Princess. With timid grace she bows to the Assembly; motionless she seats herself between her two children, at the foot of the tribune—innocent, though accused, before a tribunal without appeal, which had just heard the cause of royalty pleaded. At this moment that cause was gaining in the eyes and hearts of all. Nature will always triumph over policy in an assembly of men moved by the three great forces of woman over the human heart—youth, maternity, pity."

For a minute the Assembly, engaged just before in stormy discussion, was silent: nobody had courage to maintain opinions previously uttered against monarchy in presence of this Princess and her son,

who, by the recent abdication of Louis Philippe, was nominally King of the French. Contradictory opinions soon, however, made themselves heard; when M. Odilon Barrot, who had just been to the Tuileries, entered with, as says Lamartine, the fate of both republicanism and monarchy hanging upon his lips. "Upon the head of a child," he declared, "rests the crown of July."

"Vive le Comte de Paris!" was the cry which arose from amongst that vast assembly, but it was mingled with other cries antagonistic to it.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, however, heard that cry, and being, as it seemed, encouraged to do so by a whisper from the Duc de Nemours, she rose to speak. The Comte de Paris had, meantime, bowed, at her suggestion, to the Assembly, which had just echoed his name, and which had already applauded that of his mother, although hitherto she had not succeeded in making herself heard.

"She rises again," says Lamartine, "with more evident timidity, and holding in her hand a paper.

"A voice, clear, feminine, vibrating, but full of emotion, is heard from amidst the group surrounding her. It is the Duchess who demands the right to speak to the representatives of the nation. Who could have resisted that voice! Who would not have

felt the tears, which doubtless would have accompanied it, fall upon his heart?

"'We are come—my son and I are come," began the Princess, but the feeling of dread as to the influence she was about to gain over the Chamber caused various of its members, opposed to monarchy, to interrupt her.

Lamartine himself was at last called to the tribune. He bowed low towards that in which the Princess was seated. In peaceful days he had avoided her society, because, as a politician, he feared the charm of her influence over him as a poet. As a woman, she possessed his intense sympathy; as the representative of a cause to which he was strenuously opposed, he now found himself in the painful position of her enemy. He had no faith in the regency at that time; but, as he asked himself in that terrible moment of conflict betwixt his head and his heart—between his nature as poet and that of politician, "Is she not Queen already in imagination? Is she not equal to her destiny by all the force of her genius, her soul, and her tears?" Lamartine knew that on his voice that day of Louis Philippe's abdication would most probably depend the future of France; for, as he himself also says: The presence of the Duchess, her pallor, her beseeching look, her

children pressed against her heart, were in themselves more than half eloquent enough to subjugate an assembly of sensitive men. There she was before him, placed "between a tomb and a throne," and "what a triumph of the heart over reason, of nature over politics," to have proclaimed his devotion to her!

But Lamartine believed that at that moment of a crisis "which had raised the people, carried away the National Guard, overthrown the throne, expulsed the King, invoked universal suffrage, suspended labour, and thrown two hundred thousand starving workmen upon the pavement," a regency would never have developed peace, and have been fatal to the Princess-Regent herself.

With pain at his heart, Lamartine, summoned to the tribune, began to speak, but he was spared the Brutus-like self-suffering of finishing his speech, because, towards its close, an armed mob burst into the midst of the Chamber, and cut short all further discussion by violence. "Where is she? where is she?" was the menacing question; and almost instantly weapons, wielded by bare sinewy arms, and shouldered by ruffians mad with revolutionary epidemic thirst for blood, black—many of them—in the face with cannon-smoke and successful sacking of the Tuileries; some drunk, and some revengeful

in cool blood, pointed with deadly aim at the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children.

She showed no sign of fear, but calmly discussed with those immediately about her, and with some deputies who had succeeded in reaching the place where she sat, as to the course best to pursue.

The Chamber was quickly empty, most individuals composing its Assembly having sought safety in instant flight. Lamartine still stood in the place where this sudden irruption had found him, but it was not long tenable, despite his popularity.

The Duchess was advised to go at once to the President's house; and, in order to reach it, she was guided by M. Jules de Lasteyrie over benches which descended towards an exit unknown to the mob.

It was impossible to reassemble the Chamber, as she at one time hoped to do. Dangers on every side surrounded her; but once only did she lose the calmness of her courage, and that was when, for a brief interval, her son, the Comte de Paris, was snatched away from her, and her other child, the Duc de Chartres, was in danger of being trodden to death by the crowd. The one restored to her by loyal friends, and by them assured of the safety of the other, she proceeded to the Military Asylum of the Invalides as a place of refuge, M. de Lasteyrie driving her thither

in an open carriage, which he accidentally found, and two National Guards accompanying her.

At the Invalides, however, there was no rest for her. The governor of that hospital was ill, and she saw that in any case it was not capable of defence, as for the moment she hoped it might have been, when she said, "At all events this loyal abode will do to die in;" and then, turning to the Comte de Paris, she proudly added, "A king, if only a king nine years of age, ought to know how to die."

But she would not allow the lives of others uselessly to be exposed for her or the cause of her son and upon the evening of that terribly eventful day she, still guarded by her brother-in-law, Nemours, and other faithful friends, who gloried in running great risks for her sake, left the Invalides, on her way out of Paris, on foot, having previously refused to disguise herself, "because," said she, "if I be captured I will be captured as myself."

It was feared that the elegance of her dress, albeit only a black dress, would betray her. She consented to have its costly lace stripped off, and then she set forth on her dreary journey towards the frontier of the land which she had entered in hope and happiness as a bride, but which she now left a widow and an exile.

To the last moment of her stay in France, the land of her adoption and her love, she forgot not her royal duties towards the son of her husband whom she never ceased to mourn; "For," said she to loyal French friends, who accompanied her on the few first stages of the way, and then were forced to bid her a painful farewell, "if the day arrive, sooner or later, that you need me, I will come back."

Her prayers were always for France and for her children. She freely forgave the seeming faults by which the former had expulsed her; and, though of meek and gentle disposition as woman, her one ambition as princess was to train her sons to become some day worthy of the high destiny to which they had been born.

She turned her face towards the land of her birth, but determined, as a French princess by marriage, that she would accept no favours, either for herself or for her two sons who accompanied her, from German relatives. Whilst journeying on, therefore, under painful vicissitudes, too numerous here to mention, she found herself and her children, at Cologne and elsewhere, in very straitened circumstances.

Her step-mother, whom she loved as though she had been her own, journeyed to meet her—a touching

proof of maternal devotion on the part of this aged and noble lady.

By her, and more for her sake than her own, the Duchesse d'Orléans consented to "accept the shelter of a roof," and at last found something like a home at Eisenach.

Meantime, her "other mother," Queen Marie Amélie, had been cruelly anxious about her, and that there was mutual cause for solicitude let the exiled King Louis Philippe here explain, merely prefacing that explanation by mention of the facts that after the flight of the aged King and Queen from the Tuileries, after their travelling under dangerous circumstances, in various hired conveyances—after their pausing at the royal burial-place of Dreux, there to bid farewell to the tombs of their dead children, and where the Queen kissed, whilst lingering especially near it, that enclosing the remains of her first-born son, the Duc d'Orléans, declaring her belief at this sad moment preceding her exile, that if he had lived, all the horrors of revolution, then rife in France, would not have happened—after a brief, but painfully necessitous separation between these royal fugitives on their way from France—a separation which secured the safety of the King, but tore the heart of the Queen with terror as to his fate (she being mean-

time condemned to live in an obscure residence in a remote spot, where hours of anxiety were shared only by her one female attendant and General Dumas, the devoted friend of the King), they at last met again, and, disguised, were about to embark from Havre to England, after a short preliminary steamboat journey up the Seine. But let the exiled King, who was travelling under the name of William Smith, here speak:

"The night was dark, and as we were the first to enter the boat, I placed myself on the starboard, between Mr. Jones and Thuret,* upon a bench backed by ship-netting. The Queen seated herself upon the larboard, and passengers walking to and fro helped to separate us. . . . .

"There was one man going hither and thither with a lanthorn, asking to look at the passengers' tickets, and also seeking a sort of subscription in behalf of a band of music, with singers and songstresses. . . . But to each demand made to me I invariably replied, always in English, that I did not understand French, though Mr. Jones, towards

* Mr. Jones, of whom the King here speaks, in the text above, was the Vice-Consul at Havre, who had combined with Mr. Featherstonhaugh (Chief Consul) in assisting the flight of Louis Philippe on board the "Express," then lying off Havre. Thuret, at whose side the King sat, was his Majesty's valet-de-chambre.

whom I pointed, would say or do all that was necessary. . . . Upon the quay of Havre were a great many people. Mr. Featherstonhaugh was there awaiting me; and, said he to me, whilst cordially shaking my hand, 'Well, uncle, how are you?' 'Quite well, thank you, George,' replied I to him; and, continuing to talk in English, we made for the point—the most distant of the quay—where the *Express* awaited us; passing, meantime, close to a gendarme, who neither asked me for my passport, nor paid any attention either to me or the Queen, who was following at a short distance behind me.

"We reached a little covered staircase, down which we descended. At the foot of it we found ourselves in the inner cabins of the *Express*. Then Mr. Featherstonhaugh said to me, whilst pressing my hand, 'Now, thank God, you are safe;' and I replied by the same expression of gratitude to God and towards those who had so effectually contributed in withdrawing me from the cruel position in which I had found myself for a week past. The Queen arrived almost at this same moment; her emotion was evident, and she threw herself into my arms. Messieurs Benson and Adolphe d'Houdétot* prostrated them-

* Brother of Count Houdétot, the King's aide-de-camp, and the Receiver of Finance at Havre.

selves at her feet, and joined in our thanks to Providence."

It was quite time that the King, who thus narrates his own adventures, was on board the British *Express*; for close upon his fugitive steps detectives, in service of the newly-cradled Republic, were following.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh thus rescued his Majesty (who had, since his flight from the Tuileries, successively assumed the names of M. Lebrun and Mr. William Smith, pretending under the latter to be the uncle of Mr. Featherstonhaugh), and now at last assured of the safety of the King and Queen on board an English vessel, he told them that their sons, the Duc de Montpensier and the Duc de Nemours, with various other members of their large family, were already safe in England. Great was the joy of their Majesties on hearing this intelligence; but with none the less anxiety did they ask—and for the moment ask in vain—what had become of their daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orléans, and her children.

The *Express* sailed forth safely from Havre, but such storms were raging at the time that it was not until the morning of the third day of March, and after a dangerous passage across the Channel, Queen Marie Amélie and her husband arrived at Newhaven. They were greeted by all classes of people with the

enthusiastic cry of "Welcome to England!" King Louis Philippe at once wrote to Queen Victoria that he had ventured to seek shelter on her shores, and that, remembering, as he gratefully did, the hospitality formerly rendered in Great Britain to him as the Duc d'Orléans, he trusted that now, as Comte de Neuilly, he might still find a home on British territory.

An answer to this appeal reached the writer of it as soon as possible, and their exiled Majesties were deeply touched by the noble generosity of the Queen of England, who offered the well-known residence of Claremont to them as an instant retreat for themselves and family.

Thither Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie bent their way, but here, ere entering Claremont with them, let the reader pause on its threshold to remember how an intimate friendship had, some few years before, been formed between them and Queen Victoria, when the latter, at that time radiant with happiness as wife, and mother, and Queen, visited France.

"What a delightful visit!" exclaimed she, when speaking of it to Lady Cowley, the wife of her own then ambassador; "what a delightful visit!" M. Guizot still (1873) declares that never in his life can he forget the look of life, and love, and joy

which animated her Majesty whilst eagerly entering into all the amusements, simple though some of them were, prepared for her during that brief but happy stay at the Château d'Eu. And M. Auguste Trognon, the devoted adherent of the Orléanist French royal family, a sharer in its exile, and the trusted friend of Queen Marie Amélie to the last, here, speaking of that visit, explains that there was something in the intercourse of the septuagenarian King with his visitor, the Queen, then but twenty-four summers old, a mingled expression of paternity and respect which could not fail to impress the beholder. Neither did her Britannic Majesty find herself less happy in the society of the Queen of the French, for the latter was unwearied in her kindly manifestations of affectionate welcome, whilst the charm of her grand though unaffected manners — of that dignity which had caused Talleyrand to style her "the last grande dame of France," gave an air of exquisite refinement to every scene in which she took a part, though that scene lay only in the midst of her own family circle.

Neither ought it here to be forgotten that a cordial intimacy had subsisted between the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and Louis Philippe, when that French prince, during the political proscription

of his youth, had resided in England. Nor need any English reader be reminded that Leopold, King of the Belgians, widower of the Princess Charlotte of England, kinsman to Queen Victoria, and formerly resident at Claremont, had, by his second marriage with the French Princesse Louise, become son-in-law to King Louis Philippe.

Additional ties of relationship had also been recently formed between the royal family of England and the Orléans branch of the royal family of France, just at the time when the then young and happy Queen Victoria first visited France, by the marriage of the Princesse Clémentine with the Duke Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

It is not likely that the Queen of England, loyal as she is in her affections, forgot any of the facts here above glanced at, when, in the generosity of her heart, and in accordance with her noble power of sympathy, she offered Claremont as a home to her old friends, the King and Queen of the French, immediately after their exile from France by the revolution of 1848.

They gratefully accepted the offer ; but nevertheless it was in a state of much distress that they first entered the home provided for them ; for not only were they deprived almost of the daily necessaries of

life by their unpremeditated flight from the Tuileries, but their hearts were still racked by anxiety as to the fate of some of their children ; for the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville were in Algeria at the time when their father was dethroned by sudden revolution (both of them having previously manifested great courage in Africa and elsewhere), and, as yet, no intelligence of the fate of these two brave Princes had reached England.

Upon the night, however, of the 20th or 21st of March, they arrived at Claremont, to the great joy of the Queen, who, just about to seek rest at the moment, ran down into the hall, so as to be the first to welcome them to this home of her and their exile. They found her bereft of all luxuries habitual to her, but she accepted her fate with noble resignation ; her habitual piety forbade complaint ; her mind was too lofty for the expression of any regret about "trifles,' as she deemed most mundane things ; and, still clad in the plain black dress which she happened to be wearing at the moment she quitted her palace of the Tuileries, and compelled—for want of space—to live almost in the midst of her own limited household, she never appeared more truly "grande dame" than at that time ; and, as for the dress just mentioned, she learnt so to respect it as being that last worn by

her in France, that here, it may as well at once be mentioned, she now (1873) still wears it in her English grave; for by her own desire she was clothed in it for her burial.

Yes; the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville had arrived at Claremont; others, also, of the French Princes, their children, their wives, and sisters.

But the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, where were they?

Not until the early summer of 1849 did they arrive, having, as here previously explained, remained at Eisenach after their forced flight from France. Since that time the Duchesse d'Orléans had written (date, July, 1848) the following words, which are strangely applicable to much more recent times:—

". . . . . The men now in power have saved France; they are re-establishing order, they are taking wise and energetic measures; but . . . . I fear that the country is destined to pass through many successive crises before it is settled on any solid and stable foundation. Poor France! Great in her misfortunes, great in her glory; extreme in everything!"

When Queen Marie Amélie and her widowed daughter-in-law, Helen of Orléans, at last met again in England, the land of their exile, profound was the

emotion on both sides. Could either of these royal women—the one still young, the other quite old—forget the grave of the one mutually dear to them—that far-off, and to them inaccessible grave of the husband of the one, the son of the other? The memory of the beloved being reposing in that grave—calm amidst the revolution and fiercely feverish changes of the country over which it was hoped that he would have reigned as King, united these two women—his widow and his mother,—despite all differences in their faith, and age, and native land. His children, also, were living bonds of union between them.

Queen Marie Amélie delighted in observing the growth and mental development of these two children,—the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, when their mother brought them to her at Claremont; nor did her exiled Majesty forget even the loving *sobriquet* which, in happier days, at the Tuileries, she had given to the Duc de Chartres, for, resting her hand upon his young head, she still called him "My little Chevalier."

The Duchesse d'Orléans, although in religion herself a Lutheran, was most conscientious in educating these two sons of hers in the faith of their forefathers. Strict in morality, pure as a child herself in conduct, undeviating in the practical exercise of her own faith,

she nevertheless was so liberal in that noble heart of hers, which had been deeply wounded, both as woman and as princess, that she was incapable of limiting her belief in the mercies of the God whom she sought as a refuge to any one of the many forms by which, in all sincerity, His numberless creatures seek to worship Him. When, therefore, the time came for her first-born son, the Comte de Paris, to receive his first Communion (July 20, 1850), she, having already shared with him the prayerful observances preliminary to that event, was present upon the occasion. But, thanks to the memory of one (herebefore quoted) who personally knew and loved her well, let the princess here speak for herself:—

"To the little French chapel in London we went, followed by the King and Queen, their family, and the many faithful friends who had come expressly from France to witness the event. Paris was placed at the foot of the Altar, before a *Prie-Dieu* surmounted with a lighted taper, between the King and me. On his left arm he wore a white scarf, the emblem of purity. After a touching exhortation addressed to him by the Abbé Guelles, Mass was performed by Dr. Wiseman, who, before the moment of Communion, also addressed some solemn words to him.

"The dear boy was led to the Altar by the Abbé Guelles.* With a devout reverence my son knelt down, and received the body of the Lord. . . .

"As he was passing back on his way to the Prie-Dieu, the King raised his hand in token of his blessing, but the dear child turned towards me, and never shall I forget the earnest look with which he regarded me. . . . We left the chapel. . . . At two o'clock we all returned thither—all except the King, whose health requires great care.

"Vespers were chanted, . . . after which Paris read the renewal of his baptismal vows. . . . . After this we returned home, with hearts full of gratitude to God, who loves and blesses His children."

Neither Queen Marie Amélie nor the Duchesse d'Orléans could possibly forget upon this day, which marked an epoch in the life of the young Comte de Paris, how his baptism had been performed with such pomp at Notre Dame, that the ceremonial of it was said to have afforded the first occasion "when the royalty of July showed itself in that cathedral at the

* Before the departure of the family of King Louis Philippe from the Tuileries, the spiritual guidance of the Comte de Paris was entrusted to the Abbé Guelles. Since then this much reverenced ecclesiastic had, from time to time, resumed his sacred duties towards the young Prince, whether in Germany or in England, according to circumstances attendant on the exile of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and by which her place of abode was dictated.

foot of altars"; and for the Queen there was then a double cause of thankfulness, because the Duc d'Aumale, at the head of his regiment in Africa, was about that time saved first from the danger of a severe illness, and afterwards from attempted assassination.

Memories such as these were closely associated with the event of the Comte de Paris receiving his first Communion "in the little French chapel in London"; but not long after he had done so, the gravest anxieties beset the royal exiles at Claremont regarding the evidently fast failing health of the King, and also concerning that of his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians—that daughter so tenderly beloved by all her family, and so constantly, if possible, present whenever any member of it was in sorrow, need, or sickness, that she was regarded by her parents and kindred as "the angel."

The Duchesse d'Orléans had, in the course of this year (1850), taken up her abode at Richmond; far from constitutionally strong herself, various changes of climate were occasionally proposed to and sometimes adopted by her, but her anxiety and her duty, as she deemed it, were with her dead husband's relatives, and therefore the country of their exile became eventually her country.

Dr. de Mussy, since well known and highly esteemed in London, was the medical attendant of the royal exiles even before the last illness of Louis Philippe; and the circumstances of his introduction at Claremont were originally so remarkable as doing credit to his professional perception, that to relate them it may be pardonable here to go back in point of time.

Not long after their ex-Majesties had taken up their abode at Claremont, the Queen, the princes and princesses, and various members of the household were seized with a distressing illness, causing constant pains and sickness, but of which the cause seemed inscrutable. By some these miseries were attributed to change of climate, by others to mental distress consequent upon exile; but at last the celebrated M. Chomel (formerly medical adviser at the Tuileries) arrived from Paris at Claremont, and with him he brought his pupil, Dr. Henri Gueneau de Mussy.

The latter, having investigated symptoms, at once declared his opinion that they were the result of poison. It was a bold thing to say, because if poison, and that to such an extent as to peril the lives of a whole family—guests, so to speak, of the Queen of England—by whom and why administered?

Dr. de Mussy was nevertheless inflexible on the point, and forthwith proceeded to examine the sanitary

condition of Claremont, its air and water. Having applied various tests in vain, he at last descended into the kitchens of the château, and there he found reason to suspect that in the water used for culinary purposes was the source of evil. He consequently caused the pipes through which this water was conveyed into the house to be laid bare, and in them (owing most probably to repairs at some time or other done to them by unscientific workmen) was a deposit of poisonous lead (*acétate de plomb*), which sufficiently explained the apparently epidemic illness of the royal sufferers, who henceforth became his patients.

Without further entering here into the particulars of this episode which first taught them to appreciate his keen intelligence, it need only be said that Dr. de Mussy was henceforth inseparably connected with the various events, whether of life or death, awaiting his illustrious friends at Claremont. Therefore, when in the month of August, 1850, the King had reason to suppose that the last scene of his long and eventful life was close at hand, it was Dr. de Mussy who attended him, and upon whom the painful duty devolved of informing the Queen that no human skill could avert the widowhood which awaited her. The Queen forthwith sought the divine strength which she needed. At the foot of the altar, which had been

consecrated according to her creed in the abode of her exile, she knelt ; for to her it was of supreme importance that her husband, the father of her children, he beside whom she had spent a faithful lifetime of mingled joy and grief since the far-off day of their nuptials at Palermo, should die—if die he must—in full confession, and according to all the rites of the Roman Catholic faith ; and she believed it to be her most solemn duty to do all that she could do in helping to achieve this result. She sought strength in prayer ; then, kneeling by the bedside of her husband, she revealed to him the immediate danger of his condition, and besought him to seek help beyond the aid of man. But it is fitting that one who personally participated in the sad scenes of that eventful time should here speak of it as follows :—" Although never afraid of death he " (the King) " still clung to life ; as head of his family, as husband, even if not as King, he believed himself still to be of some use in this world. He had desired to live ; but from the moment that the testimony of the doctor confirmed that of the Queen, and when, notwithstanding all that gentle language could do to soften the announcement to him, he comprehended the decree which was signified to him, ' That is to say, I may take leave,' said he in a calm tone of gentle gaiety, and henceforth he

thought but of dying. Nevertheless, it came into his mind that, some four or five months before, he had left a page of his *Mémoires* unfinished . . . . he wished, ere closing his eyes, to finish this page, and therefore caused his dear and faithful fellow-worker, General Dumas, to be summoned. 'I must be gone,' said he to him, when he entered; 'I must be gone (*il faut partir*); I have received my sentence'; and, with a freezingly cold and tremulous hand, he handed to him the key of his portfolio, so that he might seek his manuscript. Their work lasted some time, and, during the course of it, the sick man displayed the most wonderful precision and firmness of intellect, going even so far as to discuss with the General certain forms of editing it. The work done, he desired to be left alone with the Queen for a quarter of an hour, in order to dictate to her certain testamentary dispositions relative to some of his friends. He signed this deed, but in a handwriting no longer legible. He had done with the things of time; he turned towards those of eternity. The Abbé Guelles, whom he had caused to come from Paris, under the title of his Almoner, was now introduced.* It was three o'clock in the

* The name of the Abbé Guelles occurs in a previous page of this work, as assisting, a short time before the death of King Louis Philippe, at the first communion—in London—of the Comte de Paris, his former pupil at the Tuileries.

afternoon: the abbé found the King seated in his large arm-chair, and conversing with the Queen. The latter retired, and immediately afterwards the King said, in a very firm voice, despite his weakness: 'My dear abbé, I wish to accomplish that which I have promised. I possess all my faculties; I am aware of the duties which conscience requires of me; I have a perfect knowledge of what I do.'* And, before the abbé demanded it of him, he made the sign of the cross, and, in the most explicit and complete form, pronounced the profession of the Catholic faith. . . . . When, afterwards, the holy words of absolution were uttered over him, the humble penitent accompanied them by an act of contrition, the expressions of which were wrung from his heart, and which he articulated slowly, in a tone of compunction and of faith, which attested the entire lucidity of his thought. 'You have done me good,' said he then to the abbé; 'but hasten to give me the *viatique*, for I feel that I am going.'

"Whilst the priest was bringing the consecrated

* It was the Abbé Guelles himself, who, in obedience to a request of Queen Marie Amélie, made a note of the circumstances above related. Upon the morrow—or upon the next day but one—after the death of the King, this note was made; and by her Majesty it was subsequently confided to M. Auguste Trognon, to whom thanks are due for the original of the above translation.

Host and the holy oils from the chapel, the Queen had returned to the presence of her husband, and, with her, the princes and princesses of the royal family. All knelt, shedding tears in respectful silence, and the dying man received the Holy Communion.

"'You do me good,' he repeated. . . . . 'Now grant me extreme unction.'

"Whilst this sacrament was being administered to him, he followed all its rites with concentrated attention, and even joined with his voice in its prayers . . . then, turning to the Queen, he said to her—

"'Thou art well content? . . . and I am so likewise.'

"'Yes,' replied she, 'I am well content, for I hope soon to rejoin thee'; and, whilst uttering those words, her countenance was illumined with strange radiance. . . . ."

At eight o'clock on the following morning the King was still alive. During the intervening night he had slept a little, and had seemed pleased with the intelligent conversation of Dr. de Mussy; but the last moments were at hand; the Abbé Guelles was again at the side of the dying, exiled, monarch; the aged Queen was kneeling in prayer close to the husband about to pass away from her for ever in this world; the Duchesse d'Orléans was also there with her two

sons ; likewise the other princes and princesses of the House of Orléans then resident at Claremont.

At a little past eight o'clock King Louis Philippe ceased to breathe. Queen Marie Amélie herself closed his eyes—those eyes which in years long by-gone but doubtless vividly present to her agonized memory at that moment, had looked upon her with love when he and she were both still young under the sunny sky of Italy.

Louis Philippe, " ex-King of the French," was dead. No revolutions on this earth and amongst all its shifting politics, no " madness of the many for the gain of the few " could trouble him more. And, having closed his eyes in loving and pious reverence, his widow turned to his children and grand-children, who were praying, weeping, near her, and said :

" HIS last thought, the last wish which he expressed to me, was that you may for ever remain united. Promise me that so it shall be."

They promised ; and then they all gathered round her, saying, " From this day forth you shall be our centre ; we will never leave you ! "

Not many weeks after the death of her father, the Queen of the Belgians died. Queen Marie Amélie had exhibited a noble fortitude, a strength so above this world that it had gained for her the title of " the

strong woman of Holy Writ," since following the remains of her husband to the grave of his exile in the little English chapel of Weybridge ; and now, upon the 8th day of October in the same year she embarked at Ostend in order to be present at the death-bed of her most cherished daughter, the "angel of the family." The Duchesse d'Orléans accompanied Queen Marie Amélie upon this occasion. The sons, and other members of the aged Queen's family also. But it is the Duchesse d'Orléans who here speaks, three days after the death of the much-loved Queen of the Belgians, her sister-in-law :

"It were useless to attempt to describe to you, how desolate we all feel at the loss of our earthly providence. God has taken our good angel from us. He knows what is best, but His designs are impenetrable."

And it is Queen Marie Amélie who writes :

"May the will of God be done ! We have an angel the more in heaven ; but I remain more unhappy than ever upon earth."

And it is one of the brothers of the amiable Queen of the Belgians, a son of Queen Marie Amélie, who writes :

. . . . "She is dead, with her great heart, thinking only of others until her last moment. She has accom-

plished her task in this world; no ordeal has been spared to her; and it is that which has killed her. But, at least, her death has been surrounded by consolations. She died happily—happy even in the evident regret of her husband, so cold ordinarily, but whom she loved so tenderly; happy in seeing us all near her; happy, after a life of suffering, to be delivered from its bondage. . . . . The grief of the Queen" (Marie Amélie) "is immense. But think of all that she suffers! Yesterday, for example, the sounds of the coffin being nailed down, were audible in her room during all the afternoon. She thinks of preserving herself only but for us—we who have just lost the one whose heart was the refuge of all our griefs! . . . ."

And again writes the Duchesse d'Orléans about Queen Marie Amélie:

"Our mother! Could you but see her! She astonishes us all by her words of resignation and of faith. In heaven are all her thoughts; and her sole care is that her children may find a place there, and that she may be prepared to follow."

When afterwards the Duchesse d'Orléans, then back again in England, heard how France, under the Second Empire, had adopted a government exclusive of her own sons, she not only marvels at the submission of Queen Marie Amélie, but, for a fleeting moment,

seems almost irritated by it ; " for," writes she, " everything gives me pain ; yes, everything, even the sanctity of our admirable Queen. . . . . She has a word of indulgence and of charity for everybody."

Yet, not less so the writer of these words herself ; for once when somebody in presence of the Duchesse d'Orléans repeated, or attempted to repeat, some anecdote unworthy of the Empress Eugénie, whose fair fame it concerned, she indignantly demanded silence, and forbade that henceforth anybody should presume to speak to her of that illustrious lady save in terms of the respect due to her. The winter of the year 1856 was passed by the Duchesse d'Orléans in Italy. Her health, never strong, and less so especially since her widowhood, was the subject of anxiety to all save herself. In Italy, she found physical relief and much intellectual joy ; for, although German by birth and Lutheran by religion, she was ardent, poetic, in character, and to her the glorious sights of the south of Europe, its treasures of art and nature, its blue sky and balmy air were so precious that they seemed to infuse in her fresh life. But to England she came back again, and then after a time she took up her abode (always in the neighbourhood of her dead husband's family) at a villa called Cranbourne House, near the Thames. She liked Richmond, but

this new residence of hers in that vicinity was damp and gloomy. Such impression, however (justly declares one who knew and loved this princess well—one, from whose memories of her, quotations have been acknowledged in these pages), this impression was soon effaced by the charm, the grace, the cheerfulness, and elegance, which she invariably imparted to every place inhabited by her; but hitherto she had lived for her two sons; in their education she had found the exalted duties which had sustained her under sorrow; and both of them had now arrived at an age, and each of them had so profited by her companionship, that she felt a time had come when they no longer needed her constant care.

Nevertheless, when either of them was in trouble, or sickness, needful in any way of sympathy, she was prompt to aid or to comfort; and therefore, when during the month of May, 1858, the Duc de Chartres fell ill, she was unwearied in her attendance upon him.

He soon recovered, but his mother seemed suddenly to have lost much of her own physical strength, never great. In mind, she was as bright, if not brighter, than ever; and her weakness of body, to which she paid no attention herself, was attributed to her having taken cold. Upon Sunday, the 9th of

May, a guest from Paris arrived at Cranbourne House, and so animated was the Duchesse in conversation that it seemed impossible for anything serious to be the matter with her.

Yet, in the course of the ensuing week, a rapid declension of physical strength was evident; she was reluctantly compelled to remain in her own sleeping apartment, because change of air brought on fits of coughing with consequent exhaustion. Her chief pleasure was derived from the society of her two sons. "At least, let me look at them," she would say, when warned against too much conversation.

Dr. de Mussy, whose name has so often occurred in the course of these pages, was in attendance upon her, but no immediate danger was apprehended. Just at that time much anxiety was felt at Claremont on account of an illness from which Queen Marie Amélie was suffering; and here it must be remembered how both her Majesty and the Duchesse d'Orléans had for some months past been depressed by the sudden death of the Duchesse de Nemours, dear indeed to both their hearts.*

* In the month of November the beautiful and truly estimable Duchesse de Nemours gave birth to a daughter. There was a tradition at Claremont (derived, doubtless, from the well-known unfortunate fate of its former inhabitant, the Princess Charlotte of England) that no mother of a child born there would prosper. The Duchesse de

In her the Queen had lost a most beloved daughter-in-law, and the Duchesse d'Orléans a sister —all the more prized by her because of the brotherly affection which had formerly existed between her own ever-lamented husband and the Duc de Nemours, who, ever since the days of her widowhood, had been a true support to her. The knowledge of his sorrow was painful to her and to the Queen, and it is more than probable that this new family affliction had much affected the health of both the one and the other. When, therefore, the Duchesse d'Orleans lay ill at Cranbourne House, Richmond, in the month of May, 1858, the exiled Queen at Claremont was herself so extremely far from well, that whatever anxiety had begun to be felt there concerning her daughter-in-law was concealed from her as much as possible. "I have been often like this," the Duchesse d'Orléans herself said, with a sweet and patient smile to those of her own household who manifested signs of fear when listening to her cough and witnessing her frequent fainting fits,—"I have so often been

Nemours, however, rapidly recovered from the event which added to her already great happiness. On the 10th day of November she was conversing gaily with her husband as to her hopes of soon again being in the midst of the family circle; he had scarcely left her, she being then at her toilette and in the act of arranging her magnificent hair, when he was suddenly recalled to her side, and found that she was dead.

like this." And truly—as says one who knew her well—her ardent soul had ever been too powerful for its fragile covering, that delicate body which it consumed.

On the evening of the 18th of May her two sons came in as usual to wish her good-night. "My children, God bless you!" said she to them, and they left her, not thinking that her voice, so beloved by them, would never again be heard by them on earth.

Dr. de Mussy, however, was alarmed at her extreme debility, and determined to remain during that night under her roof, although her thoughts and fears were still all for others and not for herself. With her own hand she offered to the nurse in attendance upon her some wine which had been prescribed for her, saying, "You need strength not less than I do." And when, by the reflection of a mirror in her chamber, she perceived that one of her ladies-in-waiting was standing behind the bed-curtain, she said to Dr. de Mussy, in a tone of tender playfulness, "Dear doctor, pray make her sit down. She forgets that I can see her in the glass, still standing."

Presently, when roused from time to time to take the remedies needed, and finding Dr. de Mussy still

in assiduous attendance upon her, she observed his anxious countenance, and seemed surprised to be thought "so very ill."

"I have a wish to sleep—I should like to rest," she said, with her usual sweetness. "I wish to rest."

Madame de Beauvoir, her friend and devoted attendant, was possibly deluded by hope of speedy convalescence when hearing these words; but not so Dr. de Mussy, for, retiring into an adjoining apartment, he at once proceeded to write to Claremont and elsewhere his apprehensions of a fatal result.

Meanwhile, it was hoped that the Duchesse d'Orléans, who had so craved for rest, was sleeping. Not a sound was heard in her chamber, but the stillness was so extreme, that the lady left to watch the invalid felt an ominous shiver of fear pass through her, and she quickly sought Dr. de Mussy, albeit even whilst doing so afraid to awaken the Princess.

But alas! no need to fear that; for when, a moment afterwards, the physician came in and looked at his patient, he saw that she had ceased to breathe.

He immediately summoned her sons; but neither the Comte de Paris nor the Duc de Chartres could at first realize the fact that their beloved mother

was dead. It was difficult even for more experienced eyes to discover the awful truth, for this Princess, this once fond wife and faithful widow, this devoted mother and kind friend, reposed in peace, looking younger than she had done in the later years of her troubled and eventful life, because all traces of time and grief were smoothed from her always sweet and still smiling face since that mysterious moment of her noiseless, though sudden passage from earth to heaven.

Hélène, Duchesse d'Orléans, was dead, and in death she was so lovely, that the sight of her could not fail to recall how, in her early youth, the poet Goëthe had looked upon her face as on something most pure and ideal in its dawning charm ; how the poet Lamartine had gazed upon that face as expressing something most touching and yet sublime when, as a young though widowed mother, she heroically braved all danger for the sake of the children bequeathed to her care.

Nor was the sense of sacred trust towards them ever dormant in her ; for, though an exile herself as they were, she had, at a date considerably before her death, gathered together all the worldly treasures still remaining to her, and by a will (which, in its every clause, evinces the justice not less than the

tenderness of her character) divided these between them.

At Weybridge (1873) she lies buried, far away from the beloved husband whose premature death she so passionately mourned, but near to that husband's father, and also to her beloved sister-in-law.

A mystery did it seem even to the saintly Queen Marie Amélie that that grave at Weybridge had not re-opened to receive her rather than either of her daughters-in-law—the Duchesse de Nemours, or the Duchesse d'Orléans ; and it was a great pain to her aged Majesty not to have been present during the last illness of the latter, for not long since had she travelled from Claremont into Switzerland sooner than be absent from her eldest son's widow when the Duchesse d'Orléans met with an accident (a fall from a carriage) at Lausanne ; and yet, when dying at a short distance from her, she had been—as here already told—prevented from manifesting last tokens of love and sympathy towards her.

But, with this new and unexpected grief, more duties devolved upon the venerable Queen ; for though the Duchesse d'Orléans had suddenly passed away from earth, her sons remained. The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were con-

ducted to their grandmother at Claremont. She was confined to her bed by the illness from which she was still suffering, but the sight of these orphan princes, her intense sympathy for youths weeping as they were for the loss of the mother who had consecrated her existence to them, inspired the Queen with a wish still to live on for their sakes, and to continue—as far as her advanced years made possible to her—the care from which they had hitherto derived such great advantages.

Many readers will here remember the sight of this royal and venerable lady, still taking an interest in works of art and industry at the London International Exhibition of 1862, and if so, they will rightly and readily infer that she delighted in associating herself to the last with all that could charm or elevate the minds of the grandchildren who clustered round her. In travel she had also taken intelligent pleasure as long as her strength permitted, and this never more so than when she paid a long visit to her son, the Duc de Montpensier.

The climate of her native Italy and that of Spain were congenial to her; and, intensely religious as she was by nature and by the severe discipline of her long and chequered life, she deemed it a great privilege to enter lofty cathedrals where she could

worship in sun-lit aisles according to the faith of her ancestors.

But, shut out from France, it was in England that she formed her permanent home, and in the society of England's Queen found frequent consolation.

It was in the month of July, 1857, that Queen Marie Amélie crossed the Channel for the last time. The voyage was but a short one, for it was only to Belgium; but the object of it was important, for nothing less than the marriage of the Archduke Maximilian with her granddaughter, child of her own best-beloved child, the late Queen of the Belgians, caused her to undertake it. To her the idea of this marriage was most agreeable, not only because she recognized and admired in the bridegroom noble qualities which, she thought, could not fail to ensure the happiness of his wife, but likewise because of the Austrian blood which flowed in his veins—that same blood which he, like herself, derived from their great ancestress, Maria Theresa. Yet, when this young kinsman of hers came some time afterwards with his wife to Claremont, there to take farewell of Queen Marie Amélie ere their departure for Mexico, her Majesty was deeply depressed by gloomy forebodings as to their fate in the far-off land over which they were called to reign as Emperor and Empress.

That these forebodings were subsequently realized to the most awful extent, the world at large now knows only too well; but the youthful Emperor and Empress did not share in them, when, full of confidence as to a glorious future, full of splendid intentions as to doing great things for the people and the land over whom and which they were prepared to rule with a most just and elevated intelligence, they paid their parting visit to Claremont, and there knelt at the feet of their aged and saintly relative in order to receive her blessing. "They will be assassinated," declared Queen Marie Amélie; and so great was the prophetic emotion of the latter, that at last the brave Archduke was, for a moment, almost appalled by it. His wife, then little dreaming that a fate even worse than assassination was in store for her—a fate worse than death in the midst of life—was so buoyant with hope, that for her was there no pain, save that of parting with her dear and dead mother's kind family at Claremont.

Thence went forth this Prince and Princess—the one full of life and intellect, courage and mercy, to be shot down dead, like the meanest thing on earth; and the other, full of love and youth, of magnanimity and intelligence, to come back to Europe in order to plead his cause—a noble cause, pleaded with all the

eloquence of a true wife's affection, of a high sense of right against barbaric might—but pleaded in vain, and then to sink into the madness of despair, to watch for the return of the husband whom she loved, whom she had tried to serve and to save, but who was dead, though, in the death of her own mind, she knew it not.

It was with prophetic pain that Queen Marie Amélie parted with the Emperor Maximilian and his wife ; but from the marriages of her two grandsons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, she found consolation, as one who had long been honoured by her confidence will here explain.

" It was with pleasure that the Queen welcomed the return of the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres from America, where, in the midst of the perils of a formidable war, her anxiety had followed them during eight months. She was happy that the two Princes, satisfied at having done honour to the name they bore, returned to their family with intentions of marriage. By such they fulfilled the dearest wishes of their ancestress, who every day implored God that as He had left her so long a time upon earth she might be permitted, before her death, to behold the *établissement* of her grandchildren.

"The Duc de Chartres, touched by the charms of his cousin, the Princesse Françoise, daughter of the Prince de Joinville, gained her consent, with that of her parents, and, upon the 11th day of June, 1863, their union was celebrated in the little chapel of Kingston. . . . Some months afterwards the Comte de Paris started for Seville, for the purpose of demanding from his uncle, the Duc de Montpensier, the hand of the Infanta Isabella, and, upon the 30th day of May, 1864, the festival day of St. Ferdinand, the little chapel of Kingston beheld the benediction of the Church consecrate this other marriage. One witness was wanting there, and this —as said people to each other in hushed tones and with sadness—was the mother of the young bridegroom."

Anybody, however, referring to the will of that mother, can see how, by earnest sympathy, she was prepared to rejoice in these events, and how, by the foresight of maternal love, she had provided even the ornaments to be worn by the two daughters-in-law whom she never lived to embrace. Witness the following out of many other similar clauses of the last *Testament* of the Duchesse d'Orléans :—

"TO THE COMTE DE PARIS—my necklace of pearls in four rows, which he will, I hope, give some

day to the Comtesse de Paris; the six pendants in diamonds," &c. &c.

Similar bequests are made by this will (dated January 1, 1855, full of forethought and impartiality) to the Duc de Chartres, for the use of the future Duchesse de Chartres, and the extreme care taken by the testatrix to apportion certain portraits of their father to each of her sons manifests her earnest wish that the memory of him—a memory sacred to her—should be ever present with them.

In the year 1865 the aged Queen Marie Amélie had the satisfaction of presenting at the font of baptism the first-born children of the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres—two little princesses, both named after her.

Upon such occasions, and especially upon those of the marriages above recorded, it was astonishing how splendid was the appearance of this royal lady, despite her eighty years of life. "All persons present," says one who then beheld her, "were struck by the majestic beauty of her old age." In daily life her dress was extremely simple, her habits austere in self-denial, but genial and courteous to everybody about her. The self-discipline, which from the time of her early youth in Italy to that of her last sojourn on earth at Claremont was extremely severe, she did not

exact from others; and even her numerous grandchildren, clustering round her, always sought, and never found wanting, in her a vivid and tender sympathy, for their joys not less than their sorrows.

But the time came when she must pass away from the midst of them. Not long before that time it was thought probable that, just as her long pilgrimage in this world was nearly completed, she would have had to leave Claremont, the home of her last exile; for her son-in-law, Leopold, King of the Belgians, died (1865), and it was to his relationship that the fact of her residence at Claremont was partly due. It was there, as herebefore said, that he had lived in the days of his youth, with his first wife, the Princess Charlotte of England, but, by the deed of his tenure of Claremont, so it is believed, that property returned to the State at his decease.

Queen Marie Amélie deplored his death, because he had long been a good friend of hers, a constant correspondent, and, still more, because he was the widower of her own late fondly loved daughter—his second wife—and the father of her children.

But her aged Majesty also mourned over her own consequent departure, as she presumed, from Claremont.

"To quit this room where I lost my King!" she mournfully exclaimed, whilst looking round upon the sanctuary of her own chamber,—"to leave this place which, upon my first arrival in it, was so dreary, but where every little corner has grown to be so dear! When I go forth hence it will be as though into renewed exile. I shall kiss the lowest steps of this threshold."

Bnt neither England's Queen nor England's Parliament allowed the ex-Queen of the French to be thus expulsed from the place in which, by England's hospitality, she had found a refuge.

Lord Derby, that "Rupert of Debate," paid a grand tribute to her virtues and her misfortunes in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone did the same in the House of Commons, and the sympathy of Queen Victoria was altogether and most practically on her side.

Wherefore Queen Marie Amélie remained at Claremont; but in the middle of the month of March, 1866, her long-sustained strength was visibly fast failing. Dr. de Mussy, so often referred to in these pages, was with her, and her faithful attendant, Mademoiselle de Müser, was constant in watchfulness; but it was evident that the cord of life was broken—its mysterious spark fast dying out.

And yet upon Friday, the 16th of March, this venerable Queen listened with reverence to the preaching of a Dominican (Father Didon) who had arrived at Claremont, and upon the 19th she partook of the Holy Communion, observing afterwards to Mademoiselle de Müser that she was so glad to have done so, especially as the day was the festival day of St. Joseph, "*patron de la bonne mort.*"

But, though she said this, she did not seem at all to suppose that her own death was so near. She felt extremely weak, and possibly having fasted more during the season of Lent than those about her suspected, she attributed her sense of bodily prostration to that cause.

Be this as it may, she persisted in exerting herself to the last. Various letters there were to write to several members of her family then not at Claremont, and she wrote them.

Loyal adherents of the Orléans family arrived from Paris, and she received them. General de Chabannes, a guest in her household, had lately been taken seriously ill under her roof; but he being at last about to return thence to France, she insisted on personally taking leave of him, and this she did, saying, whilst holding out her hand to him, "I have come to say adieu to my friend before his departure."

In the course of that afternoon she manifested symptoms of increased weakness, though struggling against them to the last: she even tried to read, but was eventually persuaded to desist from doing so.

The Duc de Nemours and his daughter were then her guests; and in the evening, she having been persuaded to take rest, they conversed with her some time.

There seemed no cause of immediate alarm; but afterwards the Princess Marguerite remembered the pathetic tones with which, upon bidding her good night, the Queen said to her, "Pray for me."

No change was perceptible during that night, but the next morning there could be no doubt that the end of that royal and long life was at hand. The Duc de Chartres arrived just in time to receive a last sign of adieu from his grandmother, though she, like his mother had done, only seemed to express a wish to fall asleep.

A sort of convulsion, however, presently passed over the venerable countenance so tenderly watched by all present. The Abbé Guelles was quickly summoned. He began—as says M. Trognon, one of that anxious household—he began the sacred rites of extreme unction . . . he recited the *De Profundis.*

Queen Marie Amélie was dead, and scarcely had her soul passed away from its earthly tenement than her face, notwithstanding her extreme age, took an expression of almost supernatural beauty. According to her own long-ago expressed wish—a wish that was hers to the last—she was clothed for her burial in the same black dress which she wore when she fled with her husband from the Tuileries. It was the last dress she wore in France.

And, thus clad, she was seen by Queen Victoria, who came from Windsor to Claremont when the news of the fatal event thence reached her.

"I have come," said Queen Victoria,—"I have come to embrace my friend for the last time." And her Majesty was accordingly conducted into the solemn presence of the aged and saintly Queen, who, having found rest at last after a life of strange vicissitudes, seemed to smile at the much younger, though already sorrowing, Queen—a smile of thanks for kindness received in the land of exile: the land where she lies buried at the side of her husband, and not far from that of her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orléans.

But now (1873) that the sons of Queen Marie Amélie have returned to France, and that the sons of the Duchesse d'Orléans have re-entered that land

of their birth—the land where their father sleeps his last sleep at Dreux—how long a time will elapse ere these royal remains be transported thither? For these two much-tried women—this mother of the Duc d'Orléans and his widow—both ardently desired to rest near him, the object of their mutual love.

It may here be added, that during the late war between France and Germany, the Duc de Chartres, under the *nom de guerre* of ROBERT LE FORT, performed deeds of valour in behalf of his native land, from which he had been long exiled; and that his uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, being questioned as to the assumed name and volunteer rank of his nephew by a Prussian emissary, who wished to avert from the disguised young Prince any fatal catastrophe, answered:—

"Chartres is where he ought to be. If you take him prisoner, shoot him, hang him, burn him if you like. He is doing his duty, and we will not reveal the name under which he seeks to accomplish it."

Here, again, spoke the descendant of the heroic Maria Theresa!

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

AND

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

(From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

AT sunny Madrid, in a palatial apartment, the style of which is familiar to everybody acquainted with the elaborate and splendid architecture of, and before, the Moyen-âge in the south of Europe, sits a military-looking man, whose various "decorations"—crosses, and other insignia of merit—proclaim him a brave soldier, and at his feet reposes a very young girl, who listens with evidently intense attention to the words of her companion—words which tell her of the glories of the battle-field under the first Napoléon, words which make her heart beat quick in response to the idea of victory conveyed by them, and which, even amid the flickering light and shade of the sculptured room around her, cause her in imagination to hear the trampling of innumerable horses, the

clear sound of the clarion, the roll of drums, the shouts of an applauding multitude, and to behold the waving of banners, some of which are blood-stained and in tatters, though floating in the sunlit air, triumphant. The speaker at whose feet the young girl sat was her father, who, though a *grand d'Espagne*, had shed his blood for the cause of the First French Empire. She—Marie Eugénie de Montijo—was the younger of his two daughters, and, in her own right, Comtesse de Teba. Born at Grenada, in the month of May, 1826, she at an early age displayed an intelligence equal to her beauty, the style of the latter being very remarkable; for with Andalusian form, features, and the soft eyes peculiar to Spain, it united a coronal of golden hair not often seen in that southern clime. This, and some other characteristics, she doubtless inherited from the northern ancestry of her still beautiful mother, *née* Kirkpatrick; and the blood which glowed in her veins, and illuminated her fair face when she listened to tales of glory and heroism, such as those familiar to her brave father, she derived from laurel-crowned heroes of her Spanish ancestry—amongst whom was Alonzo Perez de Guzman, defender of Tarifa in 1293.

Her education was varied by its localities; for, accustomed from her earliest years to the music, the

mystic poetry of Spain—as she was to the blue skies, the orange and citron groves, the vivid colouring of flowers and of costume in that favoured though oft-distracted land—she was sent for her education first to Toulouse, and afterwards to Bristol.

With England, therefore, she soon became acquainted, as likewise with many of the English people; although perhaps at this time one of the warmest affections of her pure and generous heart was yielded to the favourite companion of her childhood in Spain—that sister Francisca de Sales, born, like herself, a Comtesse de Montijo, &c., and subsequently married to the Duc de Berwick and d'Albe.

Towards France, however—that France for which her father had voluntarily fought and suffered—the thoughts of the young Eugénie were often turned with keenest interest; and over that fair land, in her imagination, the eagle of Napoléon—under whose banners her father had marched to victory—was ever ready, despite all change of dynasty, to fly from tower to tower, from steeple to steeple, until resting with folded wings on the heights of Notre Dame, in Paris.

In 1839 her father died at Madrid; less than ever was she likely to forget the legends of French glory by which he had charmed her childhood: and it must consequently have been with a sort of nascent pride

and earnest sympathy that she heard first of the attempt of Prince Louis Napoléon, on Strasbourg, and afterwards (in 1840) near Boulogne.

Women adore heroism, and though men may sneer in jealousy at the attempt of an exiled prince to re-enter the land of his birth by the aid only of half a hundred men, and by the light of that star of his destiny in which he had implicit belief, there was something heroic in the eventful voyage of this prince across the British channel, in the steamboat called the "Edinburgh Castle," and all the more so because he had already been made to pay the penalty of banishment to America for his sudden entry into Strasbourg. From America he had come back, at the risk of his own life, in the hope of soothing the last days of his adored and adoring mother, Queen Hortense; and latterly, in England, he had not shrunk from the consequences of that act of filial duty which had helped to entail upon him consequences, including poverty, from which the soul of a less brave man would have recoiled.

So it was no wonder if the fair Eugénie, born of heroic race, and early smitten with the legends of first Napoleonic glory, did feel that which many might deem even a romantic interest in the luckless landing of Prince Louis Napoléon at Boulogne. Soldiers on

the French coast were excitedly ready to hail him with rapture; other brave men likewise; but he was captured and imprisoned in the fortress of Ham; and this with such rigour that it seemed very doubtful whether the beautiful Spaniard, destined one day to become his wife, would ever meet him in this world, for as yet they were personally strangers to each other.

Those who then knew most of his private affairs (as did elder friends and relatives of the writer of this page), give a curious version of the Prince's eventual escape from Ham—that portentous prison which, as it helped to educate him for the exercise of power, he called the "University of Ham." He, never having yet met the Comtesse de Teba, was affianced to a young English lady of high social position and large fortune. At Holland House, and in the midst of some of the most exclusive English circles, the Prince had been eagerly received, not only because of his being a representative of the imperial family of France, but on account of his literary talents, his charming urbanity of manner, and the courage he had already evinced; not the least striking proof of which was his noble endurance of unmerited misfortune. The Prince was deservedly popular in England, but the young English lady, who believed that she would one day be his wife, be-

longed to a family in which British prejudices reigned, and when, by the death of her parents, she became the absolute mistress of her own destiny and fortune, she was opposed by her surviving relatives in her determination to share the former with, and confer the latter on, the man she loved.

Just at that time, the Prince was incarcerated at Ham; and she, secretly determined to release him, eventually travelled in the direction of the prison which there contained him.

According to her long-premeditated plan, she arrived in its neighbourhood by means of her own carriage, and accompanied, amongst other attendants, by two footmen, who wore her family livery. At first, when near the fortress, she seemed further off than ever from the Prince within it; the gates were guarded; the walls were impregnable; she had no means of communication with the illustrious prisoner within!

Admitted to him, however, was the faithful M. le Docteur Conneau, who had promised Queen Hortense never to forsake the Prince, her surviving son, and who therefore preferred to share his captivity than to enjoy liberty without him. Whether or not the errant lady who had determined to release the Prince from prison, placed herself in communication with Dr.

Conneau cannot here be affirmed with certainty,* but there seems no doubt that, regarded by the neighbourhood scattered around as some fairy princess, she did all she could to conciliate men, women, and children, by gracious words and presents, in case of her needing their co-operation.

And this not at last without good effect. For, suddenly, some repairs were deemed necessary within the fortress ; and, with joy, she ascertained that these repairs were needed in the very compartment occupied by the Prince. With perception quickened by love, she selected a workman as nearly as possible the same height and size as the Prince himself ; she provided this workman with a new suit of clothes exactly similar to those he wore ; and induced (let it not be said *bribed*) him to convey this new suit in the midst of his tools, &c., and explain to the prisoner whence it came. By the same hand she sent a tiny note, a cipher, a word, or ring, which convinced the captive that there was no treachery to fear if he would condescend to array himself in this new *ouvrier* attire, and (giving him also the pass-word) issue forth in his stead at evening time with a plank on his shoulder—a

* Should the mention above of the admirable Dr. Conneau be observed by any of his relatives, the author would feel obliged either by confirmation or rectification of circumstances stated in the text.

plank that would help to conceal his face from the sentry nearest to him.

The Prince did so; and after sunset on that eventful day he found himself not only at liberty, but in the presence of the woman who had originated his escape. In the livery of one of her footmen—a livery kept ready for him—he continued his journey across the frontier, and at last, after much suffering and long imprisonment patiently endured and nobly borne, he found himself again in England. But the lady, though strong to help in time of need, was not proof against cruel methods of opposition to her choice on the part of her family (at least so it is affirmed by those of that time who knew her best), and she soon married, not the Prince, who conducted himself with perfect honour in all relating to her, but a celebrated Italian marquis, whose wife she now is. In the course of a few years, just when the Papal throne was most dependent on French bayonets for support, the illustrious husband of this lady found himself in a position of considerable danger and difficulty. With the energy of former years, she started off across Mont Cenis from Rome to Paris. The captive Prince of other days had by that time become Emperor of the French; she sent a messenger to him, telling him of her trouble concerning her husband. The Emperor, who

never forgot a kindness or forsook a friend (and to this hundreds of grateful hearts can bear testimony), came to her; his will was then all-powerful at the Vatican; he heard her tale, and she quickly returned to Italy with the mandate of her husband's liberty in her hand. Long may he live to enjoy it with her! He could not be jealous that his freedom was a boon from one who had formerly been dear to her, for not only was the marquis convinced of the devotion of his wife towards himself, but he knew that the Emperor was wedded to one who had eclipsed all possible rivalry.

For from the first moment that the Emperor had beheld Madlle. de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, after the Revolution of 1848 had given him power over the land from which he so long was an exile, his fate was fixed: and whether at the Presidential festivals, given at the palace of the Élysée, under the auspices of his accomplished cousin, the Princesse Mathilde, or at St. Cloud, or elsewhere, the lovely and graceful Spanish lady was observed by him as the one most worthy to be placed on the throne of France. Accompanied by some of her relatives she had visited that country: to her it was one rife from childhood with thrilling recollections, for, although herself hitherto almost a stranger to it, had not her father fought and bled for it?

When first she arrived there she found the accent of the French language somewhat opposed to that of her own melodious and more southern tongue; but at last a day came when the illustrious host of St. Cloud, where she was on a visit with many other guests, said to her, "Is it love that has taught you French?" And she is reported to have answered, "Non, Sire, c'est le Français qui m'a appris l'amour."

In a company such as that then assembled at St. Cloud—the once favourite abode of Queen Marie Antoinette, and afterwards of the Empress Joséphine—it is often difficult to trace the real origin of anecdotes such as this, but there can be no doubt whatever that in the month of January, 1853, the Emperor Napoléon III., having convoked an assembly of the chief legislative representatives at the Tuileries, announced his approaching marriage with Madlle. de Montijo in the following words:—"She who has become the object of my preference is of elevated birth. French in heart, by education, and by the memory of her father's blood shed for the cause of the Empire, she, as a Spaniard, has the advantage of not in France being the member of a family on which it might be necessary to confer honours and dignities. Endowed with all noble qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament of the throne, whilst in the day of danger she would

become one of its most courageous supports. Catholic and pious, she will address the same prayers as myself to Heaven for the happiness of France. Gracious and good, she will, I firmly hope, by being placed in the same position, revive the virtues of the Empress Joséphine."

This address having met with most favourable response, the marriage of Napoléon III. with Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, was celebrated at the Tuileries on the 29th of January, 1853, and on the following day at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

Almost immediately afterwards the Empress-bride gave an indication of that generosity of disposition which has upon various occasions since distinguished her, for the sum of 600,000 francs having been voted by the municipal council of Paris for the purchase of a *parure* of ornaments, suitable not only to her beauty but her imperial rank, she entreated that, instead of devoting this sum to her own personal adornment, she might be allowed to "consecrate it to the foundation of an establishment for the professional education of poor young girls," who, though possibly well-born and gifted with some talent, are precluded from the honest exercise of the latter by lack of special training essential to its development.

Nor was this the only sign of beneficence given by

the newly-wedded Empress, for the Emperor, having placed in the "*Corbeille de Mariage*" a sum of 250,000 francs, her Majesty divided the whole of it for the double and humane purpose of increasing the hospital accommodation of Paris, and of alleviating the wants felt by various maternal societies in that city. From the moment that she became his wife, the Empress associated herself with all that was good and glorious in the career of Napoléon III.; and, whether during his Italian campaign, when her intelligent sympathy invariably displayed itself by government measures at home, or whether, as the companion of his various progresses through France, or in the moment of immediate danger—such as that which threatened his life at the beginning of the year 1858,—or in more recent days—such as those plague-stricken ones when Amiens was devastated by cholera,—the Empress Eugénie has invariably manifested heroic characteristics, a lofty courage, a grand power of endurance, a spirit of self-sacrifice, which none but those who personally know her best would expect from so fragile-looking a being, nor from one who, radiant in the midst of brilliant festivities inaugurated by her, or when appearing in the midst of Paris outside her own palace-walls,—that Paris which her imperial consort found made of

brick but left built in marble,—could have expected. It is difficult to write, fearing any appearance of adulation, concerning an illustrious contemporary; but still it is only due to the memory of Napoléon III. to recall the ever-increasing splendour under his reign of Paris, from which, as though by some magic wand, was evoked, not only "sermons in stones," but a poem in architecture, in public gardens—a poem like a fairy tale in which the perfume of innumerable flowers, the murmur of sparkling fountains, the symbolic forms of mute though eloquent statues (each one a goddess-like representative of some provincial French city, and carrying, or otherwise displaying the chief product of that city, whether in the arts of peace or war) all bear part—a poem dating, as it were, from the statue of the first Napoléon surmounting the Arc de Triomphe, on the summit of the long and verdant perspective of the Champs Élysées,—a poem tinged with the antique shadow of the blood-red obelisk imported by that great conqueror from Thebes, standing (on the spot where once stood the regicide and revolutionary guillotine) in the centre of the space called the Place de la Concorde—a poem until lately making luminous with historic and social memories the Château of the Tuileries, visible through a vista of old trees—a poem

not excluding from its symmetrical lines either the Church of the Magdalene or the Chamber of Deputies,—a poem dedicated, as it were, to the Empress Eugénie, for she was the chief inspiration of the mind from which it emanated.

Not since the days of Francis I. or of Cathérine de Médicis, has any ruler over France achieved so much to make Paris beautiful as did Napoléon III., who inherited the artist tastes of his gifted mother, Queen Hortense: and, considering the Italian origin of the Médicis as also of the Napoléonic race, it was, or still is, a strange coincidence to behold one of the courts of the ancient Palace of the Louvre inscribed with the words "Commenced by Cathérine de Médicis and concluded by Napoléon III."

Brantôme, the contemporary court chronicler of that Italian-born French Queen Cathérine, relates how, at some festival of her time, given at the Louvre, and also at the then newly-built Tuileries, a sort of ballet was performed in which the various female dancers symbolized the several provinces of France, by carrying in hand the product of each locality; but to Napoléon III. it was reserved to perpetuate this idea in marble.

Did the astrologically-learned Cathérine de Médicis foresee, when consulting the stars from the then highest

points of the Louvre or the Tuileries, that a stranger of Southern race like herself would, centuries after she had passed away from earth, complete the works which she began, although that stranger would occupy an imperial throne of France in place of the regal one which (first as Queen-Consort, and afterwards as Queen-Mother) she graced?

The same question may well have suggested itself to the mind of Napoléon III. himself when musing with regard to the star of his destiny—a destiny full of strange vicissitudes.

Sharer of these vicissitudes was his cousin, the Princesse Mathilde (daughter of Jérome Bonaparte by a Princess of Wurtemberg), niece of Napoléon I., and sister of the present (1873) Prince Napoléon.

To the society of Queen Hortense, the Princesse Mathilde was probably first—though unconsciously—indebted for the development of those artistic tastes which still pre-eminently distinguish her. Accustomed from her childhood to regard her cousin, Louis Napoléon, with sisterly affection, it was at one time thought by some that she was betrothed to him. Doubtless she was the sharer of many of his ideas, and her sympathy was ever at his command; with him she united in most tender memory of his accom-

plished mother Queen Hortense, and had participated in his grief at her death.

When, after the revolution of 1848,—as here elsewhere said,—he was made President of the Republic, she helped to inspire Parisian society with enthusiasm in his behalf by the grace, and charm, and tact with which she did the honours of the then Presidential palace of the Élysée, at one of the fêtes of which he became acquainted with his future bride.

The late Emperor Nicholas of Russia was a great admirer of the gifted Princesse Mathilde, with whom he constantly corresponded, but she was not happy in her marriage with one of that Czar's countrymen —Count Anatole Demidoff, who, although a Russian by birth, resided generally in Italy. Upon the first day of November, 1840, this marriage took place, and it was in consequence of it that the Princesse Mathilde became familiar with the society of St. Petersburgh—that society which, during this present century, has culminated in exquisite refinement, and in the midst of which a growing taste for art—an eager curiosity respecting the literature of the West and South of Europe—awaited her.

In Florence, the Athens of Italy, the Princesse Mathilde had passed some of the earliest and happiest days of her youth. There where Dante had

lived and loved, where Boccacio had dreamed his dreams of love, she, when only eleven years of age, became inspired as an artist. Not then yet for her the experience so generally terrible for woman of that love which drove Tasso mad, which glows in the lines and lives of Italian poets, and fills the souls even of their readers with Promethean fire; not yet, then, *that* for this young artist-Princess; but kindling sympathies for the noble deeds recorded by Florence in her almost matchless monuments which, though only tombs seen through the "dim religious light" of some consecrated aisle, tell not of death, but of a two-fold immortality.

The house where Dante once dwelt on earth, stands there the same—unchanged—as when he, the great poet, if not inspired prophet, watched down the narrow but picturesque street for the possible approach of his beloved Beatrice—for the first flicker of the white veil which enfolded her as it still does her graceful countrywomen.

The vast sculpture and picture galleries of flower-crowned Florence, revealed to her the whole history of art from that almost unknown time when the Venus de Médicis first stood forth—thrown, as it were, by the rainbow-tinted foam of an eternal ocean, which holds in its fathomless depths many

an unrecorded shipwreck,—stood forth, robed but by innocence, in the sight of man, and on an earthly shore!

To the young Princesse Mathilde—niece of that conqueror who at one time had caused this same Venus de Médicis to be transported from Italy to France, like a goddess made subject to him by the power of his sword—the Fornarina, with fair hand in repose near a tiger's skin, could not have spoken as did the Holy Family portrayed by Raphael, or that *chef d'œuvre* of Carlo Dolce (at the Palazzo Pitti) in which faith and art, combined, subdue humanity by the seemingly inspired representation of tears—tears of infinite compassion, shed and welling up from the mystic soul of the Man, who had come down on earth to wipe all tears from all human faces.

In the year 1831, the Princesse Mathilde first wandered through the art-galleries of Florence, and it was there, where the idea of immortality supersedes that of death, she lost her mother, but not until the year 1835. To the care of the Court of Wurtemberg the young and mourning Princess was then confided; her education was sedulously continued there in company with her young kinswoman, the Princess Sophia, who afterwards

became celebrated as a Queen, not only of the *Pays Bas* but of the muses; for—as Queen Hortense had done—she unconsciously, and by the graces of her mind and manner, imparted a refined and beneficial tone to the society over which she reigned.

But it was to Florence that the Artist-Princesse Mathilde returned, and this at a time when by many it was supposed that she was the betrothed of her cousin Louis Napoléon, son of Hortense.

At Florence the news of his imprisonment at Ham (under circumstances already here recorded) reached her; and, after his release, neither political nor private affairs favoured their union, except by the links of a true friendship which, first fostered between them by the one being—Queen Hortense,—whose memory was mutually sacred to them both, could never in this world be sundered.

The Princesse Mathilde—married, as beforesaid, in 1840, to the Russian noble Anatole Demidoff—continued to reside chiefly in Italy—the land not only of her own Napoléonic ancestry but of her artistic predilections. In the year when the Crimean war broke out, she feared its influence on her friendship with the Emperor of Russia, but in a letter to her at the beginning of the new year which threatened terrible bloodshed between the two beings most dear to her on earth—

between the two countries which she represented, politically and by marriage, the Emperor of Russia wrote to her :—". . . . Of one thing I can assure you, and this is that, under all possible contingencies, I shall never cease to have for you those sentiments of affection which I have avowed to you."

Here let English readers remember that the word *affection*, written in the language used by its Imperial writer in this case, by no means necessarily implies the ordinary British interpretation of such a word any more than the fact of the Emperor Nicholas addressing this, his fair correspondent, as "My dear Cousin," or "My dear Niece," purports that, in point of fact, she—or anybody else of her rank so addressed—actually stood in such relationship to him ; the bonds of sympathy uniting this illustrious man and woman did honour to them both.

When by the marriage of her cousin Napoléon III., the Princesse Mathilde was released from those social duties towards him and French society which she had so gracefully and graciously performed, during the Presidency, at the Élysée and elsewhere, she divided her time mainly between France and Italy. Her works as an artist are well-known to the world at large, more especially as the French painter, Charles Giraud, has helped to immortalize them and himself

in a celebrated picture of her *atelier* in Paris ; but no picture of the Princesse Mathilde's studio could be complete without a portrait of the gifted and illustrious artist herself—a portrait often copied, but here sketched in pen and ink by M. Sainte Beuve, dear to the world of more than one generation because of his genial "*Causeries de Lundi*," and to many private friends, who now mourn for him because of his noble-hearted characteristics, his liberality of manly feeling, which enabled him, though one of the most eminent and accomplished critics of modern times, to discern something good—corresponding with his own fine nature—in almost all his fellow-creatures. Portraying the Princesse Mathilde, he says :—

"Her clear brown eyes, more intelligent than large, are not of those which know how to dissimulate, for they shine (or are shaded) with every passing thought of the moment. Her whole physiognomy expresses nobility, dignity, and—when she becomes animated—a grace united with strength, a joyousness resulting from a nature in which health, candour, and goodness are sometimes combined with fiery ardour . . . . Her forehead is lofty and proud ; her fair hair, raised from it and falling luxuriantly upon a neck both full-formed and elegant, reveals an intellectual brow ('*les tempes larges et pures*'). Her features are well de-

fined, with no trace of indecision in them. One or two moles ('beauty spots'), placed as though by chance, show that nature has not willed that this classic purity of outline shall be confounded with any other . . . . The head well placed, and carried with dignity, surmounts a magnificent bust and shoulders resembling alabaster. The hands (those peculiar to the Bonaparte family) are the most beautiful in the world. The figure, of moderate height, appears tall, because it is supple and well-proportioned."

Many persons now in England (1873) can vouch for the accuracy of this pen-and-ink portrait of the Princesse Mathilde; for quite recently, in the little church at Chiselhurst, she appeared at the funeral of the man who, from childhood, she had cherished as a loved companion; the man for whose sorrows she had mourned, and in whose marvellous successes she had rejoiced—the man who at one time was supposed to be her own future husband. All the memories of her own life are linked with his; and there were some strangers in the sanctuary where he now reposes who will not soon forget the dignified figure of a woman clad in deepest mourning, in whose oft-stricken but generous heart every phase of the ceremony which consigned the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoléon III. to the tomb, must have pain-

fully vibrated; touching some tender chord of remembrance in a way to need all the hopes of Heaven, involved in the ceremony, to sustain—for that woman was his cousin, the Princesse Mathilde.

Upon the sacred grief of the one most near and most dear to the Emperor Napoléon III., no pen as yet may dare to write; but if, in this world, any solace can be found for affliction such as that which the newly-widowed Empress Eugénie is now called upon to bear, she, of all others, ought to derive consolation, not only from the universal sympathy felt for her in this land of her exile (a sympathy felt and manifested by her Britannic Majesty, and shared by every class of that widowed Queen's subjects), but from the consciousness of having most nobly done her duty under circumstances of fearful and extraordinary trial.

Too soon it is yet, without an appearance of adulation distasteful to the Empress Eugénie, to record her actions—which will shine in the pages of history—from that day when her Imperial husband, even then labouring under the malady soon afterwards fatal to him, went forth to the war only too well remembered by readers—and their name is legion—who sympathise with France under her inevitable and bravely-borne reverses.

When by the speech, already here recorded, the Emperor Napoléon III., announcing his intended marriage with the now widowed Empress Eugénie, declared his belief that in the day of danger to the Imperial throne she would be one of its most courageous supporters, he uttered a prediction which has been fulfilled by her beyond even his most sanguine expectations; for, though strangely prophetic of many things that have come to pass, he could not have anticipated the sudden and overwhelming storm which would prematurely close his reign—a reign both of peace and glory—and call forth on the part of the Empress those characteristics, which could never have been displayed to the whole world save in the day of such danger that natures of a less exalted type would recoil before it.

When, true to the spirit of her own brave Spanish ancestry, and speaking the words of Queen Marie Antoinette—speaking those words in the very palace where that fair Queen of France had uttered them—the Empress Eugénie declared that she would "rather be nailed to the walls than fly," she was, if possible, even in greater danger than was the high-souled daughter of the heroic Maria Theresa before her forced departure from the Tuileries; for near the Empress, when the maddened and infuriated mob

came pressing onward toward that palace (quickly afterwards destroyed by it), was no crowd of armed defenders, no husband to sustain her. She was alone with one lady attendant, her *lectrice*, when the probability of her terrible and immediate danger was suddenly imparted to her by a devoted adherent of the Imperial throne, but who, even for the sake of the Empress herself, was compelled to depart the moment after his word of warning had been uttered. So, at least, it is said in Paris. There was not a moment to spare; the courage of the Empress was undaunted, but, just then, utterly unprotected though she was, the safety of others not present was involved with her own. She could not fail to remember, by a painfully vivid flash of memory, that in case of mortal reverses ensuing to her beloved and absent husband, the hope of a future for the Prince Imperial rested in her decision at this unforeseen instant, when everything of most solemn import, not only to herself but to those she loved far more than herself, depended on her discretion. Wherefore, just as the murderous mob approached the château of the Tuileries, the Empress receded from it into the ancient Palace of the Louvre from which there was still, possibly, a comparatively safe exit for her and her one faithful lady attendant, whose "privilege" it was to share the

danger of her gentle, though Imperial mistress. Fortunately, they were both in out-door costume when the alarm was given to them, and, by the help of a thick veil, the Empress might yet hope to pass out into the street through the portal of the Louvre, near which she at length found herself. But, for a moment, there was an agonised suspense; the key—the key by which alone this portal could be opened from the inside, was missing from the place where it was usually to be found. The Empress neither screamed nor fainted, though there was not an instant to be lost, and even more than her life depended upon her instant escape.

The key is found (on to the floor it had dropped, owing to some rusty nail—so much sometimes do great depend on small things in this world)—the key is found! The heavy portal of the Louvre, on the Seine side of that antique and historic edifice, turns on its hinges; the veiled Empress and her attendant step forth on to the public way, and hail a *fiacre*—a cab. A *gamin*—one of those preternaturally-sharp street boys, springing only, it would seem, from the pavement either of Paris or London—calls out in his shrill tones, whilst pointing towards her Majesty, "Mais, voilà l'Impératrice!"

Public attention is elsewhere at this moment dis-

tracted, for all Paris is in turbulent excitement ever on the increase, and the Empress Eugénie escapes from that city over which she had ruled with a gentle, generous hand; and which her Imperial husband (the man who never forgot a kindness, and who was glorious in his gratitude) found "made of brick but left built of marble." *

The sudden nature of the events which forcibly prevented the return of the Emperor Napoléon III. to France, and banished the Empress Eugénie from that land of her love and adoption, only brought forth those noble qualities which the Emperor had

* Should the above, doubtless imperfect, account of the forced flight of the Empress Eugénie meet the eye of her Imperial Majesty, or claim the attention of any individual personally implicated in the whole circumstances attendant on that flight, the present writer would regard correction as a favour, considering the extreme difficulty of treating events so recent as those involved in the text above. Even the chief actors in such events find it sometimes hard to record every circumstance connected with them, for the dust of contemporary conflict impedes clear vision. For example, the present writer once knew an aged officer, a Captain of the Guards, who had fought at Waterloo; and upon being asked whether indeed the Duke of Wellington did, in that memorable battle, call out, "Up, Guards, and at them!" he answered that it was very possible the Duke had done so, but, for his own part, he neither heard him nor scarcely knew on which side lay the chances of victory until it was proclaimed in favour of the English. And yet this aged officer was of remarkable intelligence, quite unimpaired by time, and had won his laurels on the battle-field of which he spoke so modestly. It is believed that the Duke of Wellington himself once made a similar reply.

discerned in her when he first presented her to his people as the wife of his choice, who would grace the throne in time of peace and uphold its honour in time of danger. She has done so. Even in her voyages she has done much, not only for France but for the world at large. It seems but the other day that she was floating up the Nile, and illumining the East with her presence—a graceful type of woman's western civilisation; but these and other journeys were not undertaken by her for the mere purpose of personal amusement, or even in search of health; for each one of them, more or less, involved a political purpose for some proposed benefit to France. The same remark may be made in reference to the great Universal Exposition of a few years since on the Champ de Mars, when, with even-handed justice, she desired that Malmaison should be reproduced as far as possible, together with the Little Trianon, just as both these historic abodes had been when the ex-Empress Joséphine wept in the one, and the youthful Marie Antoinette—unprophetic of tragic times in store for her—smiled, radiant with happiness, in the other.*

* No reader, either English or French, can here forget that the original idea of an "Universal Exhibition" of arts, manufactures, science, etc., is due to Albert, Prince Consort of England. This same idea which, practically worked out, has done so much for the arts of peace and for the mental approximation of all nations, is now (1873)

As a mother the Empress Eugénie has proved herself worthy of her high mission, and of the solemn trust reposed in her; for, however gentle her character, however tender her general disposition, she has never shrunk from enforcing the discipline essential to the education of her son, the Prince Imperial.

A thousand well-authenticated anecdotes could be told on this subject, but they all resolve themselves into the one fact, that, just in the same way as Napoléon III.—the cherished son of his devoted mother, Hortense—was early inured to the gradual endurance of this life's hereditary suffering—a suffering all the more inevitable because of a lofty destiny—the Empress Eugénie (daughter of a brave soldier who had bled and suffered in the cause of the Empire) has never shrunk from the enforcement of rules which have already taught her son how to exercise the power of self-government.

Athenian in her elegant tastes, her artistic love of form and brilliance of colour, evident even in her own personal adornment, she is none the less a Spartan at heart—that heart which has vibrated at the tale of

being exemplified at Vienna. The English poet Chaucer first mooted this idea in one of his celebrated compositions, but England and France combined have practically established it.

(and because of her own recent and practical knowledge and experience of) her husband's various imprisonments, and which is now as though broken by her sorrow for his death in exile, and under circumstances entailing upon her a heritage of anxiety.

But upon such a subject nothing more can here be said. Sympathy is sometimes most eloquent when most mute; and it was even perhaps because of this sympathy, which "maketh the whole world akin," that one of the most welcome and touching tributes lately offered to the Empress, or rather to the memory of the husband snatched from her by death, consisted not in any of the many exotic wreaths woven for her and for him by royal or princely hands; not even in the profusion of violets (emblematic of the Empire of France since the time of that Empire's heroic founder), but in the simple wreath of *Immortelles* brought over from France to Chiselhurst by the *Ouvriers*—the honest workmen—of Paris.

THE END.

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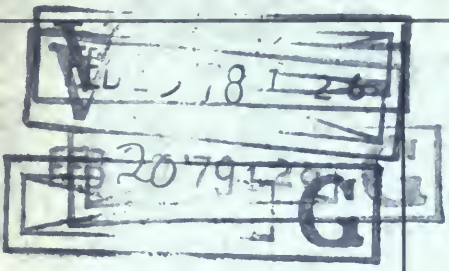

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